This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

· FROM · THE · LIBRARY · OF ·
· KONRAD · BURDACH ·

SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT LVX
MDCCCLXVIII

EX LIBRIS

931
1891
v.1

The Cambridge Shakespeare.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

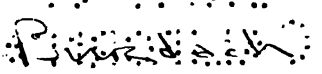
IN NINE VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1891

All Rights reserved.

The First Edition of this volume of
The Cambridge Shakespeare was published in 1863.
Second Edition 1867. *Third Edition* 1891.



CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A. AND SONS,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

THIS EDITION

OF

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE EDITOR.

M65062

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Addenda	ix
Preface to the first Edition	xi
Preface to the second Edition	xlv
THE TEMPEST	3
Notes to the Tempest	95
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	103
Notes to the Two Gentlemen of Verona	193
Introduction to the Merry Wives of Windsor	199
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	201
Notes to the Merry Wives of Windsor	311
MEASURE FOR MEASURE	317
Notes to Measure for Measure	433
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS	443
Notes to the Comedy of Errors	518

ADDENDA.

TEMPEST.

i. 2. 488 *nor*] *now* Wagner conj.
ii. 1. 139 *do*] *not do* Wagner conj.
144 *riches*] *no riches* Wagner conj.
146 *bound*] *boundary* Wagner conj.
243 *And we perform*] *Are by that destiny to perform* Wagner conj.
289 *you, his friend,*] *you his friends* Wagner conj.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

i. 3. 45 note, add *Sweet life! and sweeter love* Seymour conj.
ii. 7. 52 *thou best likest*] *thee best likes* Wagner conj.
iii. 2. 77 *such*] *much* Wagner conj.
iv. 4. 197 *statue*] *stated* Wagner conj.
v. 4. 88 *deliver*] *give* or *bring* or *take* Wagner conj. arranging as Capell.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ii. 1. 196 *An-heires*] *my hearts* Halliwell conj.
iv. 6. 50 *name*] *way* Wagner conj.
51 *give...ceremony*] *join our hearts in ties of ceremony* Wagner conj.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

i. 1. 1 *Escalus*] *Now hear our purpose, Escalus* Seymour conj.
13 *As...any*] *As any, most enrich'd by art and practice* Seymour conj.
36 *As if*] om. Seymour conj.
48 *Now*] *No* Wagner conj.
76 *Duke. I thank...well*] om. Seymour conj.
78 *and*] *as* Seymour conj.
81 *instructed*] *instructed, and would learn* Seymour conj.
i. 2. 151 *fault and*] *vaunt and* Wagner conj.
183 *should*] *show'dst* Seymour conj.
i. 3. 2 *dribbling*] *dribbing* Schmidt conj.
i. 4. 42. *from the seedness*] *forms the seed,—next* Wagner conj.

ii. 2. 62 *Become*] *Becomes* Seymour conj.
71 *of*] *to* Seymour conj.
ii. 4. 6 *swelling*] *smelling* Seymour conj.
14 *and tie*] *yea, tie* Seymour conj.
52, 53 *had...took*] *would...take* Seymour conj.
89 *that*] *this* Seymour conj., beginning the parenthesis at *no other*.
103 *longing I have*] *long I have* Wagner conj.
110 *So*] om. Seymour conj.
160 *race*] *rage* Wagner conj.
iii. 1. 83 *As...dies*] *As doth a giant dying* Seymour conj.
iv. 4. 29 *By*] *For* Seymour conj.
v. 1. 21 *wrong'd...maid*] *wronged—I would fain say maid* or *wrong'd—I fain would have said maid* Seymour conj.
63 *As*] *That* Seymour conj.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ii. 1. 41 *in thee*] *of thee* Nares conj.
v. 1. 156 *gates*] *gate* Johnson's Dict. (*s. v.* Abbess).

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE main rules which we proposed to ourselves in undertaking this Edition are as follows:

1. To base the text on a thorough collation of the four Folios and of all the Quarto editions of the separate plays, and of subsequent editions and commentaries.

2. To give all the results of this collation in notes at the foot of the page, and to add to these conjectural emendations collected and suggested by ourselves, or furnished to us by our correspondents, so as to give the reader in a compact form a complete view of the existing materials out of which the text has been constructed, or may be emended.

3. In all plays of which there is a Quarto edition differing from the received text to such a degree that the variations cannot be shown in foot-notes, to print the text of the Quarto *literatim* in a smaller type after the received text.

4. To number the lines in each scene separately, so as to facilitate reference.

5. To add at the end of each play a few notes, (*a*) to explain such variations in the text of former editions as could not be intelligibly expressed in the limits of a foot-note, (*b*) to justify any deviation from our ordinary rule either in the text or the foot-notes, and (*c*) to illustrate some passage of unusual difficulty or interest.

6. To print the Poems, edited on a similar plan, at the end of the Dramatic Works.

An edition of Shakespeare on this plan has been for several years in contemplation, and has been the subject of much discussion. That such an edition was wanted seemed to be generally allowed, and it was thought that Cambridge afforded facilities for the execution of the task such as few other places could boast of. The Shakespearian collection given by Capell to the Library of Trinity College supplied a mass of material almost unrivalled in amount and value, and in some points unique; and there, too, might be found opportunities for combined literary labour, without which the work could not be executed at all. At least, if undertaken by one person only, many years of unremitting diligence would be required for its completion.

The first step towards the realization of the project was taken in the spring of 1860, when the first act of *Richard the Second* was printed by way of specimen, with a preface signed 'W. G. Clark' and 'H. R. Luard,'* where the principles, on which the proposed Edition should be based, were set forth with the view 'of obtaining opinions as to the feasibility of the plan, and suggestions as to its improvement.'

All the persons who answered this appeal expressed their warm approval of the general plan, and many favoured us with suggestions as to details, which we have either adopted, or at least not rejected without careful and respectful consideration.

Since our work was commenced, we have learned that the need of such an Edition has presented itself, independently, to the minds of many literary men, and that a similar undertaking was recommended as long ago as 1852, by Mr Bolton Corney, in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. VI. pp. 2, 3; and again by a correspondent of the same journal who signs himself 'Este,' Vol. VIII. p. 362.

* A third editor was afterwards added. Mr Luard's election to the office of Registrary compelled him to relinquish his part, at least for the present; and the first volume, consequently, is issued under the responsibility of two editors only.

This concurrence of opinion leads us to hope that our Edition will be found to supply a real want, while, at the same time, the novelty of its plan will exempt us from all suspicion of a design to supersede, or even compete with, the many able and learned Editors who have preceded us in the same field.

We will first proceed to explain the principles upon which we have prepared our text.

A. *With respect to the Readings.*

The basis of all texts of Shakespeare must be that of the earliest Edition of the collected plays, the Folio of 1623, which, for more easy reference, we have designated F_1*. This we have mainly adopted, unless there exists an earlier edition in quarto, as is the case in more than one half of the thirty-six plays. When the first Folio is corrupt, we have allowed some authority to the emendations of F_2 above subsequent conjecture, and secondarily to F_3 and F_4; but a reference to our notes will show that the authority even of F_2 in correcting is very small. Where we have Quartos of authority, their variations from F_1 have been generally accepted, except where they are manifest errors, and where the text of the entire passage seems to be of an inferior recension to that of the Folio. To show that the later Folios only corrected the first by conjecture, we may instance two lines in *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

> Give me your neif, Mounsieur Mustard Seed. IV. 1.

'Neif,' which is spelt 'niefe' in Qq F_1, becomes 'newfe' in F_2, 'newse' and 'news' in F_3F_4.

> And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain. V. 1.

F_1 omits 'trusty.' F_2 makes up the line by inserting 'gentle.'

Where the Folios are all obviously wrong, and the Quartos also fail us, we have introduced into the text several conjectural emendations; especially we have often had recourse to Theobald's ingenuity. But it must be confessed that a study of errors detracts very much from the apparent certainty of

* See page xxiii.

conjectures, the causelessness of the blunders warning us off the hope of restoring, by general principles or by discovery of causes of error.

For example: in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. 1,

> Or else it stood upon the choice of merit,

the reading of the Folios, is certainly wrong; but if we compare the true reading preserved in the Quartos, 'the choice of friends,' we can perceive no way to account for the change of 'friends' to 'merit,' by which we might have retraced the error from 'merit' to 'friends.' Nothing like the 'ductus literarum,' or attraction of the eye to a neighbouring word, can be alleged here.

Hence though we have admitted conjectures sometimes, we have not done so as often as perhaps will be expected. For, in the first place, we admit none because we think it better rhythm or grammar or sense, unless we feel sure that the reading of the Folio is altogether impossible. In the second place, the conjecture must appear to us to be the only probable one. If the defect can be made good in more ways than one equally plausible, or, at least, equally possible, we have registered but not adopted these improvements, and the reader is intended to make his own selection out of the notes.

For example, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. 3. 80, we have assumed Mr Dyce's conjecture*, 'Cried I aim?' to be the only satisfactory reading of a passage decidedly wrong; but in the same play, IV. 1. 63, 'Woman, art thou lunaties?' as the error may equally possibly be evaded by reading 'lunacies' with Rowe, and 'lunatics' with Capell, we have retained the error†.

The well-known canon of criticism, that of two readings 'ceteris paribus' the more difficult is to be preferred, is not always to be applied in comparing the readings of the Folios. For very frequently an anomaly which would have been plausible on account of its apparent archaism proves to be more archaic than Shakespeare, if the earlier Quartos give the

* Anticipated by Douce. [W. A. W.]

† I have ventured to decide in favour of Capell's reading. [W. A. W.]

language of Shakespeare with more correctness. Ex. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. 2: 'Scorn and derision never come in tears' Qq; 'comes' Ff; and in the same play, IV. 1: 'O how mine eyes do loath' Q_1, altered to 'doth loath' in Q_2 F_1, and restored, evidently by a grammatical reviser, to 'do loath' in $F_2F_3F_4$. Again, I. 1: 'what all but he do know,' Qq, is altered to 'doth know' in Ff.

This last error points to a very common anomaly in grammar; one which seems almost to have become a rule, or, at any rate, a license in Shakespeare's own time, that a verb shall agree in number with the nominative intervening between the true governing noun and the verb.

B. *Grammar.*

In general, we do not alter any passage merely because the grammar is faulty, unless we are convinced that the fault of grammar was due to the printer altogether, and not to Shakespeare. We look upon it as no part of our task to improve the poet's grammar or correct his oversights: even errors, such as those referred to in note (VII) to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and notes (I) and (X) to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, because we thought them to be Shakespeare's own blunders, have been allowed to stand. But many phrases that are called bad grammar by us, and rightly so called, were sanctioned by usage among the contemporaries of Shakespeare, especially, no doubt, by the usage of conversation, even among educated persons. And as a learned correspondent (Dr B. Nicholson) remarks, this would naturally be the style of English which Shakespeare would purposely use in dramatic dialogue.

As examples of the anomalies of grammar sanctioned by Elizabethan usage we may mention:—

Singular verbs, with plural nouns, especially when the verb precedes its nominative:

> Hath all his ventures failed? What; not one hit?
> *Merchant of Venice*, III. 2.

Nominatives for accusatives:

> She should this Angelo have married.
> *Measure for Measure*, III. 1. 204.

And repeatedly 'who' for 'whom.'

Omission of prepositions:

> Most ignorant of what he's most assured. *Ibid.* II. 2. 119.
> ——— which now you censure him. *Ibid.* II. 1. 15.

The changes of accidence are less frequent than those of syntax, yet such occur. In the Folios verbs ending in *d* and *t* are constantly found making their second persons singular in *ds* and *ts* instead of *d'st* and *t'st*. This was a corruption coming into vogue about the time of their publication, and in the earlier Quartos we frequently find the correct form; for example, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1: 'standst' in Q_1 is corrupted to 'stands' in Q_2 and in Ff. We have therefore confidently replaced the correct form for the incorrect, even without authority to back us; looking upon the variation as a corrupt abbreviation of spelling.

But, in general, our practice has been not to alter the text, in order to make the grammar conform to the fixed rules of modern English. A wide latitude of speech was allowed in Shakespeare's age both as to spelling and grammar.

C. *Orthography.*

It was not without much consideration that we determined to adopt the spelling of the nineteenth century. If we had any evidence as to Shakespeare's own spelling, we should have been strongly inclined to adopt it, but to attempt to reproduce it, by operating by rule upon the texts that have come down to us, would be subjecting Shakespeare's English to arbitrary laws, of which it never yet was conscious. This argues no want of education on the part of Shakespeare; for if Lord Bacon himself had rules for spelling, they were but few, as we may easily perceive by inspection of his works published under his own eye. But if

we have not Shakespeare's own spelling to guide us, what other spelling shall we adopt? Every student of Shakespeare has now an easy opportunity of acquainting himself with the text of F_1, by means of Mr Booth's excellent reprint, and we are certain that not one of them will consider the spelling of that volume intrinsically better than that of our day. Rather more like Shakespeare's it certainly is, but we doubt whether much is gained by such approximation, as long as it is short of perfect attainment. Moreover, in many of the Plays there is a competing claim to guide our spelling, put forward by an array of Quartos, of earlier date than F_1. To desert F_1 for these, where they exist, would be but an occasional, and at best an uncertain means of attaining the lost spelling of Shakespeare, while the spelling of our volume would become even more inconsistent than that of F_1 itself. Add to this; there are places, though, as has been seen, not many, where we have had to leave the reading of F_1 altogether. How then shall we spell the correction which we substitute?

D. *Metre.*

Corrections of metre are avoided even more carefully than those of grammar. For the rules of prosody have undergone perhaps greater change than those of grammar. There is no doubt that a system of versification has taken root among us very different from that which was in use in the earlier days of our poetry. The influence of classical prosody has worked in a manner that could hardly have been expected. Quantity in the sense in which the Greeks and Romans understood it, is altogether foreign to our speech; and our poets, willing to imitate the verse regulated by laws of quantity, have partially adopted those laws, substituting for long syllables those that bear a stress of accent or emphasis.

In Greek and Latin accent was essentially distinct from quantity, and verse was regulated entirely by the latter. In the modern imitation of classical metres, for want of apprecia-

tion of quantity, we go entirely by accent or emphasis, and make precisely such verses as classical taste eschewed. Thus we have learned to scan lines by iambuses, or rather by their accentual imitations, and a perfect line would consist of ten syllables, of which the alternate ones bore a rhythmical stress. These iambuses may, under certain restrictions, be changed for 'trochees,' and out of these two 'feet,' or their representatives, a metre, certainly very beautiful, has grown up gradually, which attained perhaps its greatest perfection in the verse of Pope. But the poets of this metre, like renaissance architects, lost all perception of the laws of the original artists, and set themselves, whenever it was possible, to convert the original verses into such as their own system would have produced. We see the beginnings of this practice even in the first Folio, when there exist Quartos to exhibit it. In each successive Folio the process has been continued. Rowe's few changes of F_4 are almost all in the same direction, and the work may be said to have been completed by Hanmer. It is to be feared that a result of two centuries of such a practice has been to bring about an idea of Shakespearian versification very different from Shakespeare's. But we feel a hope that the number of Shakespeare's students who can appreciate the true nature of the English versification in our elder poets is increasing, and will increase more as the opportunity is furnished them of studying Shakespeare himself.

Of course we do not mean to give here an essay on Shakespearian versification. Those who would study it may best be referred to Capell, in spite of the erroneous taste of his day, to Sidney Walker, and especially, if they are earnest students, to Dr Guest's *History of English Rhythms*.

We will only state some of the differences between Shakespearian versification and that which has now become our normal prosody; namely, such as have excited an ambition of correcting in later editors. There is a large number of verses which a modern ear pronounces to want their first

unaccented syllable. The following we quote as they appear in F_1, in the opening of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

> No, I will not, for it boots thee not. I. 1. 28.
> Fire that's closest kept burns most of all. I. 2. 30.
> Is't near dinner-time? I would it were. I. 2. 67.

These lines are all corrected by editors; and it is evident that there would be little trouble in altering all such lines wherever they occur: or they may be explained away, as for instance in the second cited, 'fire' doubtless is sometimes pronounced as a dissyllable. Yet to attempt correction or explanation wherever such lines occur would be ill-spent labour. A very impressive line in the *Tempest* is similarly scanned:

> Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since. I. 2. 53.

Where we are rightly told that 'year' may be a dissyllable. Yet that one word should bear two pronunciations in one line is far more improbable than that the unaccented syllable before 'twelve' is purposely omitted by the poet; and few readers will not acknowledge the solemn effect of such a verse. As another example with a contrary effect, of impulsive abruptness, we may take a line in *Measure for Measure:*

> Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. IV. 3. 88.

This last example is also an instance of another practice, by modern judgement a license, viz. making a line end with two unaccented 'extrametrical' syllables.

Two very effective lines together, commencing similarly to the last, are in the same Play:

> Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll touse you
> Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. V. 1. 309, 310.

Another irregularity is a single strong syllable commencing a line complete without it. This might often be printed in a line by itself. For example:

> Ay,
> And we're betrothed: nay more, our marriage-hour—
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. 4. 175.

Another irregularity is the insertion of syllables in the middle of lines. The dramatic verse is doubtless descended from the Old English decasyllables of Chaucer, and that his verse was divided actually into two sections is evinced by the punctuation of some MSS. The *licenses* accorded to the beginnings and endings of the whole verse were also allowed, with some modification, to the end and beginnings of these *sections*, and accordingly, in early poetry, many verses will appear to a modern reader to have a syllable too many or too few in the part where his ear teaches him to place a cæsura. Exactly similarly, but more sparingly, syllables are omitted or inserted at the central pause of Shakespeare's verse, especially when this pause is not merely metrical, but is in the place of a stop of greater or less duration; and most freely when the line in question is broken by the dialogue.

The following examples of a superfluous syllable at the middle pause are taken out of the beginning of the *Tempest*:

Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember? I. 2. 38.
But blessedly holp hither. O, my heart bleeds. I. 2. 63.
Without a parallel; those being all my study. I. 2. 74.
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing. I. 2. 105.

The extra syllables may be at the commencement of the second section:

He was indeed the Duke; out o' the substitution. I. 2. 103.

And the following are defective of a syllable:

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered. I. 2. 5.
Make the prize light. One word more; I charge thee. I. 2. 452.

To these 'licenses' we may add verses sometimes with one and sometimes with two additional feet, and many half verses, and some a foot too short. When these inequalities are allowed, the reader will perceive much simpler and more general methods of scanning some lines supposed to be

unmetrical than the Procrustean means adopted by Sidney Walker for reducing or multiplying the number of syllables in words.

E. *Punctuation.*

We have now to state our practice of punctuation. The Folio and other editions, starting with very different principles from those that guide the punctuation of this day, have acted on those principles with exceeding incorrectness. Questions are marked and unnoticed almost at random; stops are inserted in the ends of lines fatal to the sense. In fact, in many places, we may almost say that a complete want of points would mislead us less than the punctuation of the Folios. The consequence is, that our punctuation is very little dependent upon the Folios and Quartos, but generally follows the practice which has taken possession of the text of Shakespeare, under the arrangement of the best editors, from Pope to Dyce and Staunton. Only for an obvious improvement have we altered the punctuation on our own judgement, and in most cases the alteration is recorded in the notes.

One thing remains to be said in reference to our text. It is well known, that in James the First's reign, a statute was passed for exscinding profane expressions from plays. In obedience to this many passages in the Folios have been altered with an over-scrupulous care. When we have seen the metre, or, as is sometimes the case, even the sense marred by these changes, and the original contains no offensive profanity, we have recalled Shakespeare's words.

Our object in the foot-notes has been (1) to state the authority upon which a received reading rests, (2) to give all different readings adopted into the text by other editors, and (3) to give all emendations suggested by commentators.

When no authority is mentioned for the reading of the

text, it must be understood that all the Folios agree in it, as well as all editors previous to the one mentioned, as authority for an alteration. Thus, in the *Comedy of Errors*, III. 1. 71, '*cake here*] *cake* Capell' indicates that 'cake here' is the reading of the four Folios, of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson.

Mere differences of spelling are not noticed, except (1) in corrupt or disputed passages, where the 'ductus literarum' is important as a help towards the determination of the true text, and (2) when the variation is interesting etymologically or characteristic of a particular edition.

In the same way, differences of punctuation are recorded only when they make a difference in the sense, or when they may serve as a guide to the restoration of some corrupt, or the explanation of some difficult, passage.

Misprints also are passed over as a general rule. We have noticed them occasionally, when they appeared to be remarkable as indicating the amount of error of which the old printers were capable.

We have endeavoured faithfully to record any variation of reading, however minute (except, as before said, mere differences of spelling or punctuation), adopted by any editor, and to give that editor's name. Sometimes, however, we have passed over in silence merely arbitrary re-arrangements of the metre made in passages where no change was required and no improvement effected.

In recording conjectures, we have excepted only (1) those which were so near some other reading previously adopted or suggested, as to be undeserving of separate record, and (2) a few (of Becket, Jackson, and others) which were palpably erroneous. Even of these we have given a sufficient number to serve as samples.

We will now proceed to explain the notation employed in the foot-notes, which, in some cases, the necessity of compressing may have rendered obscure.

The four Folios are designated respectively by the letters F_1, F_2, F_3, and F_4, and the quarto editions of separate plays, in each case, by the letters Q_1, Q_2, Q_3, &c.

When one or more of the Quartos differ so widely from the Folios that a complete collation is impossible, the letters which designate them are put between brackets, for the sake of keeping this difference before the mind of the reader. Thus, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the two earliest Quartos differ widely from the Folios, while the third Quarto (1630) is printed from the first Folio. Hence, they are designated thus: I. 4. 20, *Cain*] F_3F_4. *Kane* (Q_1Q_2). *Caine* $F_1Q_2F_2$.

When no authority is given for the reading in the text, it is to be understood that it is derived from such of the Folios as are not subsequently mentioned. Thus, in the *Comedy of Errors*, II. 2. 203, *the eye*] *thy eye* F_2F_3 indicates that F_1 and F_4 agree in reading 'the eye'.

In the same scene, line 191, the note '*or*] *and* Theobald' means, that the four Folios, followed by Rowe and Pope, agree in reading 'or'.

When the difference between the reading adopted and that given in one or more of the Folios is a mere difference of spelling, it has not been thought worth while to record the name of the first editor who modernized it: for instance, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. 6. 35, the note is: *counsel*] *counsaile* F_1F_2. *councel* F_3. *council* F_4.

We have given at full the name of the editor who first introduced a particular reading, without recording which of his successors adopted it. Thus, in *Measure for Measure*, III. 1. 143, 'grant' for 'shield' is read by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and others, but the first only is mentioned: '*shield*] F_1. *shield*: $F_2F_3F_4$. *grant* Pope.'

The conjectures made by annotators or by editors, but not introduced by them into the text, are distinguished by the addition of 'conj.', as 'Farmer conj.', 'Johnson conj.' &c.

'Steevens (Farmer conj.)' indicates that the reading in question was first suggested by Farmer, and first introduced into the text by Steevens. If, however, the person who first made the conjecture, afterwards became an editor, and gave it in his own text, while, in the mean time, it had been adopted by some other editor, the 'conj.' is omitted. Thus, for example, 'Theobald (Warburton)' shows that Warburton was the first to propose such and such a change, that Theobald first incorporated it in the text, and that Warburton afterwards gave it in the text of his own edition. We have designated the readings derived from Mr Collier's corrected copy of the second Folio thus: 'Collier MS.' not 'Collier MS. conj.,' as in this case we could consult brevity without danger of misleading any one.

We have arranged the names both of Editors and of Commentators (as far as was possible) in order of time. It has frequently happened that several persons have hit on the same conjecture independently. In such cases we have assigned it to the earliest, determining the priority by the date of publication.

The metrical arrangement of each passage is marked in the notes by printing each word which commences a line with an initial capital letter. In the Folios, many substantives, other than proper names or titles, are printed with initial capitals; but, in order to avoid ambiguity, we have generally made our quotations conform, in this respect, to the modern usage.

We had originally intended to give in our Preface a catalogue raisonné of all the editions of our author and other books used by us in the preparation of the present work, but this labour has been fortunately spared us by Mr Bohn's reissue of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, the eighth part of which contains a full and accurate account of Shakespearian literature. To that work we refer our readers for more complete bibliographical details, and propose to confine ourselves to some remarks on the critical value of the principal editions and com-

mentaries. We have, of course, confined our collation to those editions which seemed to possess an independent value of their own. Mr Bohn enumerates two hundred and sixty-two different editions of Shakespeare. It was therefore a matter of necessity to make a selection. In the following remarks we pass briefly in review the editions which we have habitually consulted.

Whenever any commentary was known to us to exist in a separate form, we have always, if possible, procured it. In some few instances, we have been obliged to take the references at second-hand.

The first Folio (F_1), 1623, contains all the plays usually found in modern editions of Shakespeare, except *Pericles*. It was 'published according to the True Originall Copies,' and 'set forth' by his 'friends' and 'fellows,' John Heminge and Henry Condell, the author 'not having the fate common with some to be exequutor to his own writings.'

In an address 'To the great variety of Readers' following the dedication to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, the following passage occurs:

'It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers.'

The natural inference to be drawn from this statement is, that

all the separate editions of Shakespeare's plays were 'stolen,' 'surreptitious,' and 'imperfect,' and that all those published in the Folio were printed from the author's own manuscripts. But it can be proved to demonstration that several of the plays in the Folio were printed from earlier Quarto editions, and that in other cases the Quarto is more correctly printed or from a better MS. than the Folio text, and therefore of higher authority. For example, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *Richard the Second*, the reading of the Quarto is almost always preferable to that of the Folio, and in *Hamlet* we have computed that the Folio, when it differs from the Quartos, differs for the worse in forty-seven places, while it differs for the better in twenty at most.

As the 'setters forth' are thus convicted of a 'suggestio falsi' in one point, it is not improbable that they may have been guilty of the like in another. Some of the plays may have been printed not from Shakespeare's own manuscript, but from transcripts made from them for the use of the theatre. And this hypothesis will account for strange errors found in some of the plays—errors too gross to be accounted for by the negligence of a printer, especially if the original MS. was as unblotted as Heminge and Condell describe it to have been. Thus too we may explain the great difference in the state of the text as found in different plays. It is probable that this deception arose not from deliberate design on the part of Heminge and Condell,—whom as having been Shakespeare's friends and fellows we like to think of as honourable men,—but partly at least from want of practice in composition, and from the wish rather to write a smart preface in praise of the book than to state the facts clearly and simply. Or the preface may have been written by some literary man in the employment of the publishers, and merely signed by the two players.

Be this as it may, their duties as editors were probably limited to correcting and arranging the manuscripts and sending them to the press. The 'overseeing' of which they speak,

probably meant a revision of the MSS., not a correction of the press, for it does not appear that there were any proof sheets in those days sent either to author or editor. Indeed we consider it as certain that, after a MS. had been sent to press, it was seen only by the printers and one or more correctors of the press, regularly employed by the publishers for that purpose*.

The opinions of critics have varied very much as to the merits of the first Folio, some praising it as among the most correct, and others blaming it as one of the most incorrect editions of its time. The truth seems to be that it is of very varied excellence, differing from time to time according to the state of the MS. from which it was printed, the skill of the compositor, and the diligence of the corrector. There is the widest difference, for instance, between the text of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and that of *All's Well that Ends Well*.

As is the case with most books of that time†, different copies of the first Folio are found to vary here and there; generally, however, in a single letter only. It is probable that no one copy exactly corresponds with any other copy. We have indicated these variations, wherever they were known to us, in a note either at the foot of the page or at the end of each play.

A reprint of the first Folio, not free from inaccuracies, was published in 1807. A second reprint is now in course of publication by Mr Lionel Booth. The first part, containing the Comedies, has already appeared. It is probably the most correct reprint ever issued.

The second Folio (F_2) is a reprint of the first, preserving the same pagination. It differs, however, from the first in many passages, sometimes widely, sometimes slightly, sometimes by accident, sometimes by design. The emendations are evidently

* A passage in the *Return from Parnassus* compared with one in Bale's preface to his *Image of Both Churches* puts this almost beyond a doubt.

† Mr Wright in his preface to *Bacon's Essays* mentions that he has collated ten copies of the edition of 1625, 'which though bearing the same date, are all different from each other in points of no great importance.'

conjectural, and though occasionally right, appear more frequently to be wrong. They deserve no more respect than those of other guessers, except such as is due to their author's familiar acquaintance with the language and customs of Shakespeare's day, and possible knowledge of the acted plays.

Capell's copy of the second Folio has been of great use to us in our collations. He has annotated the margin with a multitude of marks in red ink,—conventional symbols indicating where and how it differs from the first. We have hardly in a single instance found his accuracy at fault.

The third Folio (F_3) was first published in 1663, and reissued in the following year with a new title-page*, and with seven additional plays, viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre: The London Prodigal: The History of the Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell: The History of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham: The Puritan Widow: A Yorkshire Tragedy:* and *The Tragedy of Locrine.* With regard to the plays which it contains in common with the former Folios, it is on the whole a tolerably faithful reprint of the second, correcting, however, some obvious errors, making now and then an uncalled-for alteration, and occasionally modernizing the spelling of a word. The printer of course has committed some errors of his own.

The fourth Folio (F_4) was printed from the third, but with a different pagination, in 1685. The spelling is very much modernized, but we have not been able to detect any other evidence of editorial care.

The first octavo edition was that of Nicholas Rowe, published in 1709, dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, in words which we take pleasure in recording: "Tis the best security a poet can ask for to be sheltered under that great name which presides over one of the most famous Universities of Europe.' It contained all the plays in the fourth Folio in the same order,

* Mr Bohn is mistaken in saying that the Capell copy has both titles. It has that of 1664 only, with the portrait, and B. J.'s verses underneath on the opposite page.

except that the seven spurious plays were transferred from the beginning to the end. The poems were added also.

It is evident that Rowe took the fourth Folio as the text from which his edition was printed, and it is almost certain that he did not take the trouble to refer to, much less to collate, any of the previous Folios or Quartos. It seems, however, while the volume containing *Romeo and Juliet* was in the press he learned the existence of a Quarto edition, for he has printed the prologue given in the Quartos and omitted in the Folios, at the end of the play. He did not take the trouble to compare the text of the Quarto with that of F_4. When any emendation introduced by him in the text coincides with the reading of F_1, as sometimes happens, we are convinced that it is an accidental coincidence. Being, however, a man of natural ability and taste he improved the text by some happy guesses, while, from overhaste and negligence, he left it still deformed by many palpable errors. The best part of the work is that with which his experience of the stage as a dramatic poet had made him familiar. In many cases he first prefixed to the play a list of dramatis personæ, he supplied the defects of the Folios in the division and numbering of Acts and Scenes, and in the entrances and exits of characters. He also corrected and further modernized the spelling, the punctuation and the grammar.

A characteristic specimen of blunders and corrections occurs in the *Comedy of Errors*, v. i. 138.

important] F_1. *impoteant* F_2. *impotent* F_3F_4, *all-potent* Rowe.

A second Edition, 9 Volumes 12mo, was published in 1714.

Pope's edition in six volumes, 4to, was completed in 1715. On the title-page we read, 'The Works of Shakespeare, in six volumes.' The six volumes, however, included only the plays contained in the first and second Folios. The poems, with an *Essay on the Rise and Progress of the Stage*, and a Glossary, were contained in a seventh volume edited by Dr Sewell.

Pope, unlike his predecessor, had at least seen the first

Folio and some of the Quartos of separate plays, and from the following passage of his preface it might have been inferred that he had diligently collated them all:

'This is the state in which Shakespeare's writings be at present; for since the above-mentioned folio edition [*i. e.* F_4], all the rest have implicitly followed it without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elaps'd, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharg'd the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will show itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare 'em, and those I prefer'd into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority.'

This passage, as any one may see who examines the text, is much more like a description of what the editor did *not* do than of what he did. Although in many instances he restored, from some Quarto, passages which had been omitted in the Folio, it is very rarely indeed that we find any evidence of his having collated either the first Folio or any Quarto, with proper care. The 'innovations' which he made, according to his own 'private sense and conjecture,' are extremely numerous. Not one in twenty of the various readings is put in the margin, and the readings in his text very frequently rest upon no authority whatever. The glaring inconsistency between the promise in the preface and the performance in the book may well account for its failure with the public.

It would, however, be ungrateful not to acknowledge that Pope's emendations are always ingenious and plausible, and sometimes unquestionably true. He never seems to nod over

that dull labour of which he complains. His acuteness of perception is never at fault.

What is said of him in the preface to Theobald's edition is, in this point, very unjust*.

'They have both (*i.e.* Pope and Rymer†) shown themselves in an equal *impuissance* of suspecting or amending the corrupted passages, &c.'

Pope was the first to indicate the *place* of each new scene; as, for instance, *Tempest*, I. 1. 'On a ship at sea.' He also subdivided the scenes as given by the Folios and Rowe, making a fresh scene whenever a new character entered—an arrangement followed by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson. For convenience of reference to these editions, we have always recorded the commencement of Pope's scenes.

By a minute comparison of the two texts we find that Pope printed his edition from Rowe, not from any of the Folios.

A second edition, 10 volumes, 12mo, was published in 1728, 'by Mr Pope and Dr Sewell.' In this edition, after Pope's preface, reprinted, comes: 'A table of the several editions of Shakespeare's plays, made use of and compared in this impression.' Then follows a list containing the first and second Folios, and twenty-eight Quarto editions of separate plays. It does not, however, appear that even the first Folio was compared with any care, for the changes made in this second edition are very few.

Lewis Theobald had the misfortune to incur the enmity of one who was both the most popular poet, and, if not the first, at least the second, satirist of his time. The main cause

* Capell's copy now before us contains the following note in Capell's handwriting: 'This copy of Mr Theobald's edition was once Mr Warburton's; who has claim'd in it the notes he gave to the former which that former depriv'd him of and made his own, and some Passages in the Preface, the passages being put between hooks and the notes signed with his name. E. C.' The passage quoted from Theobald's Preface is one of those between hooks.

† Thomas Rymer, whose book, called *A short View of Tragedy of the last Age*, 1693, gave rise to a sharp controversy.

of offence was Theobald's *Shakespeare Restored, or a Specimen of the many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr Pope in his late edition of this Poet*, 1726. Theobald was also in the habit of communicating notes on passages of Shakespeare to *Mist's Journal*, a weekly Tory paper. Hence he was made the hero of the *Dunciad* till dethroned in the fourth edition to make way for Cibber; hence, too, the allusions in that poem:

> 'There hapless Shakespear, yet of Theobald sore,
> Wish'd he had blotted for himself before;'

and, in the earlier editions,

> 'Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
> Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave;
> Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
> And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.'

Pope's editors and commentators, adopting their author's quarrel, have spoken of Theobald as 'Tibbald, a cold, plodding, and tasteless writer and critic.' These are Warton's words. A more unjust sentence was never penned. Theobald, as an Editor, is incomparably superior to his predecessors, and to his immediate successor, Warburton, although the latter had the advantage of working on his materials. He was the first to recal a multitude of readings of the first Folio unquestionably right, but unnoticed by previous editors. Many most brilliant emendations, such as could not have suggested themselves to a mere 'cold, plodding, and tasteless critic,' are due to him. If he sometimes erred—'humanum est.' It is remarkable that with all his minute diligence*, (which even his enemies conceded to him, or rather of which they accused him) he left a goodly number of genuine

* Capell, who might be supposed to write 'sine ira et studio,' denies to Theobald even this merit: 'His work is only made a little better [than Pope's] by his having a few more materials; of which he was not a better collator than the other, nor did he excel him in use of them.' The result of the collations we have made leads us to a very different conclusion.

readings from the first Folio to be gleaned by the still more minutely diligent Capell. It is to be regretted that he gave up numbering the scenes, which makes his edition difficult to refer to. It was first published in 1733, in seven volumes, 8vo. A second, 8 volumes, 12mo, appeared in 1740.

In 1744, a new edition of Shakespeare's Works, in six volumes, 4to, was published at Oxford. It appeared with a kind of sanction from the University, as it was printed at the Theatre, with the Imprimatur of the Vice-Chancellor, and had no publisher's name on the title-page. The Editor is not named—hence he is frequently referred to by subsequent critics as 'the Oxford Editor';—but as he was well known to be Sir Thomas Hanmer, we have always referred to the book under his name. We read in the preface: 'What the Publick is here to expect is a true and correct Edition of Shakespear's Works, cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great admirers of this incomparable author hath made it the amusement of his leisure hours for many years past to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment to restore the genuine sense and purity of it. In this he proposed nothing to himself but his private satisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could; but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other Gentlemen equally fond of the Author, desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them.'

From this passage the character of the edition may be inferred. A country gentleman of great ingenuity and lively fancy, but with no knowledge of older literature, no taste for research, and no ear for the rhythm of earlier English verse, amused his leisure hours by scribbling down his own and his friends' guesses in Pope's Shakespeare, and with

this *apparatus criticus*, if we may believe Warburton, 'when that illustrious body, the University of Oxford, in their public capacity, undertook an edition of Shakespeare by subscription,' Sir T. Hanmer 'thrust himself into the employment.'

Whether from the sanction thus given, or from its typographical beauty, or from the plausibility of its new readings, this edition continued in favour, and even 'rose to the price of 10*l.* 10*s.* before it was reprinted in 1770—1, while Pope's, in quarto, at the same period sold off at Tonson's sale for 16*s.* per copy.' Bohn, p. 2260.

In 1747, three years after Pope's death, another edition of Shakespeare based upon his appeared, edited by Mr Warburton.

On the title-page are these words: 'The Genuine Text (collated with all the former Editions, and then corrected and emended) is here settled: Being restored from the *Blunders* of the first Editors, and the *Interpolations* of the two Last: with a Comment and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By Mr Pope and Mr Warburton*.'

The latter, in his preface, vehemently attacks Theobald and Hanmer, accusing both of plagiarism and even fraud. 'The one was recommended to me as a poor Man, the other as a poor Critic: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of Observations, which they managed as they saw fit to the Relief of their several distresses. As to Mr *Theobald*, who wanted Money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own Advantage: and he allowed himself in the Liberty of taking one Part for his own, and sequestering another for the Benefit, as I supposed, of some future Edition. But as to the *Oxford Editor*, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a Critic, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking in my Papers without my knowledge; and when that Project fail'd, for employing a number of my

* Notwithstanding this claim of identity, Warburton seems to have used Theobald's text to print from. Capell positively affirms this (Preface, p. 18).

Conjectures in his Edition against my express Desire not to have that Honour done unto me.'

Again he says of Hanmer: 'Having a number of my Conjectures before him, he took as many as he saw fit to work upon, and by changing them to something, he thought, synonimous or similar, he made them his own,' &c. &c. p. xii.

Of his own performance Warburton says, 'The Notes in this Edition take in the whole Compass of Criticism. The first sort is employed in restoring the Poet's genuine Text; but in those places only where it labours with inextricable Nonsense. In which, how much soever I may have given scope to critical Conjecture, when the old Copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to Fancy or Imagination; but have religiously observed the severe Canons of literal Criticism, &c. &c.' p. xiv. Yet further on he says, 'These, such as they are, were amongst my younger amusements, when, many years ago I used to turn over these sort of Writers to unbend myself from more serious applications.'

The excellence of the edition proved to be by no means proportionate to the arrogance of the editor. His text is, indeed, better than Pope's, inasmuch as he introduced many of Theobald's restorations and some probable emendations both of his own and of the two editors whom he so unsparingly denounced, but there is no trace whatever, so far as we have discovered, of his having collated for himself either the earlier Folios or any of the Quartos.

Warburton* was, in his turn, severely criticised by Dr Zachary Grey, and Mr John Upton, in 1746, and still more severely by Mr Thomas Edwards, in his *Supplement to Mr Warburton's edition of Shakespeare*, 1747. The third edition of Mr Edwards's book, 1750, was called *Canons of Criticism*

* Dr Johnson told Burney that Warburton, as a critic, 'would make two-and-fifty Theobalds cut into slices.' (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Vol. II. p. 85. Ed. 1835). From this judgment, whether they be compared as critics or editors, we emphatically dissent.

and Glossary, being a Supplement, &c. This title is a sarcastic allusion to two passages in Warburton's preface: 'I once intended to have given the Reader a *body of Canons*, for literal Criticism, drawn out in form,' &c. p. xiv, and 'I had it once, indeed, in my design, to give a general alphabetic *Glossary* of these terms,' &c. p. xvi. Dr Grey's attack was reprinted, with additions, and a new title, in 1751, and again in 1752. Warburton and his predecessors were passed in review also by Mr Benjamin Heath, in *A Revisal of Shakespeare's text*, 1765.

Dr Samuel Johnson first issued proposals for a new edition of Shakespeare in 1745, but met with no encouragement. He resumed the scheme in 1756, and issued a new set of Proposals (reprinted in Malone's preface), 'in which,' says Boswell, 'he shewed that he perfectly well knew what a variety of research such an undertaking required, but his indolence prevented him from pursuing it with that diligence, which alone can collect those scattered facts that genius, however acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot discover by its own force.' Johnson deceived himself so far, as to the work to be done and his own energy in doing it, that he promised the publication of the whole before the end of the following year. Yet, though some volumes were printed as early as 1758 (Boswell, Vol. II. p. 84), it was not published till 1765, and might never have been published at all, but for Churchill's stinging satire:

> 'He for subscribers baits his hook,
> And takes your cash, but where's the book?
> No matter where; wise fear, you know,
> Forbids the robbing of a foe,
> But what, to serve our private ends,
> Forbids the cheating of our friends?'

Not only Johnson's constitutional indolence and desultory habits, but also the deficiency of his eye-sight, incapacitated him for the task of minute collation. Nevertheless, he did consult the older copies, and has the merit of restoring some

readings which had escaped Theobald. He had not systematically studied the literature and language of the 16th and 17th centuries; he did not always appreciate the naturalness, simplicity, and humour of his author, but his preface and notes are distinguished by clearness of thought and diction and by masterly common sense. He used Warburton's text, to print his own from. The readings and suggestions attributed to 'Johnson,' in our notes, are derived either from the edition of 1765, or from those which he furnished to the subsequent editions in which Steevens was his co-editor. Some few also found by the latter in Johnson's hand on the margin of his copy of 'Warburton,' purchased by Steevens at Johnson's sale, were incorporated in later editions. Johnson's edition was attacked with great acrimony by Dr Kenrick, 1765 (Boswell, Vol. II. p. 300). It disappointed the public expectation, but reached, nevertheless, a second edition in 1768. Tyrwhitt's *Observations and Conjectures* were published anonymously in 1766.

Capell's edition (10 volumes, small 8vo) was not published till 1768, though part of it had gone to press, as the editor himself tells us, in September, 1760. It contained the Plays in the order of the first and second Folios, with a preface, of which Dr Johnson said, referring to *Tempest*, I. 2. 356, 'The fellow should have come to me, and I would have endowed his purpose with words. As it is he doth gabble monstrously.'

Defects of style apart, this preface was by far the most valuable contribution to Shakespearian criticism that had yet appeared, and the text was based upon a most searching collation of all the Folios and of all the Quartos known to exist at that time. Capell's own conjectures, not always very happy, which he has introduced into his text, are distinguished by being printed in black letter.

The edition before us contains the scansion of the lines, with occasional verbal as well as metrical corrections, marked in red ink, in Capell's hand. This was done, as he tells us in a note prefixed to Vol. I., in 1769.

He described, much more minutely than Pope had done, the places of the scenes, and made many changes, generally for the better, in the stage directions.

In his peculiar notation, *Asides* are marked by inverted commas, and obvious stage business is indicated by an obelus.

In a note to his preface, p. xxiii, Capell says:

'In the manuscripts from which all these plays are printed, the emendations are given to their proper owners by initials and other marks that are in the margin of those manuscripts; but they are suppressed in the print for two reasons: First their number, in some pages, makes them a little unsightly; and the editor professes himself weak enough to like a well-printed book; in the next place, he does declare, that his only object has been to do service to his Author; which provided it be done, he thinks it of small importance by what hand the service was administer'd,' &c.

By this unfortunate decision, Capell deprived his book of almost all its interest and value*. And thus his unequalled zeal and industry have never received from the public the recognition they deserved.

In 1774, a volume of notes† was printed in quarto, and in 1783, two years after his death, appeared *Notes, Various Readings, and the School of Shakespeare*, 3 vols. 4to.‡ The printing of this work was begun in 1779.

George Steevens, who had edited in 1766 a reprint of Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare from the Quartos, at a time,

* We trust that in our edition the matter which Capell discarded has been presented in a well printed book. We have found no trace of the Manuscripts here spoken of.

† In Lowndes's *Manual* (Bohn), p. 2316, we find 'Notes and Various Readings to Shakespeare. By Edward Capell, Lond. 1759.' No such book of this date is in the Capell collection, nor is it ever mentioned elsewhere, so far as we know. In the preface to the work of 1783, it is mentioned that the first volume had been printed in 1774, but no allusion is made to any former edition.

‡ These volumes, together with the whole of Shakespeare's *Plays* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, written out in Capell's own regular, but not very legible hand, are among his collection in Trinity College Library.

when, as he himself afterwards said, he was 'young and uninformed,' and had been in the meanwhile one of Johnson's most active and useful correspondents, was formally associated with him as Editor in 1770 (Boswell, Vol. III. p. 116). At Steevens's suggestion, Johnson wrote to Dr Farmer of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, requesting him to furnish a Catalogue of all the Translations Shakespeare might have seen and used. Hence, it seems, Farmer took an interest in the successive editions, and supplied many valuable notes and acute conjectural readings. It was on Farmer's authority that *Pericles* has been re-admitted among the Plays of Shakespeare.

The first edition of Johnson and Steevens appeared in 1773. The improvements in this edition, as compared with those which bore Johnson's name only, are evidently the work of the new editor, who brought to the task diligent and methodical habits and great antiquarian knowledge, thus supplementing the defects of his senior partner. J. Collins, editor of Capell's *Notes* &c. charged Steevens with plagiarism from Capell. Steevens denied the charge. The second edition came out in 1778; the third in 1785; and the fourth in 1793. In this edition Steevens made many changes in the text, as if for the purpose of differing from the cautious Malone, now become a rival.

Edmond Malone contributed to Steevens *his Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written;* in 1780, published a *Supplement* to the edition of 1778, containing the Poems, the seven plays from F_2, notes, &c., and moreover distinguished himself by various researches into the history and literature of the early English stage. He published in 1790 a new edition of Shakespeare in 10 volumes, 8vo, containing the Plays and Poems, 'collated verbatim with the most authentic copies, and revised,' together with several essays and dissertations, among the rest that on the order of the plays, corrected and enlarged.

The animosities which both Steevens and Malone had the misfortune to excite, have had the effect of throwing some slur

on their names as editors, and even as men, and have prevented the fair appreciation and a due acknowledgment of the services they rendered jointly and severally to English literature.

The learning and ability displayed by Malone in denouncing Ireland's most clumsy and palpable of frauds, would have sufficed for the detection of the most cunningly conceived and skilfully executed.

Among the critics of this time may be mentioned (1) Joseph Ritson, who published in 1783 his *Remarks, &c.* on the second edition of Johnson and Steevens, and in 1788, *The Quip Modest*, on the third edition, and (2) John Monck Mason, whose *Comments* appeared in 1785, and *Further Observations* in 1798.

In 1803 appeared an edition in 21 volumes 8vo, edited by Isaac Reed. This is called on the title-page 'the Fifth Edition,' *i.e.* of Johnson and Steevens. It is generally known as the first *variorum* edition. Chalmers's edition, 9 vols. 8vo, 1805, professes to be printed from the corrected text left by Steevens. The 'sixth edition' of Johnson and Steevens, or the second *variorum*, appeared in 1813, also edited by Reed; the 'seventh,' or third *variorum*, in 1821, edited by James Boswell, from a corrected copy left by Malone.

Among those whose notes were communicated to or collected by various editors from Johnson to Boswell, the best known names are the following: Sir William Blackstone, Dr Burney, Bennet Langton, Collins the poet, Sir J. Hawkins, Musgrave, the editor of *Euripides*, Dr Percy, editor of the *Reliques*, and Thomas Warton. Less known names are: Blakeway, J. Collins, Henley, Holt White, Letherland, Roberts, Seward, Smith, Thirlby, Tollet, and Whalley*.

Harness's edition, 8 volumes, 8vo, appeared in 1825.

Of the comments published separately during the present century the principal are:

* Steevens was accused of giving, under fictitious names, notes which he was afraid to sign himself.

1. *Remarks, &c.*, by E. H. Seymour, 2 vols. 8vo, 1805, in which are incorporated some notes left by Lord Chedworth.

2. *Shakspeare's himself again* by Andrew Becket, 2 vols. 8vo, 1815. The author has indulged in a license of conjecture and of interpretation which has never been equalled before or since. We have nevertheless generally given his conjectures, except when he has gone the length of inventing a word.

3. *Shakspeare's Genius Justified*, by Zachary Jackson, 1 vol. 8vo, 1811. As the author himself had been a printer, his judgement on the comparative likelihood of this and that typographical error is worth all consideration. But he sometimes wanders 'ultra crepidam*.'

Douce's *Illustrations to Shakespeare*, 2 vols. 8vo, 1807, ought to be mentioned as a work of great antiquarian research, though he rarely suggests any new alteration of the text, and his name therefore will seldom occur in our notes.

The more recent editions of Shakespeare are so well known and so easily accessible, that it is unnecessary for us, even were it becoming in this place, to undertake the invidious task of comparing their respective merits.

It will suffice to mention the names of the editors in the order of their first editions: S. W. Singer, Charles Knight, Barry Cornwall, J. Payne Collier, S. Phelps, J. O. Halliwell, Alex. Dyce, Howard Staunton.

We have also to mention the edition of Delius, 7 vols. 8vo, Elberfeld, 1854—61, the English text, with concise notes, critical and explanatory, in German, and that of Mr Richard Grant White (known as the author of *Shakespeare's Scholar*, 1854), published at Boston, United States, 1857.

In 1853, Mr J. Payne Collier, published in 1 vol. 8vo, *Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakespeare's Plays, from early*

* The two last-named books, as well as some suggestions from correspondents, did not reach us till the first Volume was partly printed. We propose to supply all omissions in an Appendix to the whole work.

manuscript corrections, in a copy of the Folio 1632, in his own possession. All the emendations given in this volume by Mr Collier, or subsequently as an Appendix to Coleridge's *Lectures*, except, of course, where they have been anticipated, have been recorded in our notes.

We have no intention of entering in the controversy respecting the antiquity and authority of these corrections, nor is it necessary to enumerate the writings on a subject which is still so fresh in the memory of all.

M. Tycho Mommsen, of Marburg, who published the most elaborate work on the so-called 'Perkins Folio,' also published in 1859 the text of the first Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, with a collation of the various readings of all editions down to Rowe's, a full description of the critical value of the different texts, and an inquiry into the versification, and incidentally the grammar and orthography of Shakespeare. The precise rules which he lays down disappear, for the most part, on a wider induction, and we greatly question whether it be worth while to register and tabulate such minutiæ as do not represent in any way Shakespeare's mind or hand, but only the caprices of this or that compositor, at a period when spelling, punctuation, and even rules of grammar, were matters of private judgement.

But M. Mommsen's industry is beyond praise, and his practice of using the labours of English Editors, without insulting them, is worthy of all imitation*.

Among the works to which reference will be found in our edition are the following:

Coleridge's *Literary Remains:* Dr Guest's *History of English Rhythms: the Versification of Shakespeare*, by W. Sidney Walker (1854), and *Criticisms*, by the same, 3 vols. post 8vo,

* Aber man läuft ein gefährliches Spiel, wenn man nicht überall offen und bescheiden bekennt, dass man ganz von den Engländern abhange: ja man scheitert gewiss, wenn man mit der einen Hand allen Stoff von dem man lebt und athmet ihnen entnimmt, und mit der andern zum Dank Hohn und Beleidigung auf ihren Namen wirft. *Vorrede*, pp. vi. vii.

(1860), edited by Mr Lettsom, who has also contributed in his notes some suggestions for the improvement of the text. It is to be regretted that these volumes have not been accompanied by an Index. Dr Charles Badham's article in the *Cambridge Essays*, 1856, contains many ingenious suggestions.

We have borrowed from several literary journals, the *Athenæum*, *Notes and Queries*, and the *Parthenon*, and from Magazines the conjectures of their correspondents. When the real name of the correspondent, or what might be such, was signed, we have given it in our notes, as 'Hickson,' 'S. Verges' (from *Notes and Queries*). When the name was obviously fictitious, or when the article was not signed at all, we have noted it thus: 'Anon. (N. and Q.) conj.', 'Anon. (Fras. Mag.) conj.', &c., referring to *Notes and Queries*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *&c.*

'Spedding,' 'Bulloch,' 'Lloyd,' 'Williams,' 'Wright,' indicate respectively our correspondents, Mr James Spedding, Mr John Bulloch, of Aberdeen, the Rev. Julius Lloyd, Mr W. W. Williams, of Oxford, and Mr W. Aldis Wright, to each and all of whom we beg to return our best thanks. We have also to thank Mr Archibald Smith, Mr C. W. Goodwin, Mr Bolton Corney, Mr N. E. S. A. Hamilton, Mr J. Nichols, Mr Jourdain, Dr Brinsley Nicholson, Mr Halliwell, Dr Barlow, Mr Grant White, Mr B. H. Bright, Mr Henry A. Bright, and Mr Bohn, for friendly suggestions and kind offers of assistance.

The proposed emendations, marked 'Anon. conj.' are those which we have not been able to trace, or those in which the authors have not sufficient confidence to acknowledge them.

Those proposed with some confidence by the present editors are marked 'Edd. conj.'

In conclusion, we commend this volume, the first product of long labour, to the indulgent judgement of critics. In saying this we are not merely repeating a stereotyped phrase. We have found errors in the work of the most accurate of our predecessors. We cannot hope to have attained perfect accuracy

ourselves, especially when we consider the wide range which our collation has embraced, and the minute points which we have endeavoured to record, but at all events we have spared no pains to render our work as exact as we could. Those who have ever undertaken a similar task will best understand the difficulty, and will be most ready to make allowance for shortcomings. 'Expertus disces quam gravis iste labor.'

W. G. C.
J. G.

The five plays contained in this volume occur in the first Folio in the same order, and, with one exception, were there printed for the first time.

In the case of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, two Quartos (Q_1 and Q_2) imperfect copies of an earlier play, appeared in 1602 and 1619, the second a reprint of the first. They are described in a special Introduction to that play, and a reprint of Q_1, collated with Q_2, is given in the last volume. A third Quarto (Q_3) was printed from F_1 in 1630.

The Tempest was altered by Dryden and D'Avenant, and published as *The Tempest; or the Enchanted Island*, in 1669. We mark the emendations derived from it: 'Dryden's version.' D'Avenant, in his *Law against Lovers* fused *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing* into one play. We refer to his new readings as being from 'D'Avenant's version'.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In preparing the present edition I have followed substantially the rules laid down in the Preface to the first edition, although I have exercised my judgement in occasionally departing from them, and in applying them more strictly than the original editors of the first volume found it necessary to do. But I have thought it more convenient, both for the arrangement of the plays and for those who use this work for purposes of study, to place the reprints of the imperfect quartos in the last volume instead of putting them immediately after the plays to which they refer. By this means the Comedies will be contained in three volumes, the Histories in two, and the Tragedies in three, while the last volume will include Pericles, the Poems, and the reprinted quartos.

In the first edition the readings of the annotated second Folio, which was once in the possession of the late Mr Payne Collier, were given on the authority of that gentleman, the editors not having had the opportunity of consulting the original. They were quoted as 'Collier MS.' and none were given which could be found in print earlier than 1853, when Mr Collier published his *Notes and Emendations*. As the editors were blamed, somewhat unreasonably, for not quoting these readings at first hand, I have endeavoured to remove this rock of offence. By the kindness of the Duke of Devonshire, to whom the volume now belongs, I have been enabled to examine it at leisure, and so to correct what was faulty, and to supply

what was lacking, in the readings quoted from it in our first edition.

So much has been done for the textual criticism of Shakespeare in the more than twenty years which have passed since this work was completed that the additions to the notes are very numerous. My business as an editor has been to record all the emendations which have been suggested, without endeavouring to discriminate between them. It may be that in this way the notes contain many conjectures which are at best superfluous, but it seems better to err on the side of excess than of defect, and if there are any omissions they must be reckoned among the imperfections which are inseparable from a work involving so much minuteness of detail.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March 1887.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, } Lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } presented by[2] Spirits.
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero[3].

SCENE—*A ship at sea*[4]*: an uninhabited island.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] NAMES OF THE ACTORS F_1 at the end of the Play.
[2] *presented by*] Edd.
[3] *Other...Prospero*] Theobald.
[4] A ship at sea:] At sea: Capell.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-Master *and* a Boatswain

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below. 10

Sc. I. On a ship at sea] Pope.
Enter...Boatswain] Collier MS. adds 'as on ship-board, shaking of wet.'
3 *Good,*] Rowe. *Good:* Ff. *Good.* Collier.
to't, yarely] *too't, yarely* Ff. *to't yarely* Theobald.
7 *till thou burst thy wind*] *till thou burst, wind* Johnson conj. *till thou burst thee, wind* Steevens conj. *till thou burst, thou wind,* Anon. apud Rann conj.
and others] and others from the Cabin. Collier MS.
8 *have care*] *have a care* Dryden's version.
Capell adds stage direction [Exeunt Mariners aloft.
9 *Play*] *Ply* Upton conj.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

11 *boatswain*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Boson* Ff.
11—18 Verse. S. Walker conj.
13 *do*] om. Pope.
15 *cares*] *care* Rowe. See note (1).
21 *peace*] *prease* Warburton conj.
of] *o'* (=*on*) Theobald.
present] *tempest* Crosby conj.
hand] *handle* Johnson.
31 [Exeunt] Theobald. [Exit Ff.
Re-enter...] Pope. Enter... Ff.
33 *Bring her to try*] F_4. *Bring her to Try* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Bring her to: try* Grant White (Story conj.).
33—35 Text as in Capell. *A plague*—A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo. *vpon this howling.* Ff.
34—37 Verse. S. Walker conj.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards: This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!'—

35 Re-enter...] Theobald. Enter... Ff.
43 *for*] *from* Theobald.
44, 45 *unstanched*] *unstanch* Hudson (Harvard ed.).
46 *two courses; off to sea*] Steevens (Holt conj.). *two courses off to sea* Ff.
47 [Enter...] [Re-enter... Dyce.
48 [Exe. Theobald.
50—54 As in Pope. Prose in Ff.
50 *at*] *are at* Rowe.
let's...them] *let us...'em* Pope.
56 *to glut*] *t' englut* Johnson conj.
A confused noise within:] Several voices. Taylor conj. MS.
57 See note (II).

'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The island. Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

59 *Farewell, brother!*] *Brother, farewell!* Theobald. *Farewell, my brother!* Keightley.
60 *with the*] Rowe. *with'* F_1F_2. *with* F_3F_4.
[Exit. Theobald.
61 [Exeunt A. and S.] [Exit Ff.
63 *long heath, brown furze*] *ling, heath, broom, furze* Hanmer. *brown heath, long furze* Keightley.
furze] Rowe. *firrs* $F_1F_2F_3$. *firs* F_4. *furs* Collier MS.
65 [Exeunt] [Exit F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Sc. II....cell.] Capell. Scena Secunda. Ff. Scene II. The Inchanted Island. Pope. Scene changes to a Part of the Inchanted Island, near the cell of Prospero. Theobald.
1, 2 *If...them.*] Seymour would end the first line at *you.*
3 *stinking*] *flaming* Singer conj. *kindling* Jervis conj.
4 *cheek*] *heate* Collier MS. *crack* Staunton conj. *cheeks* Jervis conj.
5 *suffer'd*] Pope. *suffered* Ff.
7 *creature*] *creatures* Theobald.
11 *ere*] *e'er* Rowe.

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.
Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
Mir. O, woe the day!
Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul,

13 *fraughting*] Ff. *fraighted* Pope. *fraighting* Theobald. *freighting* Steevens.
14—16 *heart...I have*] *heart*—Mir. *O, woe the day!* Pros. *There's no harm done!* Mir. *No harm!* Pros. *I have* Elze conj.
15 Mir. *O, woe the day!* Pros. *No harm.*] Mir. *O woe the day! no harm?* Johnson conj.
18 *nought*] *naught* F_1.
19 *I am more better*] *I am more or better* Rowe (ed. 2).
20 *full poor*] *full-poor* Theobald.
24 [Lays...mantle.] Pope. Lay it downe. Collier MS.
28 *provision*] F_1. *compassion* $F_2F_3F_4$. *prevision* Collier, ed. 2 (Hunter conj.).
29 *order'd*] Rowe. *ordered* Ff. *that...soul,*] *soul, that there is no*, or *that there is no—soul*, Holt conj. *soul*] *soul lost* Rowe. *foyle* Theobald. *soil* Johnson conj. *ill* Kenrick conj.

No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

loss Capell. *soul hurt* Long MS. *soul—* Collier. *foul* Wright conj. (withdrawn). *evil* Bailey conj.
30 *hair*] *hair's* Capell conj.
31 *Betid*] F_1. *Betide* $F_2F_3F_4$.
35 *a*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
37 [Sit downe. Collier MS.
38 *thou*] om. Pope.
41 *Out*] *Full* Pope (after Dryden). *Quite* Collier MS. *But* Anon. conj. MS.
44 *with*] *in* Pope (after Dryden).
50 *dark backward*] Hyphened in F_1F_2.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.
Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,

53 *Twelve year...year*] *'Tis twelve years ...years* Pope.
58, 59 *and his only heir A princess,*] Pope. *and his onelie heire, And Princesse;* Ff. *thou his only heir A princess,* Hanmer. *thou his only heir And princess,* Steevens. *and thou his only heir A princess,* Johnson conj.
63 *holp*] *help'd* Pope.
O, my heart] *My heart* Pope.
70 *as at that time*] F_1F_2 *as at that time.* F_3F_4. *as, at that time,* Johnson.
71 *Through*] *Though* F_2. *Though of* Hunter conj.
74 *those*] *these* So quoted by Hunter.

And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,

76 *stranger*] *a stranger* Keightley conj.
77 *studies. Thy*] Rowe. *studies, thy* Ff.
78 *me*] om. F_3F_4.
80 *who...who*] F_1. *whom...whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
81 *To trash*] *To plash* Hanmer. *To crush* Long MS. *To thrash* Marsh. *Too rash* D. Wilson conj.
82, 83 *'em...'em*] *them...them* Capell.
84 *i' the state*] *i'th state* F_1. *e'th state* F_2. *o'th state* F_3F_4. om. Pope.
87 *my*] *the* Hudson (Harvard ed.).
88 *O, good sir...mark me.*] *Good sir... mark me then.* Pope. *O yes, good sir...mark me.* Capell. Mir. *O,...do.* Pros. *I...me*] *I...me.* Mir. *O...do.* Steevens (1793).
89 *dedicated*] *dedicate* Steevens, 1793 (Ritson conj.).
91 *so*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
92 *O'er-prized*] *O'er-peized* Nicholson conj.
95 *falsehood...as*] *falsehood, in its contrary, as* Nicholson conj.
97 *lorded*] *Loaded* Collier MS.

Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library

99 *exact, like*] *exact. Like* Ff.

100 *Who...of it*] *Whose having in the truth, by his telling of it* Bulloch conj.
having into truth...of it] *loving an untruth, and telling 't oft* Hanmer. *having unto truth...oft* Warburton. *having injured truth...of it* Warburton conj. A line lost. Heath conj. *having sinn'd to truth...oft* Musgrave conj. *having into truth by telling 't oft* Theobald conj. *having to untruth,...of it* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *adding unto truth... of it* Duffus Hardy conj. *having sinn'd to truth, by telling of it* Wetherell conj. (Athenæum, 1866). *having—sin to truth—by telling of it* H. D. conj. (Athenæum, 1866). *hating an untruth...of it* D. Wilson conj. *loving an untruth,—by telling of it* Anon. conj. (N. and Q. 1877). *adding unto truth by telling oft* Green conj. *having come into trust,...of it* Herr conj. *having in untruth, by telling of it* Kinnear conj. *having unto truth, by falsing of it* Hudson (Harvard ed.).
telling] *quelling* Jervis conj.

100, 101 *having...memory,*] *having unto truth his memory Made such a sinner of, by telling it* Spence conj. (N. and Q. 1877).

101 *Made...memory*] *Makes...memory* Hanmer. *Makes...memory too* Musgrave conj.

103 *indeed the duke*] *the duke* Steevens (1793). *indeed duke* S. Walker conj.
out o' the] *from* Pope.

105 *his*] *is* F_2.

105, 106 *ambition...hear?*] *ambition Growing,—Dost hear?* Steevens (1793).

106 *hear?*] *hear, child?* Hanmer.

108 *him*] *them* Hudson (Daniel conj.).

109 *Milan*] *Millanie* F_1 (Capell's copy).
Me] *For me* Anon. conj. MS. (in Capell's copy of F_2).

109, 110 *Me, poor man,...enough: of*] *Me—poor man!...enough—of* Allen conj.

Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence

110 *enough*] *enough for* Keightley.
royalties] *roalties* F_1. *realties* D. Wilson conj.
112 *dry*] *ripe* D. Wilson conj.
wi' the] Capell. *with* Ff. *wi' th'* Rowe. *with the* Steevens.
116 *most*] F_1. *much* $F_2F_3F_4$.
117 *his*] *the* Hanmer.
119 *but*] *not* Pope.
120 *Good...sons*] Spoken by Prospero, Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
borne] *bore* Theobald.
condition] *conduct* Gould conj.
122 *hearkens*] *hears* Pope. *hearks* Theobald. *harks* Walker conj.
123, 124 *premises, Of*] *promises Of* D. Wilson conj.
129 *Fated*] *Mated* Dryden's version.
purpose] *practise* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
131 *ministers*] *minister* Rowe.

Me and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

133 *out*] *on't* Capell. *it* Lettsom conj. *o'er 't* Kinnear conj.
135 *to 't*] om. Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
138 *Wherefore*] *Why* Pope.
140 *Dear,*] om. Hanmer.
140, 141 *they durst not, So dear*] *they durst not So dare* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).
141 *me*] om. Pope.
me; nor set] *me—set* Hudson (Wright conj.).
146 *butt*] *Butt* $F_1F_2F_3$. *But* F_4. *Boat* Rowe (after Dryden). *busse* Black conj. *hulk* Kinnear conj.
147 *sail*] F_1. *nor sail* $F_2F_3F_4$.
148 *have*] *had* Rowe (after Dryden).
150 *the winds*] *winds* Pope.

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

152 *cherubin*] *cherubim* F_4.
155 *I have*] *I, who* Anon. apud Rann conj.
deck'd] *brack'd* Hanmer. *mock'd* Warburton. *fleck'd* Johnson conj. *dew'd* Anon. apud Rann conj. *degg'd* Hudson (Anon. ap. Reed conj.). *eik'd* Anon. conj. (Monthly Review). *leck'd* Bailey conj.
deck'd the sea with] *lack'd. The sea, with* D. Wilson conj.
156 *groan'd*] *groaning* Anon. MS. (in Capell's copy of F_3 and in Clark's of F_4).
159 *divine.*] *divine;* F_4. *diuine,* $F_1F_2F_3$.
162 *who*] om. Pope. *he* Capell.
165 *steaded*] Steevens(1778). *steeded* Ff.
169, 170 Pros. *Now...arise: Sit*] Mir. *Now I may rise.* Pros. *Sit* Bailey conj.
169 *Now I arise*] *Now, Ariel* Theobald conj. Continued to Miranda. Blackstone conj. *Now, ire, rise!* Jackson conj. *Now I arrest* Seymour conj. (doubtfully). *Now I arrive* Herr conj.
[Resumes his mantle.] Resumes his robe. Dyce. om. Ff. Put on robe againe. Collier MS. P. rises. Cartwright conj.

Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

173 *princess'*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *Princesse* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Princess* F_4. *princes* Rowe. *princesses* Clark and Glover. See note (III).
have] *has* Anon. conj. MS. (in Capell's copy of F_3), reading *princesse*.
174 *hours*] *lores* Bailey conj. *joys* Keightley conj.
186 [M. sleeps] Theobald. She sleepe[s] Collier MS.
189 SCENE III. Pope.
190 *be't*] F_1. *be it* $F_2F_3F_4$.
193 *quality*] *qualities* Pope (after Dryden).

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.

198 *sometime*] F_1. *sometimes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
200 *bowsprit*] *Bore-spritt* F_1. *Bore-sprit* $F_2F_3F_4$. *bolt-sprit* Rowe.
201 *lightnings*] Theobald. *lightning* Ff.
202 *O' the*] *Of* Pope.
thunder-claps] *thunder-clap* Johnson.
205 *Seem*] *Seem'd* Rowe (ed. 2).
206 *dread*] F_1. *dead* $F_2F_3F_4$.
My brave] *My brave, brave* Theobald. *That's my brave* Hanmer.
209 *mad*] *mind* Rowe, ed. 2 (after Dryden).
210 *but mariners*] *but the mariners* Hunter conj. *but' mariners* Philadelphia Sh. Soc.
211, 212 *vessel,...son*] As in Rowe. *vessell; Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne* Ff.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

218 *sustaining*] *sea-stained* Edwards conj. *unstaining* Hudson (Spedding conj.). *sea-staining* Spedding conj. *sea-drenched* Gould conj.
224, 225 *ship, The*] Ff. *ship The* Hanmer.
225 *thou hast*] *hast thou* S. Walker conj.
226 *fleet.*] Knight. *Fleete?* Ff.
229 *Bermoothes*] *Bermudas* Theobald.
231 *Who*] *Whom* Hanmer.
234 *are*] *all* Collier MS.
upon] *on* Pope.
flote] *float* Collier (ed. 2).
235—237 *Bound...perish*] Two lines, the first ending *that*, Keightley conj.

What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth

239, 240 Ari. *Past the mid season.* Pros. *At least two glasses.*] Ari. *Past the mid season At least two glasses.* Warburton (Theobald conj.). Pros. ...*Past the mid season?* Ari. *At least two glasses.* Johnson conj.
240 *glasses...now*] *glasses—the time, 'twixt six and now—* Staunton.
244 *How now? moody?*] *How now, moody!* Dyce (so Dryden, ed. 1808).
245 *What*] F_1. *Which* $F_2F_3F_4$.
246 *no more!* Ari. *I prithee, Remember*] *no more: I prethee.* Ar. *Remember* Long MS.
248 *made thee*] Ff. *made* Rowe (ed. 2). *made...served*] *made no mistakings, serv'd thee* Capell conj.
249 *grumblings*] *grumbling* Collier MS. *didst*] F_3F_4. *did* F_1F_2.
253—260 *Of the...born?*] Seven lines, ending *sharp...in...frost...thing!... Sycorax,...hoop?...born?*, Keightley conj.
254 *run*] *ride* Upton conj.

When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,

259 *grown*] *gowne* F_2.
260 *tell me*] *tell me, say* Hanmer.
264 *mischiefs...sorceries*] *sorceries manifold and* or *mischiefs many, and sorceries* or *mischiefs manifold, sorceries* Anon. ap. Grey conj. *and sorceries*] *sorceries too* Hanmer.
265 *hearing*] *earing* Capell conj.
266 *one thing she did*] *one* (or *yon*) *thing she hid* M. conj. ap. Fras. Mag. XXI. 1840. *one* (or *yon*) *thing she bred* Anon. conj. *one thing she had* Hudson (Crosby conj.).
267 *Is not this true?*] *Is this not true?* Rowe (ed. 2).
269 *blue-eyed*] *blear-ey'd* Staunton conj. *bleared* D. Wilson conj.
271 *wast*] Rowe (after Dryden). *was* Ff.
273 *earthy*] *earthly* Rowe (ed. 2).

Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

279 *within*] *in* Capell conj.
282 *son*] F_1. *sunne* F_2. *sun* F_3F_4.
she] Rowe (after Dryden). *he* Ff.
litter] Rowe (after Dryden). *littour* Ff.
287 *torment*] *torture* S. Walker conj.
289 *ever-angry*] *even angry* D. Wilson conj.
298 See note (IV).
spiriting] *spryting* F_1F_2. *spriting* F_3F_4.

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence! [*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*within*] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

301 *like*] F_1. *like to* $F_2F_3F_4$.
302 *Be subject to*] *be subject To* Malone. *but thine and mine*] *but mine* Rowe (ed. 2).
302—304 *Be subject...diligence!*] As four lines, ending *mine...else...hence ...diligence*, Elze conj.
304 *And...diligence!*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *hence*, in Ff.
in't] *in it* Pope.
go, hence] *goe: hence* Ff. *go hence* Rowe (ed. 2). *hence* Hanmer.
[Exit Ariel.] [Exit. Ff.
306 [awaking. Singer (ed. 2). Waking. Collier MS.
307 *Heaviness*] *Strange heaviness* Clark and Glover conj. *Heart heaviness* Bulloch conj. *A heaviness* Anon. conj.
308 [Waking. Collier, ed. 2.
312 *serves in offices*] F_1. *serves offices* $F_2F_3F_4$. *serveth offices* Collier MS.
314 [within] Rowe (after Dryden).
316 *Come, thou tortoise! when!*] om. Pope. *Come, thou tortoise wen!* Jackson conj. *Come, thou tortoise, then.* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1820).
Come] *Come forth* Steevens.

Re-enter ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,

Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
320 *come forth!*] *come forth, thou tortoise!* Pope.
321 SCENE IV. Pope.
wicked] *cursed* Cartwright conj.
323 *south-west*] *south-west wind* Keightley conj.
327 *vast of*] *wait at* Long MS. *waste of* Kinnear conj.
327, 328 *Shall...All*] Theobald. *Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke All* Ff (*work* F_3F_4). *Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work All* T. White conj.
329 *honeycomb*] *honey-combs* Pope.
330 *made*] *make* Jervis conj.
332 *camest*] Rowe. *cam'st* Ff. *cam'st here* Hudson (Ritson conj.).
333 *strokedst*] *stroak'dst* Rowe. *stroakst* F_1F_2. *stroak'st* F_3F_4.
madest] Rowe (after Dryden). *made* Ff.

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.
Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou

338 *place*] *place'* Philadelphia Sh. Soc.
339 *Cursed be I that*] *Curs'd be I that* F_1. *Curs'd be I that I* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Curs'd be I that* Steevens (1793).
342, 352 *Which*] *Who* Pope.
345 *not*] *nor* F_2.
346 *human*] F_4. *humane* $F_1F_2F_3$. *thee*] om. F_4.
349 *would 't*] Ff. *I wou'd it* Pope.
351 Pros.] Theobald (after Dryden). Mira. (or Mir.) Ff.
352 *wilt*] F_1. *will* $F_2F_3F_4$.
355, 356 *didst not...Know*] *couldst not ...Shew* Hanmer (Warburton).
356 *wouldst*] *didst* Hanmer.
358 *vile*] Rowe. *vild* Ff. *wild* D. Wilson conj.

Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence! 365
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, 370
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands, 375
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:

361, 362 *Deservedly...deserved*] *Justly ...who hadst Deserv'd* S. Walker conj. *Confin'd...deserv'd* Id. conj.
362 *Who...prison*] om. Pope (after Dryden).
deserved] *deserved death* Nicholson conj.
364 *learning*] *teaching* Clark MS.
366 *thou'rt*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *thou art* F_4. *thou wer't* Rowe. *thou wert* Steevens (1785).
372 [Aside] Johnson. om. Ff.
374 *So*] *Go* Long MS.
375 SCENE V. Pope.
Re-enter ... following.] Malone. Enter Ferdinand and Ariel, inuisible playing and singing. $F_1F_2F_3$. Enter F. and A. invisible,... F_4. Musick. Re-enter Ariel invisible; Ferdinand following. Capell.
375, 376 *sands,...hands:*] *sands;...hands,* Nicholson conj.
377, 378 *kiss'd The...whist:*] *kiss'd:— Ye...whist!* Nicholson conj. (N. and Q. 1866).
378 *The wild waves whist*] Printed as a parenthesis by Steevens. See note (v).

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch-dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong.
Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

380 *And, sweet sprites,*] *And let the rest* In Purcell's music. *the burthen bear*] Pope (after Dryden). *beare the burthen* Ff.
381—383 Arranged as by Capell. See note (v).
386 *Cock-a-diddle-dow*] *Cockadidle-dowe* F_1.
387 *i' th' air or th' earth?*] *in air or earth?* Pope.
390 *again*] *against* Rowe (after Dryden).
391 *crept*] *creept* F_2.
397 *coral*] *corals* Keightley conj.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

406 [Musicke aboue. Collier MS.
407 *owes*] *owns* Pope (after Dryden), but leaves *ow'st* 454.
408 SCENE VI. Pope.
eye] *eyes* Collier MS.
409 *What is't? a spirit?*] *What! is't a spirit?* Daniel conj.
419 [Aside] Pope.
It goes on, I see,] *It goes, I see* Capell. *It goes on* Steevens (1793). *'T goes on, I see,* Nicholson conj.
420 *fine spirit!*] om. Hanmer.
421 [seeing her. Collier MS.
423 [Kneeling. Collier (ed. 2). Kneeles. Collier MS.
427 *maid*] F_3. *Mayd* F_1F_2. *made* F_4.

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

428 [Rising. Collier (ed. 2).
429 [rising. Collier MS.
438 [Aside] Dyce (Collier MS.). Capell marks *At...this* (440—442) only as Aside.
439 *control*] *console* Staunton conj. (doubtfully).
442, 452 [To Fer.] To him. Collier.
443 See note (VI).
444 *ungently*] F_1. *urgently* $F_2F_3F_4$. *grudgingly* Anon. conj. MS. (Prof. D. Wilson's copy of F_2).
445, 446 *e'er*] Rowe. *ere* Ff.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

450 [Aside] Marked by Capell. After line 451, Collier MS.
451 *lest*] F_4. *least* $F_1F_2F_3$.
452 *One word*] *Sir, one word* Pope. *One word, sir,* Keightley conj. *I charge thee*] *I charge thee* [to Ariel. Pope.
452, 453 *I charge...me: thou*] *I charge thee—Dost thou attend me?—thou* D. Wilson conj.
459 *with't*] *in't* Philadelphia Sh. Soc.
460 Pros. prefixed again to this line in Ff.
467 *rash*] *harsh* Anon. conj. MS. (in Prof. D. Wilson's copy of F_2).
468 *and*] *tho'* Hanmer. *but* Capell conj.

Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,

469 *My...tutor?*] *Foolish, my tutor!* Anon. conj. MS. (in Prof. D. Wilson's copy of F_2). *foot*] *fool* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *child* Dryden's version. *tool* Bulloch conj. *my tutor?*] *thy tutor!* [Stamps his foot.] Kinnear conj.
470 *makest*] *mak'st* F_1. *makes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
471 *so*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *all* Pope.
477 *hush*] *tush* Clark MS.
478 *is*] *are* Rowe.
488 *nor*] *and* Rowe (after Dryden). *or* Capell. *nay* Keightley conj.

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,

489 *are*] *were* Warburton.
but] om. Hudson (Cartwright conj.), reading *and* in line 488.
493 [Aside] Marked by Capell.
497 *by*] *by's* Grey conj.
Another part of the island] Pope.
2 *So..joy;*] *Of joy:—so have we all;* Keightley.
3 *hint*] *stint* Warburton. *dint* Weston conj. *hin* Hutchesson conj. (Gent. Mag. 1790).

The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

5 *masters*] *master* Johnson. *mistress* Steevens conj. *master's* Keightley (Clark and Glover conj.). *mariners* Bulloch conj.
merchant, and the merchant] *merchant-man; the merchant* Chalmers conj. *vessel—and the merchant* Keightley.

6 *of woe*] om. Steevens conj. and Long MS. *of grief* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).

10—43 Omitted in Collier MS.

11—99 Marked as interpolated by Pope.

11 *visitor*] *adviser* Hanmer. *'viser* Warburton.
him] om. Rowe.

12, 13 *Look...strike*] As two lines in Ff.

15 *One*] F_1. *On* $F_2F_3F_4$.

16 *entertain'd...Comes*] Capell. *entertaind, That's offer'd comes* Ff. Printed as prose by Pope.

17 *Comes*] *What comes* Long MS.

20 *you purposed*] *you propos'd* Rowe (ed. 2). *he propos'd* Hanmer (ed. 2).

24 *spare*] *spare me* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

27 *of he or*] Ff. *of them, he or* Rowe (ed. 2). *or he or* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and Clark MS.). *of him and* Jervis conj. See note (VII).

35 Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid*] Theobald. Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So: you'r paid* Ff. Ant. *Ha, ha, ha!* Seb. *So, you're paid.* Grant White (ed. 1). Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So, you've pay'd* Capell.

50 *lush*] *fresh* D. Wilson conj.

54 *doth*] *does* Rowe (ed. 2).

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

55 *rarity*] F_3F_4. *rariety* F_1F_2.
57 *rarities*] F_3F_4. *rarieties* F_1F_2.
59 *freshness*] *freshness'* Philadelphia Sh. Soc.
glosses] *gloss* Dyce, ed. 2 (Jervis conj.).
81 *is*] *does* Long MS.
81, 82 Ant. *His...harp.* Seb. *He... too*] Ff. Seb. *His...too* Clark and Glover.

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

88 Gon.] Alon. Staunton.
Ay.] *I.* Ff. *Ay?* Pope. *Ay!* Staunton.
[To Adr.] *Ay.* Cowden Clarke.
90 Gon.] Gon. [To Alon.] Cowden Clarke.
96 *sir, my doublet*] *Sir my doublet* F_1. *my doublet, sir* $F_2F_3F_4$.
107 Fran.] Gon. Anon. apud Rann conj.
112 *oar'd*] Pope. *oared* Ff.

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

113 *stroke*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *strokes* F_4.
114 *bow'd*] Rowe. *bowed* Ff.
115 *relieve*] *receive* Keightley conj.
121 *wet*] *whet* Anon. apud Rann conj. *weigh* D. Wilson conj.
124 *Weigh'd*] F_4. *Waigh'd* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Sway'd* Jervis conj.
at] *as* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). om. Jervis conj.
125 *o' the*] *the* Pope. *o't the* Spence conj. (N. and Q. 1877).
should] *she'd* Malone.
127 *Mo*] *More* Rowe.
128 *them*] *them withal* Anon. ap. Grey conj.
129 *The fault's your own*] *the fault's your own* (at the end of 128) Capell. *the fault's Your own* Hanmer.
dear'st o' the] *dearest o' the* Theobald. *dearest of the* Hanmer.
129, 130 *So...Sebastian*] One line, S. Walker conj.
132 *time to*] *th' time you* Hanmer.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

136 *Very foul*] *Water-fowl* Nicholson conj.

136—175 Seb. *Foul...changing.*] om. Collier MS.

137 *plantation*] *the plantation* Rowe. *the planting* Hanmer.

139 *were*] *were I* Long MS. *I were* Nicholson conj.
on't] *of it* Hanmer.

144 *riches, poverty*] *wealth, poverty* Pope. *poverty, riches* Capell. *riches, and poverty* Anon. conj.

144—146 *riches...land*] *no use of service, Of riches or of poverty; no contracts, Successions; bound of land* Steevens (1793).

145 *contract, succession*] *succession, Contract* Malone conj. *contract, succession, None* id. conj.

146 *Bourn*] *Borne* F_1F_2. *Born* F_3F_4. *bound*] *or bound* Keightley. *tilth, vineyard*] *and tilth, and vineyard* Anon. conj. *tilth, pasture, vineyard* S. Walker conj.
none] *olives, none* Hanmer. *olive, none* Capell.

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL (*invisible*) *playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my dis-

157 *it*] F_1F_2. *its* F_3F_4. See note (VIII).
162 *'Save*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *Save* F_4. *God save* Hudson (S. Walker conj.), reading *God...Gonzalo!* as one line.
162, 163 *age.* Seb. *'Save...*Gon. *And, —do*] *age, and*—Seb. *'Save...*Gon. *Do* Ed. conj.
163 *Gonzalo*] *King Gonzalo* Elze conj., reading *'Save...Gonzalo* as one line.
175 Enter...invisible...music.] Malone. Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'aboue inuisible.' om. Pope. [solemn Musick. Capell.

cretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,

181 *us*] *us not* Keightley.
[All sleep...Ant.] Stage direction to the same effect, first inserted by Capell. [They sleepe. Collier MS.
183—189 Text as in Pope. In Ff the lines begin *Would...I finde...Do not...It sildome...We two...While ...Thanke.*
186 *It*] *Sleep* Grey conj.
189 *Wondrous*] *I'm wondrous* Grey conj.
[Alonso sleeps.] Capell. All sleep but Seb. and Ant. Rowe. Sleepes. Collier MS.
[Exit Ariel.] Malone.
191—193 Elze would end the lines *Why doth it...myself...nimble.*
192 *find not*] Rowe (ed. 2). *finde Not* Ff.
194 *together all, as*] *together, all as* Holt conj.

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Prithee, say on:

211 *so too, if heed*] *so too, if you heed* Rowe. *so, if you heed* Pope. *so too, if ye heed* Hunter conj. *if...do*] *if—heed me—which to do't* D. Wilson conj.

212 *Trebles thee o'er*] *Troubles thee o'er* Rowe (ed. 2). *Troubles thee not* Hanmer. *Rebels thee o'er* D. Wilson conj.

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples

220 *proclaim*] *proclaims* Keightley conj.
222 *throes*] Pope. *throwes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *throws* F_4.
Thus, sir] *Why then thus Sir* Hanmer. *Thus, sir, I say* Keightley conj.
226 *he's*] *he 'as* Hanmer. *he* Johnson conj.
persuasion, only] *persuasion only,* Kenrick conj.
227 *Professes to persuade*] om. Steevens (1793), reading *For... only* as a parenthesis.
227—229 *the king...swims*] As two lines, the first ending *impossible*, Steevens (1793).
234 *But doubt discovery*] *Nor aught discover* Hudson conj.
doubt] *drops* Hanmer. *doubts* Capell. *drowns* Herr conj. *dout* Nicholson conj.
with] om. Gould conj.

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate

239, 240 *note, unless...slow,—*] *note—unless...slow,*— Brae conj. (Epit. of Lit. Feb. 1879).

241, 242 *she that from whom We all*] Ff. *she from whom We all* Rowe. *she for whom We* Pope. *she, from whom coming We all* Singer (ed. 2). *she that—from whom? We all* Spedding conj. *she from whom we All* D. Wilson conj. *she that from—whom We all* Furnivall conj. (N. and Q. 1877). *she too for whom We all* Hudson (Harvard ed.). *she's that from whom We all* Id. conj. (withdrawn). *she 'twas for whom We all* Id. conj. (Epit. of Lit. 1878). See note (IX).

242 *all were*] *were all* Keightley conj.
cast] *cast up* Keightley conj.

243 *And...to perform*] *May...perform* Pope. *And, by that, destin'd to perform* Steevens, 1793 (Musgrave conj.). (*And that by destiny*) *to perform* Staunton conj. *And, by that, destiny to perform* Boswell (a misprint).

244 *is*] F_1. *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.
what] *what's* Collier MS.

245 *In*] *Is* Pope. *'S in* Daniel conj.

249 *shall that*] *shalt thou* Hanmer.

249—251 '*How...wake.*'] '*How measure us back to Naples?' That Claribel shall keep in Tunis, and—Let Sebastian wake!* Brae conj. (Epit. of Lit. Feb. 1879).

250 *us*] *it* Hanmer.
back to Naples?] *back? b'w'y', Naples;* Tyrwhitt conj.
to] F_1. *by* $F_2F_3F_4$.
Keep] *Sleep* Johnson conj. *Keep her* Herr conj.

251 See note (X).

As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience.
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,

257 *of*] *give* D. Wilson conj.
260, 261 *how...Tender*] *how? do you consent T' endeav'r* Daniel conj.
266 *conscience.*] Ff. *conscience*— Warburton. *conscience?* Globe ed.
267 *where*] *and where* Dyce (ed. 2). *'twere*] *it were* Singer.
267—271. Pope ends the lines with *that?...slipper...bosom...Milan...molest...brother.*
267 See note (XI).
269 *twenty*] *Ten* Pope.
270 *That*] *Might* Jervis conj. *stand*] *stood* Hanmer. *candied*] *Discandy'd* Upton conj. *bandied* So quoted in Theobald's Letters.
270, 271 *candied...molest?*] *Candy'd were they, wou'd melt...molested.* Hanmer.
271 *And melt*] *Would melt* Johnson conj. *Or melt* Id. conj.
273, 274. *like, that's dead; Whom I, with*] *like, whom I With* Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
275 *whiles*] *whilst* Rowe. om. Pope.

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

277 *morsel*] *Moral* Warburton.
280, 281 *business...hour.*] *hour...business.* Farmer conj.
282 *precedent*] Pope. *president* Ff.
287 *O, but one*] *But one* Pope. *O, but—one* Philadelphia Sh. Soc. [They talk apart.] Capell. Re-enter Ariel invisible.] Enter... Capell. Enter Ariel with Musicke and Song. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'Come downe.' Music. Ariel descends, invisible. Collier (ed. 2).
289 *you, his friend,*] *these, his friends,* Steevens, 1793 (Johnson conj.).
289, 290 *friend...project dies...them*] *friend...project dies...you* Hanmer. *friend...projects dis...them* Malone conj. *friend...project dies...thee* Dyce.

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

297, 298 *Now...king!*] As in Staunton. One line in Ff.
297—300 See Note (XII).
298 [They wake.] Rowe. Wakes. Collier MS.
299 Alon.] Continued to Gonzalo by Staunton.
300 *this*] *thus* Collier MS.
Gon.] Alon. [Waking.] Staunton.
307 *Gonzalo*] om. Pope.
312 *verily*] *verity* Pope.
'Tis best we] *'Best* Steevens (1793).
upon our guard] *on guard* Pope.

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:

Another...] Changes to another... Pope.
4 *nor*] F_1F_2. *not* F_3F_4.
9 *mow*] Dyce. *moe* Ff.
15 *and*] *now* Pope. *sent* Clark and Glover conj. (so Dryden).
19 *weather at all*] *weather, at all* Philadelphia Sh. Soc.
brewing] *a-brewing* Keightley.
21 *foul*] *full* Upton conj.
23 [Seeing Cal. Collier MS.

he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing: a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.* The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort... [*Drinks.*

28 *this*] *his* F_2.
31 *lame*] *live* Meredith conj. (1883).
35 [Thunder.] Capell.
39 *dregs*] *drench* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *rage* Bailey conj.
40 SCENE III. Pope.
a bottle in his hand] Capell.
46 *and Marian*] *Marrian* Pope.

Cal. Do not torment me:—O! 54

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils. 60

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster. 69

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this

56 *salvages*] Ff. *savages* Johnson.
57 *afeard*] *afraid* F_4.
60 *at nostrils*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *at 'nostrils* F_1. *at his nostrils* Rowe (ed. 2). *at 's nostrils* Grant White. *at th' nostrils* Philadelphia Sh. Soc.
68, 69 Verse in Steevens (1793).
68 *prithee*] *'prethee* $F_1F_2F_3$. *prethee* F_4. *pr'ythee* Pope.
73 *will not take*] *can not ask* Hanmer.
75, 76 *Thou...thee*] Three lines, ending *wilt...trembling...thee*, in Steevens, 1793 (Anon. ap. Grey conj.). Three, ending *wilt...now...thee*, in Keightley. The Philadelphia Shakespeare Society propose to end the lines at *hurt...trembling...thee*.
76 *thee*] *me* Hanmer.
78 *you, cat*] *you Cat* Ff. *a cat* Hanmer. *your cat* Clark and Glover conj. *yon cat* Gould conj.

will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me! 82

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano! 89

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo. 95

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos? 99

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped! 105

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

80 [Cal. drinkes. Collier MS.
84 *well*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
85 *utter*] *spatter* Warburton.
105 *scaped*] *'scap'd* Hanmer.
108 [Aside] Dyce.
108—110 *These...him.*] As in Johnson (Anon. ap. Grey conj.). Prose in Ff.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

114 *bottle!*] *bottle!* [drinks] Nicholson conj.
115 *ashore*] *a'-shore* F_1F_2.
116, 117 Steevens prints as verse, *I'll ...thy True...earthly.*
117 [kneeling. Collier MS.
118 Ste. *Here; swear, then...escapedst*] Ste. [To Cal.] *Here, swear then.*—[To Trin.] *How escaped'st thou?* Ritson conj. Ste. [To Cal.] *Here.*—[To Trin.] *Swear...escapedst* Nicholson conj.
swear, then, how thou escapedst] *swear then: how escap'dst thou?* Pope.
then] *man* Hudson.
119 *Swum*] *Swom* Ff. *Swam* Steevens (1793).
130, 131 *I have...bush*] As verse in Ff.
131 *and thy dog, and thy bush*] *thy dog and bush* Steevens (1793).
133 *new*] F_1. *the new* $F_2F_3F_4$.
contents] *contexts* Daniel conj.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 137

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. 141

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 146

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. 151

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 156

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee 160
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

135 *afeard*] *afraid Rowe.*
weak] F_1. *shallow* $F_2F_3F_4$.
136 *drawn*] *sworn* Daniel conj.
138, 139 *I'll...god.*] Prose in Ff. Two lines of verse in Johnson.
138 *island*] F_1. *Isle* $F_2F_3F_4$.
143 [lies downe. Collier MS. [Cal. lies down. Collier (ed. 2).
148 *abominable*] F_4. *abhominable* F_1 F_2F_3.
150—154, 157—162, printed as verse by Pope (after Dryden). Prose in Ff.
160 *marmoset*] Capell. *Marmazet* Ff. *marmozet* Steevens.
161 *filberts*] Clark and Glover. *Philbirts* Ff. *Filberds* Rowe.

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. sings drunkenly.] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

162 *scamels*] *shamois* Theobald. *stannels* Id. conj. *sea-malls* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *sea-mews* Jackson conj. *staniels* Dyce conj. *seagells* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1844). *samphire* Hunter conj. *samols* Allies conj. *seamels* Keightley. *muscles* D. Wilson conj. *chamals* or *stamels* Ingleby conj. *scambles* Bulloch conj. *sea-veles* Nicholson conj. (doubtfully). *conies* Kinnear conj. *squirrels* Evans conj.

163 Ste.] F_1. Cal. $F_2F_3F_4$.

165 Before *here; bear my bottle* Capell inserts [To Cal.]. See note (XIII).

172 *trencher*] Pope (after Dryden). *trenchering* Ff.

175 *hey-day*] Rowe. *high-day* Ff.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Before Prospero's cell] Theobald. Prospero's cave. Pope.
1 *and*] *but* Pope.
labour] *labours* Allen conj.
2 *sets*] Rowe. *set* Ff.
4 *This*] *And so this* Anon. conj.
4, 5 *my...odious*] *my mean task wou'd be As heavy to me, as 'tis odious* Pope.
9 *remove*] *move* Pope.
12 *me*] *my* So quoted by Vaughan.
13—15 *I forget...do it.*] *I forgive't: For these sweet...do it.* Jackson conj. *but sweet thoughts Do even refresh my labours; I forget My business, and rest me while I do it.* Anon. conj. (Fraser's Mag. 1853). *I forget all But those sweet thoughts that ev'n refresh my labour Most busily when I do it.* Bailey conj. *I forget But these sweet thoughts—do even refresh me; labour's Most busy rest when I do it.* Daniel conj. *I forget But these sweet thoughts: do even refresh my labours Most busy: rest when I do it.* Spence conj. (N. and Q. 1877). *I forget—But these sweet thoughts do even refresh—my labours, Most busy, feast when I do it.* Beale conj. (N. and Q. 1877). *I forget But those sweet thoughts, do even refresh my labours Most busiliest, when I do it.* Vaughan conj. (N. and Q. 1882).
14 *But...labours*] *Nay,...labour* Hanmer.
even] *ever* Anon. conj.
14, 15 *labours, Most busy lest, when*] *labour's Most business when* Taylor conj. *labour Most busy least, when*

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance, unseen.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;

Anon. conj. (N. and Q. 1850). *labour's Most busy hest when* Brae conj. *labour Most baseless when* D. Wilson conj. *labour Most, when busyless* Beale conj. (N. and Q. 1875). *labour's Most busy haste when* Id. conj. (N. and Q. 1876). *labours Most busy,—lost, when* Corson conj. (N. and Q. 1877). *labour. Most busy, least when* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (Athen. 1878). *labour, Most busiest when* Parchment Libr. ed. (Kinnear conj.) *labour; Most busie—when* Meredith conj.

15 *Most busy lest,*] *Most busie lest,* F_1. *Most busie least,* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Least busie* Pope. *Most busie-less* Theobald. *Most busiest* Holt conj. *Most busy left,* Jackson conj. *Most busy, least* Collier. *Most busy, blest* Collier MS. *Most busy felt* Staunton. *Most busy still* Id. conj. *Most busiliest* Bulloch conj. *Most busily* Bailey conj. *Most busy rest* Wetherell conj. (Athen. 1864). *Most busied* Beisly conj. (N. and Q. 1864). *Most busy beat* Herr conj. *Most busy, least,* Sprague conj. (Shakespeariana, 1884).

Most busy lest, when I do (*doe* $F_1F_2F_3$) *it*] *Most busy when least I do it* Brae conj. *Most busy, least when I do.* Anon. conj. (N. and Q. 1853). *Most busy when I do rest* Jervis conj. *Most busiest when idlest* Spedding conj. *Most busy left when idlest* Clark and Glover conj. *Most busy, lest when I do it...* Keightley. *Most, busy; least, when idlest* Wellesley conj. *Most busy lost when idlest* Whistler conj. (N. and Q. 1865). *Most busiliest when I face it* Bulloch conj. (MS. 1865). *Most busiliest when jaded* Id. conj. (N. and Q. 1876). *Most busy when I do it least* Hudson (Harvard ed.), reading *labour.* See note (XIV).

Enter...] Rowe. Enter Miranda and Prospero. Enter M. and P. (behinde) Collier MS.

17 *you are*] F_1. *thou art* $F_2F_3F_4$.

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!
Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

31 *it is*] om. Steevens, 1793 (Anon. ap. Grey conj.). *is it* Steevens conj. (apart) behinde. Collier MS.
32 *This*] *and this* Hanmer, reading *infected...it* as one line.
34, 35 *I do beseech you,—Chiefly*] *I do beseech you Cheefely* Ff.
36 [to herselfe. Collier MS.

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

51 *you*] *thou* Delius (an error).
59 *I therein do*] *I do* Pope. *Therein* Steevens (1793).
62 *This*] *At home this* Elze conj. (N. and Q. 1883).
wooden] *wodden* F_1. *sudden* D. Wilson conj.
than to] *than I would* Pope. *than I would to* Anon. conj.
71—73 *I,...Do love*] *Aye!...Do I love* Allen conj.
72 *what else*] *aught else* Hanmer. *what's else* Keightley. *what else's* Allen conj.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

76 [apart. Collier MS.
80 *all*] *yet* or *still* Grey conj. *seeks*] *seekd* F_3F_4.
87 [kneeles. Collier MS. [Kneeling. Collier.
88 *as*] F_1. *so* $F_2F_3F_4$. [rise. Collier MS. [Rising. Collier.
91 [Exeunt...severally] Capell. Exeunt. Ff. Exeunt both. Collier MS.
93 *are*] *am* Hudson (Harvard ed.). *withal*] Theobald. *with all* Ff. *rejoicing*] *rejoying* F_2.
96 *appertaining*] *appertaining to my project* Keightley.

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case

SCENE II. Another...] Theobald. The other... Pope.

Enter...] Enter S. and T., reeling, Caliban following with a bottle. Capell. Enter C. S. and T. with a bottle. Johnson.

3, 4 *Servant-monster*] Theobald. *Servant Monster* Ff.

4 *the...island!*] '*The folly of this island!*' (as a toast) Nicholson conj.

8 *head*] F_1. *heart* $F_2F_3F_4$.

14 *on. By this light, thou*] *on, by this light thou* Ff. *on, by this light.—Thou* Capell.

to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural! 31

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 35

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 46

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will 50

25 *deboshed*] *debosh'd* Ff. *debauched* Collier.
29 *my*] om. Anon. ap. Grey conj.
37 *to the suit I made to thee*] *the suit I made thee* Steevens (1793), who prints all Caliban's speeches as verse.
39 [Cal. kneeles. Collier MS.
40, 41 *As I...island.*] Three lines of verse, ending *to...cunning...island*, Nicholson conj.
49, 50 *isle; From me he*] Pope. *Isle From me, he* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Isle, From Me, he* F_4. *Isle, From me he* Rowe.

Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.

52 *dare*] *dares* Hanmer.
54 *I'll*] *I will* S. Walker conj.
55 *now*] om. Pope.
60 Johnson conjectured that this line was spoken by Stephano.
68 *farther*] F_1. *no further* $F_2F_3F_4$.
72 [Beats him.] Rowe.
As] *An* Keightley conj.
74 *give*] *give thee* F_4.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our Graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

84 *there*] *then* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *where* Jervis conj.
89 *nor*] *and* Pope.
92 *He*] *O he* Anon. conj.
93 *deck*] *deck 't* Hanmer.
96 *I never saw a woman*] *I ne'er saw woman* Pope.
97 *she*] *her* Hanmer.
99 *great'st does least*] *greatest does the least* Rowe.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

111 [Aside. Allen conj.
115, 116 Printed as verse in Ff.
115 *any*] F_1. *And* $F_2F_3F_4$.
117 *scout 'em, and scout 'em*] Pope. *cout 'em: and skowt 'em* Ff.
125 *sins*] *sin* F_4.
130 *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe.
132 *Sometimes*] *Sometime* Dyce (ed. 2). *twangling*] *twanging* Pope.
133 *sometime*] F_1. *sometimes* $F_2F_3F_4$.

The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks

137 *that*] om. Pope.
143 Trin.] Cal. Hudson (Daniel conj.), reading as verse.
147 Trin. *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano*] Trin. *Wilt come?* Ste. *I'll follow.* Capell (Anon. ap. Grey conj.). Ste.... *Wilt come?* Trin. *I'll follow, Stephano.* Dyce, ed. 2 (Ritson conj.).

Another...] changes to another... Theobald. changes again. Pope.
2 *ache*] *ake* $F_2F_3F_4$. *akes* F_1.
maze trod] *maze-trod* Keightley.
3 *forth-rights*] F_3F_4. *fourth rights* F_1. *forth rights* F_2. *sore frights* D. Wilson conj.
5 *attach'd*] *attack'd* Clark MS.
8 *flatterer*] F_1. *flatterers* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,

11 [Aside to Seb.] Hanmer. The 'Asides' to lines 13, 14, 17, were marked by Capell.
17 [here Enter. Collier MS.
19 Prospero above] Malone. Prosper on the top Ff. See note (XIV).
they dance...salutation;] and dance ...salutations... Ff.
20 *were*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *are* F_4.
21 *will*] *well* Daniel conj.
26 *'tis true*] *to 't* Steevens conj.
did lie] *lied* Hanmer. *lie* Nicholson conj.

Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

29 *islanders*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Islands* F_1.
32 *gentle-kind*] Theobald. *gentle, kinde* Ff. *gentle kind* Rowe.
34, 39 [Aside.] Marked by Capell.
34 [Aside.] (aboue) and aside. Collier MS.
36 *muse*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *muse*, F_4. *muse;* Capell.
37 *gesture*] *gestures* Collier MS.
sound] *sounds* Collier MS.
39 *excellent dumb*] *excellent-dumb* S. Walker conj.
[Aside] Capell. (aboue) Collier MS.
40 Fran.] Ant. Kinnear conj.
No] *'Tis no* Hanmer.
42 Alon.] Ant. Hanmer.

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

48 *of five for one*] Ff. *on five for one* Theobald. *of one for five* Malone (Thirlby conj.). *of five for ten* Thirlby conj. *at five for one* Daniel conj. See note (XV).
49—51 *I will...past*] Mason conjectured that these lines formed a rhyming couplet.
52 *Stand to*] F_4. *Stand too* $F_1F_2F_3$.
53 SCENE IV. Pope.
54 *instrument*] *instruments* F_4.
56 *belch up you*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *belch you up* F_4. *belch up* Theobald. *belch up, yea*, Hudson (Staunton conj.).
58 *live.*] *live,*— Jervis conj. [seeing them draw. Capell.
59 *And*] *As* Jervis conj.
60 [Alon....draw their swords] They draw their swords. Hanmer.
62 *whom*] *which* Hanmer.
65 *dowle*] *down* Pope. *plume*] Rowe. *plumbe* $F_1F_2F_3$. *plumb* F_4.
66 *like*] *'like* Allen conj.

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit

67 *strengths*] *strength* F_4.
71 *requit it,*] *requited* D. Wilson conj.
79 *wraths*] *wrath* Theobald.
80 *falls*] *fall* Hanmer.
81 *is*] *there's* Hanmer. *heart-sorrow*] Clark and Glover. *hearts-sorrow* Ff. *heart's-sorrow* Rowe. *heart's sorrow* Pope.
82 mocks] mopps Theobald.
83—93 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell. (aboue) Collier MS.
83 *harpy hast*] *harpy 'st* Allen conj.
86 *life*]*list* Johnson conj. *will* Jervis conj.
90 *now*] om. Pope.

Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

92 *whom*] *who* Hanmer.
93 *mine*] *my* Rowe.
[Exit above.] Exit Prospero from above. Theobald. om. Ff.
94 *something holy, sir,*] *something, holy Sir,* F_4.
99 *Prosper*] *Prospero* Anon. ap. Grey conj.
bass] Johnson. *base* Ff.
102 *But one fiend*] *One* Seymour conj.
103 [Exit. Capell (after *o'er*).
[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.] Malone. Exeunt. Ff. Exit. Capell.
105 *great time*] *long time* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
106 *the spirits*] *their spirits* Allen conj.
do] om. Pope.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,

Before...] Capell. Prospero's cell. Theobald. Prospero's cave. Pope.
3 *a third*] *a thread* Theobald. *a thrid* Wright, Clar. Press ed. (Tollett conj.) *the thread* Jackson conj. *the end* Bailey conj.
4 *who*] *whom* Pope.
7 *strangely*] *strongly* Long MS. and Sherwen conj. (Gent. Mag. 1811). *test*] F_1. *rest* $F_2F_3F_4$.
8 *O*] om. Hanmer.
9 *her off*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *her of* F_1. *of her* Keightley.
11 *do*] om. Pope.
13 *gift*] Rowe. *guest* Ff.
14 *but*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
17 *rite*] Rowe. *right* Ff.
18 *aspersion*] *aspersions* So quoted by Holt.

Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,

23 *lamps*] *lamp* Elze conj. (N. and Q. 1883).
25 *love as 'tis now,*] Rowe. *loue, as 'tis now* Ff.
'tis] *is* Capell.
murkiest den] *murkiest e'en* (or *ev'n*) Anon. conj. (N. and Q. 1874). *murkiest even* Hudson (Harvard ed.).
27 *can*] *can make* or *can give* Keightley conj.
30 *Phœbus'*] *Phœbus* F_1. *Phœdus* F_2F_3. *Phœduus* F_4.
31 *Fairly*] *Most fairly* Hanmer. *'Tis fairly* Keightley.
34 SCENE II. Pope.
38 *give*] *gave* Elze conj. (N. and Q. 1883).
41 *vanity*] *rarity* S. Walker conj. *variety* Long MS.

And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;

48 *me, master? no?*] *me?—master no?* Nicholson conj.
no?] *no.* Rowe (ed. 1).
52 *rein*] F_4. *raigne* F_1F_2. *raign* F_3.
53 *abstemious*] *abstenious* F_1.
57 *corollary*] *whole array* D. Wilson conj. *choir of lares* Bulloch conj.
58 *want a spirit*] *wanton spirits* Bulloch conj.
pertly] *presently* D. Wilson conj.
60 SCENE III. A MASQUE. Pope.
thy] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
61 *vetches*] Capell. *Fetches* Ff.
62 *turfy*] *tufty* Anon. ap. Grey conj.
63 *thatch'd*] Rowe (ed. 2). *thetchd* F_1. *thetch'd* $F_2F_3F_4$. *hatch'd* Tathwell conj.
thatch'd with] *with thatch'd* Hanmer.

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,

64 *banks*] *becks* Jervis conj., reading as Steevens.
pioned] *pionied* Warburton. *peonied* Steevens (1793). *pinioned* Brae conj. *pansies pied* or *bryonied* Bailey conj. *peoned* Dyce, ed. 2.
twilled] *tulip'd* Rowe. *tilled* Capell (Holt conj.). *lilied* Rann (Heath conj.). *willow'd* Keightley (Jervis conj. and Bailey conj.) *willied* Keightley conj. (N. and Q. 1863).
66 *cold...chaste*] *chaste...cold* Keightley.
broom-groves] *brown groves* Hanmer. *broad groves* or *trim groves* Keightley conj.
68 *pole-clipt*] *pale-clipt* Hanmer. *pole-yclipt* Allen conj.
69 *sterile*] *stirrile* F_1.
rocky-hard] *rocky hard* Gould conj.
72 After this line Ff have the stage direction, 'Juno descends.' Collier MS. adds 'slowly.'
74 *her*] Rowe. *here* Ff.
76 *many-colour'd*] Rowe. *many-coloured* F_1. *many coloured* $F_2F_3F_4$.
83 *short-grass'd*] F_3F_4. *short gras'd* F_1F_2. *short-grass* Pope.

Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her Deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing:*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!

96 *bed-right*] *bed-rite* Steevens (1778).
98 *Mars's*] F_3F_4. ' *Marses* F_1F_2.
101 *High'st*] *Highest* Ff. *High* Pope.
102 *Juno,comes*] Theobald. *Iuno comes* Ff. *gait*] Johnson. *gate* Ff. Enter Juno] Juno descends, and enters. Theobald. At line 101, Collier MS. om. Ff. See line 72.
106 *marriage-blessing*] Warburton. *marriage, blessing* Ff.
110 Cer.] Theobald. om. Ff. *increase*] *rich increase* Jacob conj. *foison*] *foyzon* F_1. *and foyzon* $F_2F_3F_4$.
114 *Spring*] *Raine* Collier MS. *Shall* Keightley. *Fall* Shilleto conj. (N. and Q. 1870). *Offspring* D. Wilson conj. *at the farthest*] *at farthest* D. Wilson conj.

Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:

119 *Harmonious charmingly*] *Harmonious charming lay* Hanmer. *Harmonious charming lays* Warburton. *Harmonious: charming!* Holt conj. *Harmoniously charming* Steevens conj.

121 *from their*] F_1. *from all their* $F_2F_3F_4$.

123 *So...wise*] *So rare a wonder, and a father wise,* Staunton. *A wonder'd father, and so rare a wife,* Cartwright conj.
wise] F_1 (var.) $F_2F_3F_4$. *wife* F_1 (var.). Rowe.

124 *Makes*] *Make* Pope.
Sweet, now, silence] *Now, silence, sweet* Hanmer. *O sweet, now, silence* Keightley.
In Ff. the stage direction [Juno, &c.] follows line 127. Capell made the change.

124—127 Pros. *Sweet...marr'd*] *Sweet, now—* Pros. *Silence!...marr'd* or Mir. *Sweet, now...do.* Pros. *Hush... marr'd* Wright conj. Mir. [To Fer.] *Sweet,...seriously.* Pros. *There's... marr'd* Elze conj. (N. and Q. 1883).

125 *Juno...seriously;*] om. Hanmer.

126 *else*] *more* So quoted by Elze.

128 *Naiads*] *Nayads* Pope. *Nayades* Ff. *windring*] *winding* Rowe. *wandring* Steevens.

129 *sedged*] *sedge* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.).

130 *green land*] Warburton. *greene-Land* F_1. *greene-land* F_2. *green-land* F_3F_4.
land] *laund* Wright conj.

131 *your*] *our* Hudson (Harvard ed.).

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

136 *holiday*] *holly day* $F_1F_2F_3$. *holy-day* F_4.
139 SCENE IV. Pope.
[Aside] Johnson.
142 [To the Spirits.] Johnson. [to them. Collier MS.
143 *This is*] *'Tis* Seymour conj. *This'* (for *This's*) S. Walker conj. *Nay! —This is* Nicholson conj.
strange] *most strange* Hanmer.
145 *anger so*] Warburton. *anger, so* Ff.
146 *You*] *Why, you* Hanmer. *Ha! you* Anon. conj. *Sure, you* Dyce (ed. 2).
do] om. Pope. See note (XVI).
do look,...sort] *do look in a moved sort, my son* Keightley. *do, my son, look in a moved sort* Hudson (Seymour conj.).
moved] *most moved* Shilleto conj. (N. and Q. 1873).

Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

151 *this vision*] F_1. *their vision* $F_2F_3F_4$. *th' air visions* Warburton.
156 *rack*] F_3F_4. *racke* F_1F_2. *track* Hanmer. *wreck* Dyce (Malone conj.). *scrap* Cartwright conj. *wrack* Keightley.
157 *on*] *of* Steevens (1793).
little] *brittle* Anon. conj.
161 *you*] *thou* Rowe (ed. 2).
163 *mind*] *heart* Gould conj.
your] $F_1F_2F_3$. *you* F_4.
164 *Come...come.*] [to Ariel] *Come with a thought!—I thank ye* [Exeunt Fer. and Mir.]—*Ariel, come!* Dyce (ed. 2).
I thank thee, Ariel: come.] *I thank you:—Ariel, come.* Theobald. *I thank ye—Ariel, come.* Capell.
Enter Ariel.] Ff. Prospero comes forward from the Cell; enter Ariel to him. Theobald.
165, 166 *Spirit,...Caliban*] As in Theobald. One line in Ff.
169 *Lest*] F_4. *Least* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

170 *Say again*] *But, say again* Hanmer. *Well; say again* Capell. *Say yet again* Nicholson conj.
varlets] Rowe. *varlots* Ff.
180 *furzes*] Rowe. *firzes* Ff.
181 *shins*] *skins* So quoted by Warburton.
182 *filthy-mantled*] Clark and Glover. *filthy mantled* Ff. *filth-ymantled* Steevens conj.
your] *you* F_2.
184 *O'erstunk*] *O'ersway'd* Cartwright conj.
feet] *fear* Spedding conj. *fell* D. Wilson conj. *feat* Bulloch conj.
190 *all, all*] *are all* Hanmer. *all are* Keightley (S. Walker conj.).
191 *uglier*] *ouglier* F_1.

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island

193 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
them on] Rowe. *on them* Ff.
Prospero...invisible.] Prospero remains invisible. Theobald. Prospero, and Ariel, invisible. Capell. om. Ff.
194 SCENE V. Pope.
194, 195 *Pray...cell.*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Ff.
196—222 The speeches of Stephano and Trinculo are printed as irregular verse in Ff.
203 *Good*] *Good, good* Hanmer. *O good* Keightley. *Nay, good* Hudson.
212 *ears*] *head and ears* Hanmer.

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

222 [Seeing the apparell. Collier MS.
229 *dropsy*] *deep sea* D. Wilson conj.
230 *Let's alone*] *Let's along* Theobald. *Let it alone* Hanmer. *Let 't alone* Rann. See note (XVII).
233 *stuff.*] *stuff*... Keightley.
246 *none*] *done* F_2.

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Then pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

247 *or to apes*] *or apes* Pope.
256 *Fury*] *Hey, Fury* Keightley. Cal., Ste.,...driven out.] Calib., Steph. and Trinc. driven out, roaring. Added by Theobald to stage direction above.
257 *they*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *thou* F_2.
258 *dry*] *wry* Warburton conj.
259 *aged*] *agued* D. Wilson conj.
260 [Cries and roaring. Collier MS.
262 *Lie*] Rowe. *Lies* Ff.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,

Before the cell of Prospero.] before the Cell. Theobald.
2 *crack*] *break* D. Wilson conj.
7 *fares*] *fare* Capell conj.
together] om. Pope.
9 *all*] *all your* Pope. *all are* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
10 *line-grove*] *lime-grove* Rowe.
11 *your*] F_1F_2. *you* F_3F_4.
14 *Brimful*] *Brim full* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Brim-full* F_4.
14, 15 Malone (1790) ends the lines *him* ...*Gonzalo.*
15 *Him*] *He* Hanmer.
sir] om. Pope.
16 *run*] *runs* F_1.
winter's] *winter* F_4.
17 *reeds*] *reed* Capell conj.

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—

20 *human*] Rowe. *humane* Ff.
23 *sharply,*] *sharpely,* F_1F_2. *sharply* F_3F_4.
24 *Passion*] *Passion'd* Pope.
26 *'gainst*] Rowe (ed. 2). *gainst* F_1F_2. *against* F_3F_4.
27, 28 *action...virtue*] *virtue...pardon* Daniel conj.
29 *purpose doth extend*] *purpose, wrath doth end* Anon. apud Rann conj.
33 SCENE II. Pope.
37 *do*] *on* Long MS. and Hunter conj. *green sour*] *green-sward* Douce conj. *greensome* Grindon conj. (Academy, 1885).
39 *mushrooms*] Rowe. *Mushrumps* F_1F_2. *Mushromes* F_3F_4.

Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL *before: then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks:*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.

41 *masters*] *ministers* Hanmer. *motives* Kinnear conj.
43 *azured*] *azure* S. Walker conj.
46 *strong-based*] Rowe. *strong bass'd* Ff.
47 *spurs*] *roots* Long MS.
49 *Have...forth*] *Have open'd and let forth their sleepers, wak'd* Warburton.
54 *is for*] *has frail'd* Warburton.
55 *it certain fathoms*] *'t a certain fadom* Warburton.
57 [Solemn Music.] After *skull!* line 60, Strutt conj.
Re-enter...] Heere enters... Ff.
58 SCENE III. Pope.
and] om. Capell. *as* Hudson.
59 *fancy, cure*] *fancy! sure* Harness conj.
59, 60 *thy...thy*] *the...the* Hudson (Ingleby conj.). *their...their* Hudson conj.
brains...boil'd] *brains, that, Now... boil* Keightley.
60 *boil'd*] Pope. *boile* F_1F_2. *boil* F_3F_4. *bound* Jervis conj. *coil* D. Wilson conj.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present

62 *Holy*] *Noble* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
63 *show*] *shew* Ff. *flow* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *dew* Long MS.
64 *fellowly*] *fellow* Pope. *fellowy* Rowe (ed. 2).
68 *O*] *O my* Pope. *O thou* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
69 *sir*] *servant* Collier MS. *suitor* D. Wilson conj.
72 *Didst*] F_1 (catchword) F_3F_4. *Did* F_1 (text) F_2.
74 *Sebastian. Flesh and blood,*] *Sebastian, flesh and blood.* Theobald.
75 *entertain'd*] *entertaine* F_1.
76 *who*] Rowe. *whom* Ff.
81, 82 *shore...lies*] *shores...lie* Malone.
82 *lies*] F_3F_4. *ly* F_1F_2.
83 *That yet*] *E'en yet* D. Wilson conj. *or*] *ere* Collier MS. *e'er* Keightley.
84 Theobald gives as stage direction 'Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.'

As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,

88 *suck*] *lurk* Theobald.
90 *There...cry.*] *There I couch: when owls do cry,* Capell (Heath conj.). *couch*] *crouch* F_3F_4.
90, 91 *There...fly*] *There...cry On the bat's back. I do fly* Knight conj.
92 *summer*] *sun-set* Theobald.
100 *awake*] *awaked* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
106 [attired as Duke. Collier MS. *Behold*] *Lo* Pope.
111 Alon.] Ant. Ingleby conj. *Whether thou be'st*] *Where thou bee'st* Ff. *Be'st thou* Pope. *Whe'r*

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.
Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

thou be'st Capell.
he or no] *Prospero* Cartwright conj. *he* Jervis conj.
112 *trifle*] *diuell* Collier MS. *rival* Bailey conj. *model* Id. conj.
119 *my*] *thy* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
124 *not*] F_3F_4. *nor* F_1F_2.
126 [Aside to Seb. and Ant.] Johnson.
129 [Aside] Johnson.
No.] om. Hanmer. *Now*, Hudson (Allen conj.).
132 *fault*] *faults* F_4.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words

136 *who*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *whom* F_1.
142 *soft*] *sought* Theobald conj.
145 *late*] *late you* Gould conj.
and,] *sir, and* Capell.
supportable] F_1F_2. *insupportable* F_3F_4. *portable* Steevens (1793). *reparable* D. Wilson conj.
148 *my*] *my only* Hanmer.
A daughter?] *Only daughter?* Hanmer. *Daughter?* Capell. *Did you say a daughter?* Cartwright conj. *A daughter? I a son* Nicholson conj.
155 *devour*] *demure* Gould conj.
scarce] *scare* F_2.
156 *eyes*] *eies* F_1. *eie* F_2. *eye* F_3F_4.
their] *these* Capell.

Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!

168 *given*] *given it* Hunter conj.
172 SCENE IV. Pope.
Here Prospero discovers...] Ff. Collier MS. adds 'drawe Curtaine'. SCENE opens to the entrance of the cell. Here Prospero discovers ... Theobald. Cell opens and discovers... Capell.
my] om. Collier MS.
dear'st] *dearest* Ff.
174, 175 *kingdoms...play*] *kingdoms; and should I wrangle, you would call it fair play* Smith conj.
174 *wrangle*] *wrong me* Staunton conj. (Ath. 1872).
175 *If this prove*] *If this prove not* or *But this prove* Hudson conj. (withdrawn).
177 *lose*] F_3F_4. *loose* F_1F_2.

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,

178 (To his father) Collier MS.
179 [Kneels] Theobald.
191 *advice*] F_4. *advise* $F_1F_2F_3$.
199 *remembrances with*] *remembrance with* Rowe (ed. 2). *remembrances With* Malone. *remembrance' with* Allen conj.

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
Alon. [*to Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when

213 *When*] *Where* Johnson conj.
[to Fer and Mir.] Capell.
216 SCENE V. Pope.
Re-enter...] Enter... Ff.
sir, look, sir] *sir, look* F_3F_4.
is] *are* Pope.
219 *swear'st*] *swar'st* Allen conj.
221 *safely*] *safe* F_3F_4.
224 *tight*] Rowe (ed. 2). *tyte* $F_1F_2F_3$.
tite F_4.

We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?
Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure

225, 226, 240, 241, 251, and 316 The 'Asides' first marked by Capell.
230 *of sleep*] *a-sleep* Pope. *on sleep* Malone.
231 *hatches*] *the hatches* Hunter conj.
234 *mo*] F_1F_2. *moe* F_3F_4. *more* Rowe.
236 *Where*] *When* Dyce (ed. 2).
her] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *our* Ff.
239 *them*] *her* Keightley conj.
242 Alon.] Alo. F_1. Ar. $F_2F_3F_4$.
244 *conduct*] *conductor* Tathwell conj.
247 *leisure*] F_1. *seisure* F_2. *seizure* F_3 F_4.

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

248 *Which shall be shortly, single*] Pope. (*Which shall be shortly single*) Ff. (*Which shall be shortly singled*) Theobald conj.
253 [Exit Ariel.] Capell.
256 SCENE VI. Pope. Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
258 *coragio*] *Corasio* F_1.
263 *He will*] *He'll* S. Walker conj.
265, 266 *Very...marketable*] As prose, S. Walker conj.
267 *badges*] *visages* Anon. conj. MS. (in Prof. D. Wilson's copy of F_2).
268 *mis-shapen*] *mis-shap'd* Pope.

And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

271 *And...power*] *And its power deal in her command withal* Herr conj.
command, without her power.] *command. Without her power,* Anon. conj.
without] *with all* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
272 *three*] *two* D. Wilson conj.
278 *now:*] *now: but how?* Hanmer.
280 *liquor*] *'lixir* Theobald.
gilded] *gelded* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *'guiled* D. Wilson conj.
282—284 Printed as verse in Ff.
288 *then*] om. Hanmer.
289 *This is*] F_1F_2. *'Tis* F_3F_4.
a strange] *as strange a* Capell.
e'er I] *I ever* Hanmer.
[Pointing to Caliban.] Steevens.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*
Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

299 [Exeunt...Trin.] Capell.
308 *nuptial*] *nuptiall* F_1. *Nuptials* F_2 F_3F_4.
309 See note (XVIII).
315 *that*] *it* Hanmer. *that'* or *that 't* or *that it* Allen conj.
317 *elements*] *element;* Keightley.
318 [Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes Ff. om. Collier MS.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

EPILOGUE...PROSPERO.] advancing, Capell.
1 *Now*] *Now, now* F_3F_4.
3 *now*] *and now* Pope. *for now* Nicholson conj.
13 *Now*] *For now* Pope. *Now, now* Nicholson conj.
20 [Exit. Ff. Exeunt omnes. Collier MS.

NOTES.

Note I.

I. 1. 15, 16. *What cares these roarers.* This grammatical inaccuracy, which escaped correction in the later folios, probably came from Shakespeare's pen. Similar cases occur frequently, especially when the verb precedes its nominative. For example, *Tempest*, IV. 1. 262, 'Lies at my mercy all mine enemies,' and *Measure for Measure*, II. 1. 22, 'What knows the laws, &c.' We correct it in those passages where the occurrence of a vulgarism would be likely to annoy the reader. In the mouth of a Boatswain it can offend no one. We therefore leave it.

Note II.

I. 1. 57—59. *Mercy on us!—we split,' &c.* It may be doubtful whether the printer of the first folio intended these broken speeches to express 'a confused noise within.' Without question such was the author's meaning. Rowe, however, and subsequent editors, printed them as part of Gonzalo's speech. Capell was the first editor who gave the true arrangement. [Theobald (Nichols' Illustrations, ii. 243) proposed the same. Hanmer attributed the words to Sebastian.]

Note III.

I. 2. 173. [As in Henry V. v. 2. 28 'mightiness' is a plural, I have here retained the reading of the folios, following Dyce in using the apostrophe to prevent misapprehension. In the first edition the editors printed 'princesses' and justified it in the following note. W. A. W.] See Mr Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 243 sqq. 'The plurals of substantives ending in *s*, in certain instances, in *se*, *ss*, *ce*, and sometimes *ge*,... are found without the usual addition of *s* or *es*, in pronunciation at least, although in many instances the plural affix is added in printing, where the metre shows that it is not to be pronounced.'

In this and other instances, we have thought it better to trust to the ear of the reader for the rhythm than to introduce an innovation in ortho-

graphy which might perplex him as to the sense. The form 'princesses,' the use of which in Shakespeare's time was doubted by one of our correspondents, is found in the *History of King Leir*.

Rowe's reading 'princes' might be defended on the ground that the sentiment is general, and applicable to royal children of both sexes; or that Sir Philip Sidney, in the first book of the *Arcadia*, calls Pamela and Philoclea 'princes.' [Comp. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* I. 7, § 9, where he speaks of Queen Elizabeth as '*a prince*.']

Note IV.

I. 2. 298. The metre of this line, as well as of lines 301, 302, is defective, but as no mode of correction can be regarded as completely satisfactory we have in accordance with our custom left the lines as they are printed in the Folio. The defect, indeed, in the metre of line 298 has not been noticed except by Hanmer, who makes a line thus:

'Do so, and after two days I'll discharge thee.'

Possibly it ought to be printed thus:

'Do so; and
After two days
I will discharge thee.'

There is a broken line, also of four syllables, 253 of the same scene, another of seven, 235.

There is no reason to doubt that the *words* are as Shakespeare wrote them, for, although the action of the play terminates in less than four hours (I. 2. 240 and V. 1. 186), yet Ariel's ministry is not to end till the voyage to Naples shall be over. Prospero, too, repeats his promise, and marks his contentment by further shortening the time of servitude, 'within two days,' I. 2. 421. Possibly 'invisible' (301) should have a line to itself. Words thus occupying a broken line acquire a marked emphasis.

But the truth is that in dialogue Shakespeare's language passes so rapidly from verse to prose and from prose to verse, sometimes even hovering, as it were, over the confines, being rhythmical rather than metrical, that all attempts to give regularity to the metre must be made with diffidence and received with doubt.

[Capell in his Notes proposes to divide the lines thus:

'Do so: and after
Two days I will discharge thee.'

Prof. Elze would arrange

'I'll be corr'spondent to command, and do
My spriting gently.
Pros. Do so; and after two days, &c.']

NOTE V.

I. 2. 377, 378:

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.

This punctuation seems to be supported by what Ferdinand says (391, 392):

'The music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion, &c.'

At the end of the stanza the editors of the first edition printed *Hark, hark!...The watch-dogs bark* as that part of the burthen which 'sweet sprites bear,' the other part being borne by distant watch-dogs.

Dr Nicholson proposes substantially the same arrangement:

[*Spirits dispersedly.*] Hark, hark!
[*Within.*] Bow, wow.
[*Spirits.*] The watch-dogs bark.
[*Within.*] Bow, wow.

Mr Daniel, regarding 'Cry' as a stage direction, arranges the 'Burthen dispersedly' thus, with Ariel's song:

Harke, harke! — Burthen dispersedly.
The watch-Dogges barke. — Bowgh-wawgh.
Hark, hark, I heare — Bowgh-wawgh.
The strain of strutting Chanticlere. — Cockadidle-dowe.

His arrangement is adopted by Hudson in the Harvard edition.

Brae arranges:

Foot it featly
Here and there
And sweet sprites bear
The burden.
. . . . [Burden dispersedly
Hark, hark!—&c.

NOTE VI.

I. 2. 443. *I fear you have done yourself some wrong.* See this phrase used in a similar sense, *Measure for Measure*, I. 2. 39.

NOTE VII.

II. 1. 27. *Which, of he or Adrian.* 'Of' is found in the same construction, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. 2. 337,

'Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.'

NOTE VIII.

II. 1. 157. *Of it own kind.* There is no doubt, as Dr Guest has shewn, that 'it,' which is the reading of the 1st and 2nd Folios, was commonly used as a genitive in Shakespeare's time, as it is still in some provincial dialects. 'Its,' however, was coming into use. Two instances occur in this play, I. 2. 95, 'in its contrary'; and I. 2. 393, 'With its sweet air.'

NOTE IX.

II. 1. 241. *she that from whom.* Mr Spedding writes: 'The received emendation is not satisfactory to me. I would rather read, "She that— From whom? All were sea-swallow'd &c., i.e. from whom should she have note? The report from Naples will be that all were drowned. We shall be the only survivors." The break in the construction seems to me characteristic of the speaker. But you must read the whole speech to feel the effect.'

NOTE X.

II. 1. 249—251. All editors except Mr Staunton have printed in italics (or between inverted commas) only as far as '*Naples?*,' but as '*keep*' is printed with a small k in the Folios, they seem to sanction the arrangement given in our text.

NOTE XI.

II. 1. 267. *Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe.* Mr Singer and Mr Dyce have changed ''twere' to 'it were' for the sake of the metre. But then the first part of the line must be read with a wrong emphasis. The proper emphasis clearly falls on the first, third, and fifth syllables, 'Ay, sir; where lies that?'

NOTE XII.

II. 1. 297—300. Dyce, in his second edition, arranges thus:

Gon. [*waking*] Now, good angels

Preserve the king!—[*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why, how now!—[*To Alon.*] Ho, awake!—

[*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Alon. [*waking*] What's the matter?

NOTE XIII.

II. 2. 165. Before 'here; bear my bottle' Capell inserts a stage direction [*To Cal.*], but it appears from III. 2. 62, that Trinculo was entrusted with the office of bottle-bearer. Dr Nicholson thinks that in this scene Trinculo had a bottle of his own.

NOTE XIV.

III. 1. 15. *Most busy lest, when I do it.* As none of the proposed emendations can be regarded as certain, we have left the reading of F_1, though it is manifestly corrupt. The spelling 'doe' makes Mr Spedding's conjecture 'idlest' for 'I doe it' more probable.

Staunton suggested *Most busy* [ ] *when I dote.*

NOTE XV.

III. 3. 19. The stage direction, which we have divided into two parts, is placed all at once in the Folios after 'as when they are fresh' [Solemne and strange Musicke; and Prosper on the top (invisible:) Enter...depart].

Pope transferred it to follow Sebastian's words, 'I say, to night: no more.'

NOTE XVI.

III. 3. 48. *Each putter out of five for one.* See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, I. 1. (Vol. II. p. 261, ed. Moxon): 'The return will give you five for one.' See Theobald's Letters, Nichols' Illustrations II. 258—260.

NOTE XVII.

IV. 1. 146. *You do look, my son, in a moved sort.* Seymour suggests a transposition: 'you do, my son, look in a moved sort.' This line however can scarcely have come from Shakespeare's pen. Perhaps the writer who composed the Masque was allowed to join it, as best he might, to Shakespeare's words, which re-commence at 'Our revels now are ended,' &c.

Note XVIII.

IV. 1. 230. *Let's alone.* See Staunton's Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 81, note (b).

Note XIX.

V. 1. 309. *Of these our dear-beloved solemnized.* The Folios have 'belov'd'; a mode of spelling, which in this case is convenient as indicating the probable rhythm of the verse. We have written 'beloved,' in accordance with the general rule we have adopted with regard to the participles of verbs ending in 'e.'

'Solemnized' occurs in four other verse passages of Shakespeare. It is three times to be accented 'sólemnized' and once (*Love's Labour's Lost*, II. 1. 41) 'solémnized.'

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

DUKE OF MILAN[2], Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
PROTEUS[3], }
ANTONIO[4], Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
HOST, where Julia lodges.
OUTLAWS, with Valentine.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO[5], Servant to Antonio.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians[6].

SCENE, *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua*[7].

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS. Ff, at the end of the play.

[2] OF MILAN] added by Pope.

[3] PROTEUS] Steevens. PROTHEUS Ff. See note (1).

[4] ANTONIO] Capell. ANTHONIO Ff.

[5] PANTHINO] Capell. PANTHION Ff. See note (1).

[6] *Servants, Musicians*] Theobald.

[7] SCENE...] Pope and Hanmer.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,

Verona. An open place] an open Place in Verona. Theobald. Verona. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Valentine: Protheus, and Speed. F_1. Valentine, Protheus, and Speed. $F_2F_3F_4$.
8 *with*] *in* Capell.

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?
Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

19 *my*] F_1. *thy* $F_2F_3F_4$.
successf] *success.* Warburton.
21—28 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
25 *for*] *but* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *and* Hudson (Staunton conj.).
26 *swum*] Clark and Glover. *swom* Ff. *swam* Steevens (1793).
28 *thee*] om. S. Walker conj. See note (II).
30 *fading*] om. Hanmer.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

48 *blasting*] *blasted* Collier MS.
49 *Losing*] *Loosing* F_1.
57 *To...hear*] *To Milan! let me hear* Malone conj.
To] F_1. *At* $F_2F_3F_4$.
65 *leave*] Pope. *love* Ff.
all, for] Dyce. *all for* Ff.
66 *metamorphosed*] *metamorphis'd* F_1. *matamorphos'd* F_4.
67 *Made*] *Make* Hudson (Johnson conj.).
lose] *loose* F_1 (and passim).
69 Enter Speed.] Rowe. om. Ff. Enter Speed, bluntly. Capell.
70 SCENE II. Pope.
70—144 Put in the margin by Pope.

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already, And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

73 *losing*] *loosing* F_1.
74 *very*] om. Pope (ed. 2).
75 *An if*] Pope. *And if* Ff.
76 *a*] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
87 *follow*] *follows* Pope.

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*First nodding*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

100 *Nay:...astray,*] Clark and Glover. *Nay,...astray:* Ff.
astray] *a stray* Theobald (Thirlby conj.).

103 *a*] *the* Delius (Capell conj.).

106, 107 Pro. *But what said she?* Speed. [First nodding] *Ay.*] Clark and Glover. Pro. *But what said she?* Sp. *I.* Ff. Pro. *But what said she?* Speed. *She nodded and said I.* Pope. Pro. *But what said she; Did she nod?* [Speed nods] Speed. *I.* Theobald. Pro. *But what said she?* [Speed nods.] *Did she nod?* Spe. *I.* Capell. Pro. *But what said she?* [Speed nods clumsily, and Proteus imitates it jeeringly and interrogatively.] Speed. *Ay.* Nicholson conj.

108 *Nod—Ay—*] *Nod-I,* Ff.

109, 110 *say...say*] F_1. *said...said* F_2 F_3F_4.

117 *orderly*] *motherly* Staunton conj. *elderly* or *elder-like* Nicholson conj.

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore. [*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

124 *at once*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
125 [Giving him money. Collier, ed. 2 (after Capell).
128—132 Printed as verse in Ff.
128 *from her*] *from her better* Collier MS. to rhyme with *letter* in the next line.
130 *brought*] *brought to her* Collier MS.
131 *your*] F_1. *her* $F_2F_3F_4$. *you her* Jackson conj.
133 *What said she? nothing?*] *What said she, nothing?* Ff. *What, said she nothing?* Pope.
134, 135 *as 'Take...I thank you*] *as 'I thank you; take...* Clark and Glover conj. *testerned*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *cestern'd* F_1.
136 *henceforth*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *hencefore* F_2.
letters] F_1. *letter* $F_2F_3F_4$.
140 [Exit Speed.] Dyce. Exit. Johnson (after line 139).
143 [Exit.] om. Ff. [Exeunt. Rowe.

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
Garden &c.] Capell. Changes to Julia's chamber. Pope.
1 *now we are*] F_1. *now are we* $F_2F_3F_4$.
5 *parle*] *par'le* Ff.
8 *shallow simple*] *shallow-simple* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
10 *of a knight*] *our knight* Boswell.
12 *Mercatio*] *Mercutio* Collier MS.
15 *reigns*] *feigns* Anon. conj.
18 *am*] *can* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
19 *censure...gentlemen*] *censure on a lovely gentleman* Jervis conj. *censure on this lovely gentleman* Clark and Glover conj.
thus] *pass* Hanmer.
on lovely gentlemen] *a lovely gentleman* Pope. *a loving gentleman* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
20 *of*] *on* Jervis conj.

Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.'—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

28 *loves*] *lov'd* Keightley.
30 *Fire*] Ff. *The fire* Pope. *that's*] *that is* Johnson.
34 [Gives a letter. Collier MS. [Giving a letter. Collier, ed. 2 (after Capell).
39 *being in the way*] *being by* Pope.
40 *pardon the fault, I pray*] *pardon me* Pope.
46 [Gives it back. Collier MS. [Giving back the letter. Collier, ed. 2 (after Capell).

Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

49 *ye*] *you* Malone.
53 *What fool*] F_4. *What 'foole* $F_1F_2F_3$. *What a fool* Clark and Glover. See note (III).
66 Re-enter Lucetta.] Rowe. om. Ff. Enter Lucetta. Collier MS.
67 *Is 't*] *Is it* Capell (Anon. ap. Grey conj.).
near] om. Boswell.
69 [Dropping the letter, and taking it up again. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
70 *What...gingerly?*] As in Collier. Two lines, the first ending *you*, in Ff.
that] om. Steevens (1793), ending the line at *up*.

Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

80 *tune*] *time* Keightley conj.
81 F_1 omits the stop after *set*.
83 *o' love*] Theobald. *O, Loue* F_1F_2. *O Love* F_3F_4.
88 *song.*] *song.*— [snatching the letter.] Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *How now*] *Why, how now* Hanmer. After this line Hanmer adds a stage direction [Gives her a box on the ear]. Long MS. adds 'tears the letter and throws it on the ground.'
91 *not?*] *not like it?* Keightley.
92 [Slaps her face. Nicholson conj.
96 *your*] *you* F_1.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,

97 *bid*] *bide* Theobald conj. *did* Gould conj.
99 [Tears the letter.] [Tears it. Pope. [looking over the Letter; tears, and throws it away. Capell. [Tearing the letter, and throwing it down. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
102 *best pleased*] *pleased better* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
103 [Exit.] om. F_1.
104 *Nay,...same!*] Continued to Luc. Staunton conj.
106 *wasps*] *waspe* Collier MS.
107 *stings*] *sting* Collier MS.
108 [picking up the Pieces. Capell.
121 *fearful-hanging*] Delius. *fearfull, hanging* Ff.

And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia':—that I'll tear away.—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

127 *names*] *name* Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.
129 Re-enter Lucetta.] Pope. Enter Lucetta. Rowe. Enter. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
130, 131 *Madam, Dinner is*] Capell. *Madam: dinner is* Ff, reading *Madam...staies* as one line. *Madame, dinner's* Capell conj.
136 [takes them up. Long MS.
137 *you*] *that you* Keightley.
month's] *moneth's* Grant White.
to] *unto* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
them.] *them, minion!* Hanmer.
138 *say what sights you see*] *see what sights you think* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
140 *will't*] Rowe (ed. 2). *wilt* Ff.

SCENE III. *The same.* ANTONIO'S *house.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope. Antonio's House.] Theobald. Enter...] Enter Antonio and Panthino. Proteus. F.
1 *Panthino*] F_1F_2. *Panthion* F_3F_4.
6 *slender*] *slenderer* S. Walker conj. (doubtfully).
21 *and*] F_1. *nor* $F_2F_3F_4$.
24 *whither*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *whether* F_1.

How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

32 *eye*] *the eye* Keightley.
44 *And, in good time!*] *And in good time:* F_1. *And in good time,* $F_2F_3F_4$. *And,—in good time:*— Dyce.
Enter Proteus] om. F_1. Enter Protheus, at a Distance, reading. Capell. Enter Pro. not seeing his father. Collier MS.
45 *sweet life*] *sweet life! sweet Julia* Capell.
46 [Kissing a letter. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
49 *To*] *And* Collier MS.
50 *O*] Pro. *Oh* F_1.

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,

53 [putting it vp. Collier MS.
65 *there*] F_1F_2. *there's* F_3F_4.
67 *Valentinus*] F_1. *Valentino* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Valentine* Warburton.
73 *you,*] *to* Pope (ed. 2).
77 [Exeunt Ant. and Pan.] Rowe.

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.' [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. The* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

84 *resembleth*] *resembleth well* Pope. *resembleth right* Johnson conj. *resembleth soon* Taylor conj. MS.
86 *sun*] *light* Johnson conj.
87 Re-enter Panthino.] Capell. om. F_1. Enter. $F_2F_3F_4$. Enter Panthion. Rowe.
88 *father*] *Fathers* F_1.
91 [Exeunt.] Exeunt. Finis. Ff.
Milan.] Pope.
The Duke's Palace.] An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Theobald.
Enter Valentine and Speed.] Rowe.
Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia. Ff.
2 *but*] om. Anon. ap. Grey conj.

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine

19, 20, 21 *had*] *hath* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
21 *buried*] F_1. *lost* $F_2F_3F_4$.
22 *takes*] *hates* Gould conj.
27 *you are*] *you are so* Singer, ed. 2 (Singer MS. and Collier MS.).
29 *in*] *within in* Taylor conj. MS.
32 *Without you?*] *Without you!* Dyce.
33 *would*] *would be* Collier MS.

through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

35 *through you like*] *through you;* *like* Gould conj.
41 *my*] F_1F_2. om. F_3F_4.
47 *well favoured.*] *well favour'd.* Rowe. *well-favourd?* F_1. *well favour'd?* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

68, 69 See note (IV).
69 *put on your hose*] *beyond your nose* Hudson (Clark and Glover conj.).
76 *set,*] *set;* Malone.
85, 88, 91 [Aside] Capell.
86 Enter Silvia.] Rowe (after l. 84). om. Ff.
88 *give*] *'give* Ff.
91 Speed.] F_1F_4. Sil. F_2F_3.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

96 *for*] om. F_3F_4.
[Gives a letter. Collier MS.
97 *gentle servant*] *sir* Taylor conj. MS.
98 *hardly off*] *hardly-off* F_1.
100 *random*] *randon* F_2.
102 *madam; so it stead you,*] *madam, so it stead you;* Nicholson conj. *stead*] *steed* Ff.
106 *name it*] *name 't* Capell (Anon. ap. Grey conj.).
and yet] *yet* Pope.
109 [Aside] Rowe.
yet another] Capell. *yet, another* Ff.
110 *What...it f*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
113 *them*] *them again* Keightley.
[Giues it backe. Collier MS.
114 *for*] *writ for* Anon. ap. Grey conj.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam, what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?
Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a letter, I should say.
Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

123 [Exit.] Exit. Sil. F_1.
124 [aside. Collier MS.
124, 125 Printed as prose by Pope.
129 *That...letter f*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Two lines in Ff.
scribe] *the scribe* Rowe (ed. 2).
130, 131 *what...yourself f*] Pope. One line in Ff.
137 *wooes*] *woes* Ff.
141, 142 *What...jest f*] As in Capell. Three lines in Ff.
144, 145 *No...earnest f*] As in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *sir*, in Ff.

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Verona.* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

149 *there*] F_1. *there's* $F_2F_3F_4$.

157, 158 *Why...dinner-time.*] As in Dyce. A separate line in Ff.

Verona.] Pope.

Julia's house.] Theobald.

Enter Proteus and Julia.] Enter Protheus and Julia. Rowe. Enter Protheus, Julia, Panthion. Ff.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

5 [Giving a ring.] Rowe. Exchange ringes. Collier MS.
6 *Why...this.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
7 [kisse. Collier MS.
16 [Exit Julia.] Rowe.
18 Enter Panthino.] Enter Panthion. Rowe. om. Ff.
20 *I come, I come*] *I come* Pope.

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: Oh, that

A street.] Theobald.
Enter Launce...] Enter Launce, with a Dog in a String. Capell. Enter Launce, with his dog Crab. Pope. Enter Launce, Panthion. Ff.
3 *prodigious*] *prodigous* Bulloch conj.
9 *pebble*] Pope. *pibble* Ff.
20 *I am the dog*] *I am me* Hanmer.
20, 21 *Oh! the dog is me*] *Ay, the dog is the dog* Hanmer.

she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her, why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were

25 *she*] *the shoe* Hanmer. *shoe* Singer, ed. 2 (Singer MS.) punctuating as Malone.
a wood woman] Theobald. *a would-woman* Ff. *an ould woman* Pope. *a wild woman* Collier MS.
Malone (Blackstone conj.) punctuates (*O that she could speak now!*).

29 Enter Panthino.] Enter Panthion. Rowe. om. Ff.

34, 37 *tied*] *ty'd* Theobald. *tide* Ff.

35 *tied...tied*] *ty'd...ty'd* Theobald. *Tide...tide* F_1. *Tide...tyde* $F_2F_3F_4$.

44 *thy*] *my* Long MS.

45 *thy tail!*] *my tail?* Hanmer. [Kicking him. Anon. conj.

46 *tide*] *Tide* F_1F_4. *Tyde* F_2F_3. *flood* Pope. *tied* Collier.

47 *and the tied!*] Singer (ed. 2). *and the tide:* Ff. om. Capell. *The tide!* Steevens (1793). om. Id. conj. (withdrawn). *indeed!* Jervis conj. *Lose the tide!* Kinnear conj.

dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Milan. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Milan.] Pope.

The Duke's palace.] An Apartment in the... Theobald.

Enter...Speed.] Rowe. Enter...Speed, Duke, Protheus. Ff.

2 [they converse apart. Capell.

7 [Exit.] Clark and Glover. See note (v).

19 *jerkin*] *jerking* Theobald conj.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:

21 *I'll*] *Ile* Ff. *'twill* Collier MS.
22 *How?*] *How!* Capell (Errata).
34—36 *Yourself...company.*] As in Pope. As three lines of verse in Ff.
39—42 *I know...words.*] As in Pope. As four lines of verse in Ff.
45 SCENE v. Pope. Enter Duke.] Enter the Duke. Rowe. Enter Duke, attended. Capell. om. Ff.

What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;

49 *happy*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
50 *ye*] *ye*, F_1. *you* $F_2F_3F_4$.
Antonio] *Antonie* S. Walker conj.
52 *worth*] *wealth* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.).
58 *I know him*] *Ay*, Taylor conj. MS. *know*] Hanmer. *knew* Ff.
68 *Comes*] Ff. *Come* Rowe.

And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him

77 *unwelcome*] *vn-welcome* F_1. *welcome* $F_2F_3F_4$.
78 *he*] *this* Taylor conj. MS.
81 *cite*] *'cite* Malone.
82 *I will*] *I'll* Pope.
[Exit.] Rowe.
95 SCENE VI. Pope.
Enter Proteus.] Enter Protheus. Rowe. Enter. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
[Exit Thurio. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). Exeunt Thurio and Speed. Halliwell. See note (v).
97 *his*] F_1. *this* $F_2F_3F_4$.
98 *hither*] *hether* F_1.

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

104 *a worthy*] *a worthy a* F_1.
111 *welcome*] *welcome, sir* Capell.
That you are worthless] *No, that you are worthless* Johnson.
Enter Servant.] Theobald. Enter an Attendant. Capell. om. Ff. Enter Thurio. Collier. Re-enter Thurio. Clark and Glover.
112 Serv.] Theobald. Thu. Ff.
113 [Exit Serv.] Theobald. om. Ff.
114 *Go*] *Go you* Capell. *Come, go* Keightley.
new servant] *my new servant* Pope.
117 [Exeunt S. and T.] Rowe. Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, Speed, and Att. Capell.
118 SCENE VII. Pope.

Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

126 *Whose*] *Those* Dyce, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.).
high imperious] *high-imperious* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
133 *as I confess*] *as, I confess*, Warburton.
134 *woe*] *wo* (i.e. stop) Weston conj.
135 *no such*] *any* Hanmer.
144 *praises*] F_1. *praise* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,

153 *too*] *to* F_1F_2.
158 *summer-swelling*] *summer-smelling* Collier, ed. 2 (Steevens conj. withdrawn).
160 *braggardism*]Steevens. *Bragadisme* F_1F_2. *Bragadism* F_3F_4.
162 *makes*] *make* F_1.
worthies] *worth as* Grant White (ed. 1).
163 *Then*] *Why, then* Hanmer.
let her] *let her be* Keightley.
167 *rocks*] F_1. *rocke* F_2. *rock* F_3F_4.

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,

175 *Ay, and we are*] *Ay, And we're* Clark and Glover conj.
nay, more] *Nay, more, my Protheus* Capell.
our marriage-hour] *our marriage* Pope. *the very hour of our marriage* Taylor conj. MS. ending the lines *betroth'd...marriage.*
185 *you*] *upon you* Hanmer. *on you* Capell.
187 [Exit Val.] Rowe. [Exit. F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. [Exeunt Valentine and Speed. Dyce. See note (v).
192 *Is it...praise,*] *It is mine, or Valentines praise?* F_1. *Is it mine then, or Valentineans praise?* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Is it mine then or Valentino's praise,* Rowe. *Is it mine eye or Valentino's praise,* Theobald (Warburton). *Is it mine eyne, or Valentino's praise,* Hanmer. *Is it mine own, or Valentino's praise,* Capell. *Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,* Malone (Blakeway conj.). *Is it mine eye or Valentinus' praise* Dyce (ed. 2). *Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise* Keightley. *Is it or mine, or Valentine's praise,* Anon. conj. *Is it, in fine* &c. Wetherell conj. (N. and Q. 1868). See note (vi).

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much!
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The same. A street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE *severally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never un-

193 *transgression,*] F_4. *transgression?* $F_1F_2F_3$.
195 *She is*] *Shee's* Collier MS.
201 *too too*] *too-too* Ff. *too, too* Theobald. *too, too,* Warburton.
206 *dazzled*] *dazel'd* F_1. *dazel'd so* F_2 F_3F_4.
light] *sight* Bailey conj.
210 [Exit.] Exeunt. F_1.
SCENE V.] SCENA QUINTA F_1. SCÆNA QUARTA $F_2F_3F_4$. SCENE VIII. Pope. A street.] Theobald.
Enter...severally.] Dyce. Enter... meeting. Capell. Enter Speed and Launce. Ff.
1 *welcome to Padua!*] *welcome!* or *welcome to*— Perring conj.
Padua] Ff. *Milan* Pope. See note (VII).

done till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

4 *be*] *is* Rowe. by Pope.
21—28 Put in the margin as spurious 27 Speed.] om. F_2.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;

36 *that*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *that that* F_1.
44 *in love. If thou wilt, go*] Knight. *in Loue. If thou wilt goe* Ff. *in love, if thou wilt go* Collier (Malone conj.).
wilt, go...alehouse;] *wilt go...alehouse, so;* Nicholson conj.
alehouse] F_1. *Alehouse, so* $F_2F_3F_4$.
45 *Hebrew*] *Ebrew* Nicholson conj.
49 *ale*] *Ale-house* Rowe.
SCENE VI.] SCENE IX. Pope. om. Theobald.
The same. The Duke's palace.] The same. A Room in the Palace. Capell.
Enter Proteus.] Enter Protheus solus. Ff.
1, 2 *forsworn;...forsworn;*] Theobald. *forsworn?...forsworn?* Ff.

Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;

7 *sweet-suggesting*] *sweet suggestion,* Pope.
if thou hast] *if I have* Warburton.
16 *soul-confirming*]*soul-confirmed* Pope.
21 *thus*] *this* Theobald.
by] F_1. *but* $F_2F_3F_4$.
24 *most*] *more* Steevens.
in] *to* Collier MS.

Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Verona.* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

35 *counsel*] *counsaile* F_1F_2. *councel* F_3. *council* F_4.
37 *pretended*] *intended* Johnson conj.
43 *this*] F_1. *his* $F_2F_3F_4$.
SCENE VII.] SCENE X. Pope. ACT III.
SCENE I. Johnson conj.
Verona.] Pope.
Julia's house.] Theobald.
13 *perfection*] $F_1F_2F_4$. *perfections* F_3.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings

16 *I have*] *I so long have* Anon. conj.
18 *inly*] F_1F_2. *inchly* F_3F_4.
22 *extreme*] *extremest* Pope.
24 *damm'st*] *damp'st* Warburton conj.
32 *wild*] *wide* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and Long MS.).

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as, 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:

47 *fantastic*] *fantantastique* F_3.
52 *likest*] *like'st* Rowe (ed. 2). *likes* Ff.
67 *withal*] *withall* F_2F_3. *with all* F_1F_4.
70 *of infinite*] F_1. *as infinite* $F_2F_3F_4$. *of the infinite* Malone. *o' the infinite* Hudson.
73 *so*] *some* Gould conj.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. Ante-room in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;

85 *longing*] *loving* Collier MS.
89 *to it*] *do it* Warburton.
Milan.] Pope.
Ante-room...] Capell. the Duke's palace. Theobald.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed. Ff.
2 [Exit Thu.] Rowe.

But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

7 *as*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *as as* F_2.
17 *chose*] *choose* Anon. conj.
21 *Being*] *If* Pope.
unprevented] F_1F_2. *unprepared* F_3F_4.
32 *hast*] *hath* Rowe (ed. 2).
33 *that*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

50 [Exit.] Rowe.
Enter Valentine.] Rowe. om. F_1. Enter. $F_2F_3F_4$. Enter V. in his Cloake. Collier MS.
51 SCENE II. Pope.
whither] *whether* F_1.
56 *tenour*] *tenure* Ff.

Val. I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—
How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

64 *besides,*] om. Anon. ap. Grey conj.
72 *may I*] *I may* Hanmer.
72, 73 *this pride of hers, Upon advice,*] *upon advice, This pride of hers* Anon. ap. Grey conj.
78 *dower*] *dowre* Ff. *dowry* Hanmer.
81 *in Verona*] Ff. *sir, in Milan* Pope. *in Milano* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *of Verona* Halliwell. See note (VII).
83 *nought*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *naught* F_1.
89 *respect*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *respects* F_4.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

92 *that I sent her*] *that I sent, sir* Steevens conj.
93 *sometime*] F_1F_2. *sometimes* F_3F_4. *best contents*] *best content* Mason conj. *would content* Taylor conj. MS.
98 *'tis*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *'its* F_2.
99 *For why, the*] *For why the* Dyce.
101 *For*] *By* or *For by* Keightley conj.
105 *with*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *this* F_2. *by* Long MS.

So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia'!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'

130 *cloak*] *clocke* F_2.
136 [letter. Collier MS.
137 [ladder. Collier MS.
139 [Reads] Rowe.
149 *would*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *should* F_1.

What's here?

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favours,
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;

151 *I will*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *will I* F_4.
153 *Phaethon*] *Phaeton* Ff.
154 *car*] *Cat* F_3F_4.
162 *bestow'd*] Rowe (ed. 2). *bestowed* Ff.
169 [Exit.] om. F_1.
170 SCENE III. Pope.

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,

185 *his*] *this* Dyce (ed. 2). *is* Singer (ed. 2).
Enter Pro. and Launce] F_4. Enter Pro. and Launs. F_2F_3. om. F_1.
189 *Soho, soho!*] *So-hough, Soa hough—* F_1.
200 *Who*] F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
203 *you,—*] Theobald. *you.* Ff.
204 *Sirrah,*] om. Pope.

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,

206 *hath*] *have* Boswell.
216 *vanished*] *vanish'd* Rowe (ed. 2).
217, 218 *banished—O that's...From*] *banish'd: oh that's...From* Ff. *banish'd; oh that is...From* Pope. *banished*— Val. *Oh, that's the news!* Pro. *From* Clark and Glover conj.
221 *banished*] Rowe (ed. 2). *banish'd* Ff.
222 *offer'd*] Theobald. *offered* Ff.

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!
[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*
Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the

238 *malignant*] *maligant* F_2.
240 *As*] *An* Hutchesson conj. MS. *anthem*] *Amen* Singer conj.
242 *lament'st*] *lamentest* Collier MS.
244 *Here if*] F_3F_4. *Here, if* F_1F_2.
260 [Exeunt Val. and Pro.] Exeunt. F_2 F_3F_4. om. F_1.
261 SCENE VI. Pope, by misprint for IV.

wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

263 *one knave*] *one kind of knave* Hanmer. *one kind* Warburton. *one in love* Hudson (Staunton conj.).
264 *horse*] *horses* Jervis conj.
270, 271 [Pulling out a paper.] Rowe.
271 *cate-log*] *cat-log* Rowe (ed. 2). *condition*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *conditions* F_4. *Imprimis*] F_4. *Inprimis* $F_1F_2F_3$.
273 *is she*] *she is* Hanmer (ed. 2).
274 *milk;' look you,*] *milk,' look you;* Capell.
276 Enter Speed.] om. F_1.
278 *master's ship*] Theobald. *Mastership* Ff.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed [*reads*]. 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item: She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

293, 294 om. Farmer conj.
293 *Imprimis*] F_3F_4. *Inprimis* F_1F_2. *Item* Halliwell.
304 *need not be*] F_1. *need not to be* $F_2F_3F_4$.
313 *follow*] F_1. *followes* F_2. *follows* F_3F_4.
315 *kissed*] *kist* Rowe. om. Ff.

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

322 *sleep*] *slip* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

325 *O...this*] *Oh villaine, that set this* F_1. *Oh villanie, that set* F_2. *Oh villanie! that set* F_3. *Oh villain! that set* F_4. *O villainy that set this* Malone.

342 *cannot I*] *I cannot* Johnson.

344 *hair*] *haire* F_1. *haires* F_2. *hairs* F_3F_4.

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate?

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter, —an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

347 *that last*] F_1 (in some copies only, according to Malone). *that* $F_2F_3F_4$.

350 *It may be; I'll prove it*] Theobald. *It may be ile prove it* Ff.

359 *impossible,—*] *impossible*— Rowe. *impossible.* Ff.

369 *of*] F_1F_2. *on* F_3F_4.

370 [Exit.] Capell. Exit running. Collier MS.

371 *reading*] *reading of* Keightley.

373 [Exit.] Capell. [Exeunt. Ff.

SCENE II. *The same. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace

SCENE II.] SCENE V. Pope. om. Theobald.
The same...] The same. A Room in the same. Capell.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus. Ff.
4 *and*] *and so* Keightley.
10 Enter...] Enter Protheus. Rowe.
14 *grievously.*] *grieuously?* F_1 (in some copies only, according to Malone). *heavily?* F_2F_3. *heavily.* F_4.
18 *some*] *sure* Collier MS.
19 *better*] *bolder* Capell conj.
20 *loyal*] *royall* F_3.

Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

21 *your*] *you* F_2.
Grace] *face* Anon. conj.
23 *daughter.*] Rowe. *daughter?* Ff.
25 *I*] F_1. *I doe* F_2. *I do* F_3F_4.
26 *will.*] Rowe. *will?* Ff.
28 *persevers*] *perseveres* F_3F_4.
32 *cowardice*] Theobald. *cowardize* $F_1F_2F_3$. *cowardise* F_4.
37 *esteemeth*] F_1. *esteemes* F_2. *esteems* F_3F_4.
46 *prevail'd, my lord: if*] *prevail'd (my Lord): F_4. prevail'd (my Lord) if* $F_1F_2F_3$.
47 *aught*] Warburton. *ought* Ff.

She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line

49 *weed*] Ff. *wean* Rowe. *wind* Keightley.
55 *worth*] *word* Capell conj.
64 *Where*] *When* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
69 *wailful*] F_4. *wailfull* F_3. *wailefull* F_2. *walefull* F_1.
71, 72 *Ay, Much*] Capell. *I, much* Ff. *Much* Pope.
72 *is*] om. Anon. conj.
76 *line*] *lines* Hudson (Jervis conj.).

That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

77 *such*] *strict* Collier MS. *love's* Jervis conj. Malone suggests that a line has been lost to this purport: *As her obdurate heart may penetrate.*
integrity:] *idolatry:* Lettsom conj. *integrity...* Keightley.
81 *to*] F_1. *and* $F_2F_3F_4$.
84 *consort*] Ff. *concert* Hanmer.
86 *sweet-complaining*] Capell. *sweet complaining* Ff.
94 *advice*] *advise* F_1.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
First Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we'll hear him.
Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

SCENE I. The frontiers...forest.] Capell. A forest. Rowe. A forest, leading towards Mantua. Theobald.
Enter certain Outlaws.] Rowe.
Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes. Ff.
2 *shrink*] *shrinkd* F_2.
Enter...] Rowe. om. Ff.
4 *you sit*] F_1F_2. *you sir* F_3F_4. *you, sir* Capell (Errata).
5 *Sir*] *O sir* Capell.
6 *do*] om. Pope, who prints lines 5 and 6 as prose.
7 *friends,—*] Theobald. *friends.* Ff.
9 *Peace!*] *Peace, peace!* Capell reading *Peace...will we*, as one line.
10 *he's*] Capell. *he is* Ff.
11 *little wealth*] F_1. *little* $F_2F_3F_4$. *little left* Hanmer.

Sec. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
Sec. Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.

18 *Whence*] *And whence* Capell, who reads 16—20 as two lines ending *came you?...there?*
35 *I often had been*] F_2. *I often had beene often* F_1. *often had been* F_3F_4. *I had been often* Collier.
38 *Sirs*] *Sir* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
[talke apart. Collier MS.
39, 40 *it's...thievery*] As in Pope. As a verse in Ff. *It is a kind of honourable thievery* Steevens (1778). *It is an honourable kind of thievery* Steevens (1793).

Val. Peace, villain!

Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

42 *thing*] F_1. *things* $F_2F_3F_4$.
46 *awful*] *lawful* Heath conj.
49 *An heir, and near allied*] Theobald. *And heire and Neece, alide* F_1. *And heire and Neece, allide* F_2. *An heir, and Neice allide* F_3. *An Heir, and Neece alli'd* F_4.
51 *Who*] *Whom* Pope.
58 *want,—*] *want;—* Theobald. *want.* Ff.
60 *Therefore*] F_1F_2. *There* F_3F_4.
63 *this*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.
Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Milan. Outside the* DUKE'S *palace, under* SILVIA'S *chamber.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

74 *crews*] F_4. *Crewes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *cave* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *caves* Singer (ed. 2). *crew* Delius conj. *cruives* Bulloch conj.
76 *all*] *shall* Pope.
SCENE II. Milan. Pope. [Outside...palace...] An open place, under Silvia's Apartment. Theobald. Court of the palace. Capell. Enter...] Rowe. Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Host, Musitian, Siluia. Ff.
1 *have I*] *I've* Pope.
5 *fair*] *pure* Gould conj.

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

15 *and*] om. F_3F_4.
18 Enter...] Rowe. om. Ff.
23 *Who*] F_1. *Whom* $F_2F_3F_4$.
Ay] *Ay, sir* Taylor conj. MS.
24 [To the musicke. Collier MS.
25 *tune*] F_1. *turne* F_2. *turn* F_3F_4.
Enter, at a distance...] Enter Host, at a Distance, with Julia, apparel'd like a Boy. Capell. Enter Host, and Julia... Rowe. Enter H. and J. Collier MS.
26 *you're*] *your'* F_1. *you'r* $F_2F_3F_4$.
26, 27 *allycholly*] *melancholy* Pope.
27 *I pray you, why is it*] Theobald. *I pray you why is it* F_1. *I pray you what is it* F_2F_3. *I pray what is it* F_4.
[stand aside. Collier MS.
34 [Music plays.] Capell.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

40 *is she*] *as free* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
50 *excels*] *exceeds* S. Walker conj.
53 SCENE III. Pope.
53 *are you...before?*] *you are...before:* Singer, ed. 2 (Heath conj.).
58 *strings?*] *strings.* F_1.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

68 *You would*] *You would then* Boswell. *You would not* Collier MS.
thing?] Pope. *thing.* Ff.
70, 71 Printed as prose by Capell.
70 *Sir*] om. Boswell.
72—74 Printed as verse in Ff, the first line ending *me.*
76 [Musick ceases. Capell.
78 *fear not you*] F_1. *feare not* F_2. *fear not* F_3F_4. *feare you not* Collier MS.
80 [Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.] Rowe.
81 SCENE IV. Pope.
Enter Silvia above.] Rowe. om. Ff. Silvia above, at her Window. Theobald.
even] *evening* Boswell.

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;

85 *You would*] Ff. *You'd* Pope.
88 *What's*] *What is* Pope.
89 *even*] F_1. *ever* $F_2F_3F_4$.
102, 114, 122 [Aside] Pope.
105 *thyself*] *even thyself* Hanmer.
109 *his*] *her* F_1.
112 *hers*] F_1F_2. *her* F_3F_4.

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

115 *if*] *if that* Warburton. *an if* Anon. conj.

115, 116 *so obdurate, Vouchsafe*] *so Obdurate, oh! vouchsafe* Hanmer.

116 *for my love*] om. Hanmer.

123 *shadow*] *shadow soon* Taylor conj. MS.

125 *But since your falsehood shall*] *But, since you're false, it shall* Johnson conj. *But, since your falsehood, 't shall* Collier MS.

125, 126 *you well To*] *you: well—Go:* Jackson conj.

129 [Exeunt...severally] Exe. Pro. and Sil. Rowe. om. F_1. [Exeunt. F_2 F_3 F_4. Exeunt Protheus; and Silvia, from above. Capell.

136 *heaviest*] *heavy one* Pope.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope. Dyce makes no new scene here. See note (VIII).
Enter Eglamour.] Rowe. Enter Eglamore, Siluia. Ff.
4 *Madam, madam!*] *Madam!* Hanmer.
Enter Silvia above.] Rowe.
13 *Valiant, wise*] *Valiant and wise* Pope. *Wise, valiant* Anon. conj. A monosyllable lost before *valiant*. S. Walker conj.
Valiant...accomplish'd] *Valiant, remorseful, well accomplish'd, wise* Wright conj.
17 *abhors*] Hanmer. *abhor'd* $F_1F_2F_3$. *abhorr'd* F_4. *abhorreth* Keightley.

No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

19 *ever*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
near] *near unto* Pope.
31 *rewards*] Ff. *reward* Pope.
37, 38 *grievances; Which*] *grievances, And the most true affections that you bear; Which* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *grievances, And sympathise with your affections, Which* Keightley conj.
38 *placed*] *caused* Staunton conj.
40 *Recking*] Pope. *Wreaking* Ff.
42 *evening coming*] *evening coming on* Capell. *coming evening* Anon. conj.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady. 46

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his Dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there —bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber

46 *gentle*] om. Taylor conj. MS.
47 [Exeunt severally.] Exeunt. Ff.
SCENE IV.] SCENE VI. Pope. Dyce makes no new scene here.
The same.] The same. Silvia's Anti-chamber. Capell.
Enter Launce...] Theobald. Enter Launce. Rowe. Enter Launce, Protheus, Julia, Siluia. Ff.
6 *I was sent*] *I went* Theobald.
11, 12 *to be a dog indeed*] *to be a dog, to be a dog indeed* Johnson conj.
dog indeed, to be] *dog, indeed to be* Hutchesson conj. (Gent. Mag. 1790).

smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out,' says the third: 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick? 36

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
Jul. In what you please: I'll do what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you
whoreson peasant! 40
Where have you been these two days loitering?

20 *the third*] *a third* Hanmer.
23 *you mean*] *do you mean* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
24 *dog!*] Rowe. *dog:* Ff.
26 *makes me no more*] *makes no more* Rowe.
28 *his servant*] *their servant* Pope.
33 *Silvia*] *Julia* Warburton.
36 Enter...] Rowe. om. Ff.
39 *I'll do*] *ile do* F_1. *Ile do sir* F_2F_3 F_4. *I will do* Malone.
40 *I hope...peasant!*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
[To Launce.] Johnson.

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

[*Exit Launce.*

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

45 *was*] *is* Capell conj.
48 *did she*] F_1F_2. *she did* F_3F_4.
50 *this*] *this cur* Hudson (Collier MS.).
51 *the other squirrel*] *the other, Squirrel,* Hanmer.
51—54 As in Pope. Four lines ending *me ...marketplace...dog...greater* in Ff.
52 *the hangman boys*] Singer, ed. 2 (Singer MS.). *the Hangmans boyes* F_1. *the hangmans boy* F_2F_3. *the Hangman's boy* F_4. *a hangman boy* Collier MS.
57 *stay'st*] Rowe. *stayest* Ff. [Exit Launce.] om. F_1. [Exit. F_2F_3 F_4 after line 58.
58 *still an end*] *ev'ry day* Pope.
65 *fortune*] *nourture* Singer conj.
66 *know thou*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *know thee* F_1. *know that* Bailey conj.
thee] *hee* F_2.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. Not so; I think she lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry, 'alas'?
Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

70 *to leave*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *not leaue* F_1. *nor love* Johnson conj.
73, 74 Arranged as by Capell.
74 *Wherefore*] *Why* Hanmer.
75 *that she loved*] *if she loves* Hanmer. *that lov'd she* Collier (ed. 2).
76, 77 *Silvia: She*] *Silvia, She* Collier (ed. 2).
77 *him that has*] *you that have* Daniel conj.
81 *Well*] *Well, well* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
give her] *give to her* Keightley (Collier MS.).
and therewithal] *and give therewithal* Theobald. *and give her therewithal* Capell.
85 [Exit.] om. F_1.

That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,

95 *am I*] F_1F_2. *I am* F_3F_4.
102 *woo*] Rowe. *woe* F_1. *wooe* $F_2F_3F_4$.
103 *heaven*] *God* S. Walker conj.
Enter Silvia, attended.] Malone. Enter Silvia. Rowe.
104 *Gentlewoman*] *Lady* Pope.
110 *From my master, Sir Proteus*] *My master; from Sir Proteus* Capell. *From Sir Proteus, my master* Keightley conj.
111 *picture.*] Knight. *Picture?* Ff. *picture; does he not?* Capell.
113 [Picture brought. Capell.

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

115 *forget*] F_1F_2. *forgot* F_3F_4.
117 *please you peruse*] *may 't please you to peruse* Pope. *wilt please you to peruse* Capell. *so please you to peruse* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
119 [Paper. Collier MS.
123 [giving back the first Letter. Capell.
126 *new-found*] *new coin'd* W. n. apud Long MS.
127 *easily*] F_1. *easie* $F_2F_3F_4$. *his*] *this* Dyce conj.
138 *Dost thou*] *Dost* Capell conj.
142 *her.*] F_4. *her?* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.

145, 146 *is:...well,*] *is;...well,* Rowe. *is,...well;* $F_1F_2F_3$. *is,...well:* F_4.
151 *pinch'd*] *pitch'd* Warburton. *pincte* Becket conj. *pinc'd* Id. conj.
153 *was*] *is* Ritson conj.
158 *judgements*] *judgment* Capell.
161 *agood*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *a good* F_1. *a-good* Theobald.
168 *felt*] *feel* Seward conj.
169 *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.

Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,

172 *my purse*] F_1. *a purse* $F_2F_3F_4$.
174 *Farewell*] As in $F_2F_3F_4$. At the end of line 173 in F_1. om. Pope. [Exit...attendants] Dyce, after 175. [Exit. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1. [Exit S. Singer, after 175; after 178, Barron Field conj.
178 *my mistress'*] *his mistress'* Hanmer.
185 *auburn*] Rowe. *Aburne* Ff.
188 *grey as glass*] F_1. *grey as grasse* $F_2F_3F_4$. *green as grass* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
189 *mine's as high*] *mine is high* Pope.
191, 192 *myself,...god?*] *my selfe?... god.* F_1.

My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:

197 *statue*] *sainted* Hanmer. *statued* Warburton. *statua* Reed conj. *shadow* Elze conj.
200 *your*] *thy* Hanmer. *those* Blair conj.
201 [Exit.] F_2. [Exeunt. F_1.
SCENE I. Milan.] Pope.
An abbey.] Capell. Near the Friar's cell. Theobald.
Enter Eglamour.] Rowe. Enter Eglamoure, Siluia. Ff.
3 *That*] om. Pope.
Friar] om. Steevens, 1793 (Capell conj.).
Enter Silvia.] Rowe. om. Ff.

I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

12 *we are*] *we 're* Pope.
SCENE II. The Duke's palace.] An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Theobald. Enter...and Julia.] Rowe. Enter... Julia and Duke. Ff.
7 Jul. [Aside] *But love*] Collier (Boswell conj.). Pro. *But loue* Ff.
13 Jul.] Rowe. Thu. Ff. [Aside] Rowe.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio! Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.

18, 21, 24, 28 [Aside] Capell.
18 *better, indeed*] *indeed, better* Dyce (ed. 2).
hold] *do hold* Capell.
your] *you* F_1F_2.
21 *cowardice*] Theobald. *cowardize* F_1 F_2F_3. *Cowardise* F_4.
25 *possessions*] *large possessions* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
28 *owe*] Ff. *own* Pope.
30 Enter Duke.] Rowe. om. Ff. Enter Duke angerly. Collier MS.
32 *saw Sir*] F_4. *saw* F_1. *say saw Sir* F_2F_3.

Duke. Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

34, 35 *Why then, She's*] *Why then, she's* Capell.
35 *that*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
38 *in penance*] *by chance* Gould conj.
40 *it*] *her* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
44 *you, stand not*] *you stand, not* F_1.
47 *toward*] *towards* Pope.
48 [Exit.] Rowe. Exit in haste. Collier MS.
50 *when*] F_1. *where* $F_2F_3F_4$.
51 *on*] *of* Rowe (ed. 2).
Eglamour] *him* Taylor conj. MS.
52 [Exit.] Capell.
54 [Exit.] Capell.
56 [Exit.] Capell. [Exeunt. Ff.

SCENE III. *The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*

Enter Outlaws *with* SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.
First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

SCENE III. The...Mantua] Capell. The forest.] Pope.
Enter...] Capell. Enter Silvia and Out-laws. Rowe. Siluia, Out-lawes. Ff.
1, 2 *Come...captain.*] As in Capell. The first line ends at *patient* in Ff. One line in Pope.
2 [draws her in. Collier MS.
8 *Moses*] Capell. *Moyses* Ff.
10 *we'll*] om. Pope.
11 [Exeunt. Capell.
SCENE IV. Another...forest.] The same. Another Part of it. Capell. The Out-law's Cave in the Forest. Theobald.
Enter Valentine.] Rowe. Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes. Ff.
2 *This shadowy desert,*] *These shadowy, desert,* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
woods] *wood* Daniel conj.

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

8 *so*] *too* Collier MS.
13 *halloing*] *hallo'ing* Theobald. *hallowing* $F_1F_2F_3$. *hollowing* F_4. [shouts. Collier MS.
14 *These are my*] *These my rude* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *'Tis sure my* Singer (ed. 2). *Ah, these my* Taylor conj. MS.
17 [Stand backe. Collier MS.
18 [Steps aside. Johnson. Enter...] Rowe. om. Ff.
19 *I have*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *have I* F_4. *having* Collier MS.
25 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
26, 32 [Aside] Theobald.
26 *is this I see and hear!*] Theobald. *is this? I see and hear:* Ff. *is this! I see and hear!* Daniel conj.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved!
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.

33 *seized*] F_3F_4. *ceazed* F_1. *seazed* F_2.
43 *and still approved*] *for ever prov'd* Pope.
47—50 *rend...perjury, to love me. Thou*] *rain...perjury. To love me Thou* or *hail...Discandied into perjury. To love me Thou* Daniel conj.
49 *love*] F_1. *deceive* $F_2F_3F_4$.
50 *thou'dst*] *thou hadst* Steevens.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.

57 *woo*] *wooe* F_1. *move* $F_2F_3F_4$.
58 *the nature of love,—force*] *love's nature,—I will force* Hudson (Harvard ed.).
ye] Ff. *you* Warburton.
60 [Coming forward. Collier MS.
63 *is a friend now; treacherous*] *a friend is now,—thou treacherous* Hudson (Harvard ed.). *a friend art thou,—thou treacherous* Id. conj.
treacherous man] F_1. *Thou treacherous man* F_2. *Though treacherous man* F_3. *Tho treacherous man* F_4.
65 *now*] om. Pope.
I dare not] *dared I to* Collier MS.
67 *trusted now, when one's*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *trusted, when ones* F_1. *trusted now, when the* Pope. *trusted, when one's own* Johnson.
69 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
71 *deepest*] *deep'st* Singer (ed. 2).
O] om. Taylor conj. MS.
O time most accurst] *O time accurst* Hanmer. *O time most curst* Johnson. *O spite accurst* Jervis conj.
72 *all foes that a friend*] *all my foes, a friend* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
73 *My...confounds me*] *My shame and desperate guilt at once confound me* Collier MS.
confounds] *confound* Rowe.

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

82, 83 Blackstone proposes to transfer these lines to the end of Thurio's speech, line 135. Staunton would give them to Proteus, reading *Julia* in line 83.

83 *mine*] *thine* Barron Field conj.
in Silvia] *ere Sylvia's* Taylor conj. MS.
give] *'give* (=*forgive*) Cartwright conj.

84 [Swoons.] Pope.

86—90 Printed by Capell as four verses ending *matter...me...Silvia...done.*

86 *what's*] *what is* Capell.

88 *to deliver*] *Deliver* Steevens conj.

92 *see*] *see it* Steevens conj. suggesting that lines 92—97 should end at *ring ...sir...sent...this?* (om. *ring*)...*Julia.* Taylor MS. would end them at *gave ...sir...sent...ring?*

93 *Why, this is*] *This is* Pope. *Why this'* S. Walker conj. *Why, 'tis* Hudson (Jervis conj.).

94 *O*] om. Steevens conj.

95, 96 *This...But*] One line, Elze conj. (1882).

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

96 *But*] om. Pope.
100 [discouers her selfe. Collier MS.
102 *'em*] *them* Capell.
103 *root*] *root on't* Hanmer. *roof* Kerslake conj.
107 *In a disguise of love*] Transferred to the beginning of the speech, Taylor conj. MS.
112 *all the sins*] *all th' sins* Ff. *all sins* Pope.
113 *Inconstancy*] *In constancy* Hutchesson conj. MS.
118 *be long*] *long be* Pope.
120—122 *And I...Forbear,*] As one line of verse, Dyce, ed. 2.
120 *And*] om. Dyce conj.
And I mine] *And I have mine* Steevens (Ritson conj.). *And I mine, too* Keightley.
[embracing. Capell.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,

121 SCENE V. Pope.
Enter...] Theobald. Enter Duke, Thurio, and Out-laws. Rowe. om. Ff.

122 *Forbear, forbear, I say!*] *Forbear, I say!* Capell. *Forbear, forbear!* Pope.
forbear...duke] One line, S. Walker conj., putting the first *Forbear* in a separate line.

124 *Banished*] *The banish'd* Pope.

129 *Verona shall not hold*] *Milan shall not behold* Theobald. *And Milan shall not hold* Hanmer. *Milan e'en shall not hold* Halliwell. *Milano shall not hold* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). See note (VII).
thee.] *me.* Wagner conj. *thee;* Perring conj.

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.

143 *grudge*] *grudge'* S. Walker conj. *again,*] *again.* Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.).
144 *unrival'd*] *vn-riual'd* F_1. *arrival'd* $F_2F_3F_4$.
156 *reformed*] F_1. *reform'd* $F_2F_3F_4$.
160 *include*] *conclude* Hanmer.
161 *rare*] F_1. *all* $F_2F_3F_4$.
164 *page*] *stripling page* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
lord] *worthy lord* S. Walker conj. *noble lord* Hudson conj.
165 *blushes*] *blushes so* Taylor conj. MS., reading *the boy...so* as one line.
167 *saying?*] *saying, Valentine?* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

171 *loves discovered*] *love discovered* Pope. *Loves discoverer* Collier MS. *Loves discovery* Collier MS. (obliterated).

172, 173 *That...happiness*] Spoken by the Duke, Williams conj.

172 *That done, our...yours*] *Our day of marriage shall be yours no lesse* Collier MS.

NOTES.

Note I.

Dramatis Personæ. We have followed Steevens and the later editors in reading 'Proteus' for 'Protheus'; for though the latter form is invariably used in the Folios, and was, in all probability, what Shakespeare wrote, yet in choosing the name he doubtless meant to compare the fickle mind of the lover with the changeable form of the god. We have written 'Panthino,' not 'Panthion,' because the authority of the first Folio preponderates in favour of the former, in itself the more probable form of an Italian proper name. 'Panthion' occurs in F_1, among 'the names of all the actors,' and in a stage direction at the beginning of Act II. Sc. 2, but never in the text. 'Panthino' is found twice in the text, and once in a stage direction at the beginning of Act I. Sc. 3. The blunder 'Panthmo,' I. 3. 76, which is the reading of F_1, shows that the original MS. had 'Panthino,' not 'Panthion.'

Note II.

I. 1. 28 sqq. Mr Sidney Walker (*Criticisms on Shakespeare*, III. p. 9) says we ought 'perhaps' to read

'No,
I will not, for it boots not.'

Doubtless he meant also to re-arrange the following lines, and so get rid of the Alexandrine at 30; thus:

'*Val.* No,
I will not, for it boots not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,' &c.

Note III.

I. 2. 53. The first Folio reads 'What 'foole is she,' doubtless to indicate an ellipsis of the indefinite article, which, for the sake of the metre, was to be slurred over in pronunciation. As we have not followed the Folio in reading *th'* or *th* for *the* before a consonant, so we have thought it best to insert here the omitted letter *a*, especially as the use of the apostrophe is by modern custom much more restricted than it was in the Folio. For example, we find *'Save* for *God save* (*Tempest*, II. 1. 162), and *at 'nostrils* for *at's nostrils* or *at the nostrils* (*Id.* II. 2. 60).

[In the first edition the editors printed 'What a fool is she'; but the omission of the article in such cases is not without example. See *Twelfth Night*, II. 5. 104.]

Note IV.

II. 1. 68, 69. This passage is corrupt. The usual explanation, which satisfies Delius, is inadmissible, because Valentine would certainly not appear, like the Knight of La Mancha, without his hose. A rhyming couplet was probably what the author intended. Many conjectures might be made, as for example:

'For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose;
And you, being in love, cannot see to beyond your nose.'

Or, 'to put spectacles on your nose.' Or possibly, 'to put on your shoes,' the point of which remark Valentine's disordered dress might make clear to the audience. Rosalind, when enumerating the marks of a man in love, mentions the untied shoe as well as the ungartered hose, *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2. The same misprint, 'hose' for 'shoes,' occurs in the first edition of Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. See Mr Dyce's preface to his edition of Greene's *Dramatic Works*, p. xxviii. Keightley suggested 'clothes.' Mr Daniel conjectures 'to button your shoes.'

Note V.

II. 4. 7, 95, 111. As Speed after line 7 does not say a word during the whole of this long scene, we have sent him off the stage. It is not likely that the clown would be kept on as a mute bystander, especially when he had to appear in the following scene.

The Folios give line 110 to Thurio, who, if the reading be right, must have quitted the stage during the scene. The most probable time for this

would be on Proteus' entrance, line 95. Mr Dyce however argues that 'Thurio, after what the Duke, in the presence of Silvia, had said to him about welcoming Proteus, would hardly run off the moment Proteus appeared.' [He adds another reason that in line 113 the words 'I wait upon his pleasure' are not addressed to Thurio but to the Servant.] But Thurio is not held up as a model of courtesy, and he might as well be off the stage as on it, for any welcome he gives to Proteus. Besides, in line 101 Valentine ignores Thurio altogether, who, if he had been present, would not have remained silent under the slight.

On the whole, we think that the arrangement we have given is the best, as involving no change in the original reading. The question however is a difficult and doubtful one—indeed, far more difficult and doubtful than it is important, or instructive.

[In the present edition I have restored Theobald's arrangement in lines 111—113. W. A. W.]

Note VI.

II. 4. 192. Theobald's correction, 'mine eye,' or as Mr Spedding suggests, 'my eye' ('my eie' in the original spelling), is supported by a passage in the *Comedy of Errors*, III. 2. 55:

'It is a fault that springeth from your eye.'

If this were not satisfactory, another guess might be hazarded:

'Is it mine *unstaid mind* or Valentine's praise.'

The resemblance of 'mine' and 'mind' in the printer's eye (final d and final e being perpetually mistaken for each other) might cause the omission of the two words. 'Valentine' is found as a dissyllable I. 2. 38, 'Sir Valentine's page, &c.': perhaps also III. 1. 191:

'There's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine,'

and, if Capell's arrangement be right, v. 2. 34.

Note VII.

II. 5. 1, III. 1. 81, and v. 4. 129. We have retained 'Padua' in the first of these passages and 'Verona' in the second and third, because it is impossible that the words can be a mere printer's, or transcriber's, error. These inaccuracies are interesting as showing that Shakespeare had written the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

BESIDES the copies of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* appearing in the Folios and modern editions, a Quarto, Q_2, has been collated in these Notes, of which the following is the title:

The | Merry Wives | of Windsor. | With the humours of Sir *John Falstaffe*, | as also, The swaggering vaine of Ancient | *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. | written by *William Shake-speare*. | *Newly corrected*. | *LONDON*: | Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be sold | at his Shop, next to the Middle-Temple Gate, and in | S. *Dunstans* Church-yard in *Fleet-street*, | 1630.

Q_1 and Q_2 are editions of an early sketch of the same play. The variations between the text of these Quartos and the received text are so great that collation cannot be attempted. The text printed in the last volume of this edition is taken *literatim* from Q_1, the edition of 1602, of which a copy is preserved among Capell's SHAKESPEARIANA, and this text is collated *verbatim* with Q_2, the second Quarto printed in 1619. Q_1 was reprinted in 1842 for the Shakespeare Society by Mr J. O. Halliwell. This text, which differs in one or two places from Capell's Q_1, has also been collated. Q_2 is given among TWENTY OF THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, edited by Steevens. Their titles are as follows:

(1) A | Most pleasaunt and | excellent conceited Co-|medie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the | merrie Wiues of *Windsor*. | Entermixed with sundrie | variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh* | the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his | wise Cousin M. *Slender*. | With the swaggering vaine of Auncient | *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. | By *William Shake-speare*. | As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable | my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her | Maiestie, and elsewhere. | LONDON | Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at | his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the | Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. | 1602.

[This consists of 7 Quires of 4. In Quire G one line in Capell's copy has been cut away by the binder. It is supplied from the facsimile by Mr Griggs.]

(2) A | Most pleasant and ex-|cellent conceited Comedy, | *of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the* | *merry Wiues of Windsor*. | With the swaggering vaine of An|cient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. | Written by W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed for *Arthur Johnson*, 1619.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, a gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country justice.
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.
FORD, PAGE, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } sharpers attending on Falstaff.
ROBIN, page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her daughter.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE—*Windsor, and the neighbourhood.*

[1] Not in Ff Q$_s$. Inserted by Rowe.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. Before* PAGE'S *house.*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slen. Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'

Windsor...] Before Page's House in Windsor. Theobald.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page, Falstoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple. FfQ_3.
6 *Custalorum*] *Custos* Farmer conj. *Catalorum* Anon. conj.
7 *Rato-lorum*] Ff. *Rotulorum* Q_3.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

10 *I*] *we* Steevens (Farmer conj.).
12 *hath*] $F_1Q_3F_2$. *have* F_3F_4.
14 *give*] *have* Gould conj.
19 *The luce is*] *The luce* [to Slen. showing him his Seal-ring] *is* Capell.
19, 20 *the salt fish... coat.*] Evans. *'Tis ott fish in an old coat.* J. E. Jackson conj. (N. and Q. 1867).
19 *salt*] *same* Keightley conj. *saltant* Anon. conj. apud Knight (ed. 2).
21 *coz.*] *coz?* Steevens (1793).
23 *marring*] F_1Q_3. *marrying* $F_2F_3F_4$.
25 *py'r lady*] Capell. *per-lady* FfQ_3.
26 *skirts*] *shirts* Q_3. *parts* Gould conj.
28 *unto*] *upon* Rowe (ed. 2).
30 *compremises*] *compromises* Pope.
32 *hear*] F_1Q_3. *heare of* $F_2F_3F_4$.
34 *take your*] F_1Q_3. *take you* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity. 42

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page. 51

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts. 55

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there? 59

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled

38 *and*] *that* Rowe (ed. 2).
40 *goot*] F_1Q_3. *good* $F_2F_3F_4$.
41 *Thomas*] FfQ_3. *George* Theobald. See note (I).
44 *small*] F_1Q_3. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
45 *orld*] Ff. *world* Q_3.
49 See note (II).
52, 54, 55 Given to Shallow by Capell.
53 *her father*] *his father* Capell (corrected in Errata).
56 *possibilities*] F_1Q_3. *possibilitie* $F_2F_3F_4$.

by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who's there?

Enter PAGE.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

63 *well-willers*] *well-wishers* Rowe.
64 [Knocks] Rowe.
65 [Within] Above at the window. Collier (ed. 2). aboue. Collier MS. Enter Page.] Clark and Glover. Enter Mr. Page. Rowe (after line 64). Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.), after line 69. om. Ff Q_3.
SCENE II. Pope.
66 *Got's*] *got's* $F_2F_3F_4$. *go't's* F_1Q_3.
67 *here*] F_1Q_3. *here's* $F_2F_3F_4$. *here is* Capell.
70 *worships*] *worship's* Rowe.
75 *thank*] *love* (Q_1Q_2) Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
77 *thank*] *love* Farmer conj. MS.
79 Slen.] Page. Hunter conj.
80 *Cotsall*] F_1Q_3. *Cotsale* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Cotsold* Collier MS.
82—84 Slen....*dog*] Shall. *You'll*... *confess.* Slen. *That*...*not.* Shall. *'Tis*...*dog.* Farmer conj. MS.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

95 *hath, believe me:*] *hath: beleeue me,* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *hath: believe me,* F_3. *hath, believe me,* F_4. *hath—believe me*— Johnson. *hath; believe me;* Capell.
97 Enter...] Rowe. om. FfQ_3.
98 SCENE III. Pope.
99 *king*] *council* (Q_1Q_2) Warburton.
102 *daughter?*] $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *daughter.* (Q_1Q_2) F_4.
106, 107 *council...counsel*] *Councell... counsell* (Q_1Q_2). *Councell...councell* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *Council... counsell* F_3. *Council...councel* F_4.
107, 108 *you if...you'll*] *you: if it were known in council, you'll* Harness (Johnson conj.).
107 *known*] *not known* Pope.
109 *goot*] Dyce. *good* FfQ_3.
worts] *'orts* Wheatley conj.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might

114 *Pistol.*] *Pistol; they carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket.* Malone from (Q_1Q_2). See note (III).

119 *Slice,...slice!*] *Silence,...silence!* Collier conj. (doubtfully).

119, 120 *pauca, pauca... humour*] Evans. *Pauca, pauca.* Nym. *Slice...humour.* Farmer conj.

126 *three*] *third* Pope.

127 *Garter*] Q_3. *Gater* Ff.

131 *discreetly*] *discretions* Pope.

never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.
Word of denial in thy labras here!
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in

144—148 *Ha,...liest!*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.
146 *latten*] *laten* (Q_1Q_2). *Latine* Ff Q_3. *latten bilbo.*] *latten. Bilbo!* Becket conj.
147 *thy labras here*] *my labras hear* Johnson conj.
150 *avised*] *advis'd* F_4.
151, 152 *the nuthook's humour*] *the base humour* Pope. *bace humors* (Q_1Q_2).
160 *fap*] *sap* A.A. conj. *vap* Boys conj. *sapped* Bulloch conj.
161 *passed*] *paced* Bulloch conj. *careires*] *Car-eires* Ff Q_3. *careeres* Capell. *canaries* Bulloch conj.
162 *Latin*] *Latten* F_1Q_3. *too*] *to* F_1F_2.

honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine;* MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE, *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to

167 *Got udge*] *got-udge* F_1.
169 Enter...following.] Enter...following her. Capell. Enter Mistress Anne Page, with Wine. Rowe. om. Ff Q_3.
171 [Exit A. P.] Theobald.
172 [Following after. Collier MS. Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. Rowe. om. Ff Q_3.
175 [Kisses her.] Pope.
178 [Exeunt...] Ex. Fal. Page, &c. Manent Shallow, Evans and Slender. Rowe. om. Ff Q_3.
179 SCENE IV. Pope.
180 Enter Simple.] Rowe. om. Ff Q_3.

Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

186 *Michaelmas*] *Martlemas* Theobald.
188 *this, coz*] *this* Q_3.
192 *that that*] *that* F_3F_4.
195 *motions, Master Slender: I*] *motions; (Mr Slender) I* F.
207, 208 *command*] *demand* Collier MS.
210 *mouth*] *mind* Pope.
carry] F_1Q_3. *marry* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her. 217

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason. 221

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely:' the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely:' his meaning is good. 232

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la! 235

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

213 *I hope, sir,*] *I hope, sir*... Keightley conj.
216 *carry her*] *carry-her* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *carre-her* F_4. *carry-a* Anon. conj.
228 *contempt*] Theobald. *content* Ff Q_3.
230 *fall*] Ff Q_3. *faul'* Hanmer. *fault* Collier. *fall'* Singer. *faul* Dyce.
231 *ort...ort*] Rowe (ed. 2). *'ord...ort* Ff Q_3.
232 *good*] *goot* Hanmer.
234 *hanged*] *hang'* $F_2F_3F_4$.
235 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Rowe. om. Ff Q_3.
236 SCENE V. Pope.
238 *worships'*] Capell. *worships* F_1Q_3 F_2F_3. *worship's* F_4.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.* 241

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir. 245

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born. 251

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. 255

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town? 262

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not? 266

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

241 [Exeunt...] Rowe. om. Ff Q_3.
248 [Exit Simple.] Theobald. om. Ff Q_3.
249 *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.
251 *though f*] Capell. *though*, Ff Q_3.
like] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
261 [Dogs bark. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
265 *any*] *my* Johnson (a misprint).

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

272 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Mr Page. Rowe. om. Ff Q_3.
275 *I'll eat*] *I chuse to eat* Hanmer.
SCENE II.] SCENE VI. Pope. Scene continued by Theobald.
The same.] Capell. An outer room in Page's house. Dyce.
Enter...] Re-enter... Theobald.
3 *dry*] *try* (Q_1Q_2) Dyce.
4 *wringer*] Theobald. *Ringer* Ff Q_3.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

7 *altogether's*] Steevens, 1778 (Tyrwhitt conj.). *altogeathers* F_1Q_3. *altogethers* $F_2F_3F_4$.

11 *cheese*] *seese* Dyce.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt severally. Theobald.
SCENE III.] SCENE VII. Pope.
A room...] Capell. Changes to the Garter-Inn. Pope.
Enter...and Robin] Rowe. Enter... Page. FfQ_3.

2 *bully-rook*] *Bully Rock* Rowe (and elsewhere).
scholarly] *Schollary* F_4.

10 *shall... shall*] F_1Q_3. *will... will* $F_2F_3F_4$.

13 [To Bard.] Clark and Glover.

14 *see thee froth*] *see thee, froth* Staunton.
lime] Capell. *lyme* (Q_1Q_2). *liue* FfQ_3.
[Exit.] Exit Host. Rowe. om. FfQ_3.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe

19 *Hungarian*] F_4. *hungarian* F_1Q_3 F_2F_3. *Gongarian* (Q_1Q_2) Capell.
20 [Exit...] Rowe. om. FfQ_3.
22 *conceited?*] Theobald here inserts (from Q_1Q_2), *His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.*
23 *acquit*] *quit* Pope.
26 *minute's*] Rowe. *minutes* Ff. *minuntes* Q_3. *minim's* Singer, ed. 2 (Bennet-Langton conj.).
42 *carves*] Ff(Q_1Q_2). *craues* Q_3. *cranes* Bulloch conj. *curves* Stanford conj.

the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another

44 *rightly*] *right* F_3F_4.

46, 47 *studied her will, and translated her will*] Ff Q_8. *studied her well* (Q_1Q_2). *studied her well and translated her well* Pope. *study'd her well and translated her* Hanmer. *studied her well and translated her will* Grant White. *studied her well and translated her ill* Hudson (Clark and Glover conj.). *studied her will; and translated her well* Collier MS.

48 *anchor*] *author* Johnson conj. *angle* Kinnear conj.

49 *has*] *hath* (Q_1Q_2) Capell.

50 *he*] *she* (Q_1Q_2) Pope.
a legion] Pope. *a legend* Ff Q_8. *legians* (Q_1). *legions* (Q_2) Capell.

51 *entertain*] Ff Q_8. *attend her* (Q_1Q_2). *enter swine* Coleridge conj. *in her train* Anon. conj.

57 *œillades*] Capell (Pope conj.). *illiads* Ff Q_8. *oiellades* Hanmer. *eyliads* Johnson. *eyelids* Halliwell (Pope conj.).

58 *gilded*] *guilded* F_1Q_8. *guided* $F_2F_3F_4$.

60 [Aside. Theobald.

letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:

66 *bounty*] *beauty* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
cheaters] (Q_1Q_2)F_4. *Cheaters* $F_1Q_3F_3$. *Cheators* F_2. *'cheaters* Pope (ed. 1). *Cheater* Theobald. *Escheator* Hanmer. *'cheator* Capell.

76 [To Robin] Theobald. To his boy. Collier MS.
these] *these two* Keightley. *the* Hudson.
tightly] F_1. *titely* (Q_1Q_2). *rightly* $Q_3F_2F_3F_4$.

77 *these golden*] *the golden* (Q_1Q_2) Capell. [Exit Robin. Dyce.

79 *plod...hoof*] *plod, away, o' the hoof* Capell.
o' the] *oth'* $F_2F_3F_4$. *ith'* F_1Q_3.

80 *learn*] *earn* Anon. conj.
humour] (Q_1Q_2) Theobald. *honor* F_1Q_3. *honour* $F_2F_3F_4$.
the age] FfQ_3. *this age* (Q_1Q_2) Capell.

81 [Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.] Exit Falstaff and Boy. Rowe. Exit. Dyce.

82 SCENE VIII. Pope.

82, 83 *Let...poor:*] As in Pope. Prose in FfQ_3.

82 *fullam holds*] *Fulhams hold* Hanmer.

83 *beguiles*] *beguile* Hanmer.

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* DOCTOR CAIUS'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor

86 *operations*] FfQ$_3$. *operations in my head* (Q$_1$Q$_2$) Pope.
88 *star*] *fairies* (Q$_1$Q$_2$). *stars* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
91 *discuss*] *disclose* (Q$_1$Q$_2$) Pope.
91, 92 *Page ... Ford*] (Q$_1$Q$_2$) Rann. *Ford ... Page* Ff Q$_3$. See note (I).
96 *Page*] Rann. *Ford* FfQ$_3$.
97 *yellowness*] *yallowneese* F$_1$Q$_3$. *jealousies* Pope. *Iallowes* (Q$_1$Q$_2$).
98 *the*] *this* Pope.
mine] *mien* Theobald. *mind* Jackson conj. *mine humour* Seager conj. *meinse* or *men* Anon. conj. See note (IV).
SCENE IV.] SCENE IX. Pope.
A room...] Capell. Changes to Dr Caius's house. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton. Ff (Doctor, F$_1$) Q$_3$.

Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

4 *an*] om. Pope.
8 [Exit Rugby.] Rowe.
20 *wee face*] *wee-face* FfQ$_3$. *whey-face* Capell.
21 *Cain*] F$_3$F$_4$. *Kane* (Q$_1$Q$_2$). *Caine* F$_1$Q$_3$F$_2$. *Cane* Rowe (ed. 2).
27 *gait*] Capell. *gate* FfQ$_3$.

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. 37

[*Singing*] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box. 41

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire. 46

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Re-enter...] Re-enter Rugby, hastily. Capell. Enter Rugby. Rowe. om. FfQ_3.
32 [Exit. Grant White.
34, 35 [Shuts S. in the closet.] Rowe.
35 *Rugby*] *Rugabie* Grant White (and elsewhere).
38 Enter...] Rowe. om. FfQ_3.
39 SCENE X. Pope.
des toys] F_3F_4. *des-toyes* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *dese toys* Theobald.
40 *closet*] *closset* Grant White (and elsewhere).
un boitier] Rowe. *vnboyteene* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *unboyteen* F_3F_4.
vert] Dyce. *verd* FfQ_3.
41 *speak?* *a green-a box*] *speake?* *greene-a-Box* Q_3.
42 [Aside] Pope.
45, 46 *ma foi...affaire*] Rowe. *mai* (*moi* $F_2F_3F_4$) *foy, il fait for chando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires.* FfQ_3.
48 *mette*] *mettez* Theobald.
dépêche] *de-peech* FfQ_3. *Depêchez* Theobald.
quickly] *Quickly* Rowe.

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir!

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

52 *Jack Rugby*] *Jack Rogoby* Halliwell. *Jack Rogue-by* Grant White.
53 *take-a*] *take* Q_3.
53, 58 *the*] *de* Capell.
56, 57 *Qu'ai-j'oublié!*] *Qu'ay j'oublié* Johnson. *Que ay je oublié* Theobald. *que ay ie oublie* FfQ_3.
57 *vill*] *will* $F_2F_3F_4$.
61 *Villain*] Q_3. *Villanie* Ff.
62 *larron*] *La-roone* FfQ_3.
[Pulling S. out.] Pulls Simple out of the Closet. Theobald.
64 *Wherefore*] *Verfore* Hanmer.
64, 67 *shall*] F_1Q_3. *should* $F_2F_3F_4$.
66 *What*] *Vat* Hanmer.
67 *dere*] *here* Q_3.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.* 80

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand. 90

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there. 96

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.* 102

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

78 *and need not*] *indeed not I* Hanmer.
79 *baille*] Clark and Glover. *ballow* FfQ$_3$. *baillez* Theobald.
80 [Writes.] Sitting down to write. Capell. Exit. Collier MS.
81, 89, 91 [Aside...] Clark and Glover.
84 *do you*] *doe yoe* F$_1$Q$_3$. *doe for* F$_2$. *do for* F$_3$F$_4$. *do* Capell.
85 *the French*] Ff. *that French* Q$_3$.
87 *wring*] Rowe (ed. 2). *ring* FfQ$_3$.
96 [Enter w^t a letter Caius. Collier MS.
97 *give-a*] F$_1$Q$_3$. *givie-a* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
98, 99, 101 *will*] *vill* Pope.
102 *throw*] F$_1$Q$_3$. *trow* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$. [Exit Simple.] Rowe.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

104 *ver*] FfQ$_3$. *for* Hanmer.
107 *Jarteer*] F$_1$Q$_3$F$_2$F$_3$. *Garter* F$_4$. *Jarterre* Theobald (and elsewhere). *will*] *vill* Hanmer.
110 *good-jer*] F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$. *good-ier* F$_1$. *goujeres* Hanmer. *goujere* Johnson. *good year* Capell.
111 *the*] *de* Capell. *with*] *vith* Pope. *vit* Capell.
112 *my*] om. Capell (corrected in Errata).
113 [Exeunt...] Rowe. Exit wth Rugby. Collier MS.
114 *You shall have An fool's-head*] *You shall have An-fooles head* Ff. *You shall have Anne*—[Exeunt Caius and Rugby]—*fool's head* Daniel conj.
117 *do with*] *can with* Hanmer.
118 [Within] Rowe.
119 *I trow*] Rowe. *I troa* FfQ$_3$. *trow* So quoted by S. Walker.
120 Enter...] Enter Mr Fenton. Rowe. om. Ff.
121 SCENE XI. Pope.
123 *ask.*] F$_4$. *aske?* F$_1$Q$_3$F$_2$F$_3$.

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

132 *above*] *about* Steevens.
133 *what of that?*] *and what of that?* Rowe (ed. 2).
143 *we will*] *I will* Hanmer.
147 [Exit Fenton.] Exit. Rowe (after line 146). om. FfQ_{2}.
148 *for*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
150 *forgot?*] *forgot.* F_1Q_2.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before* PAGE'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me?

Before Page's house.] Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow. FfQ$_3$.
1 *I*] om. F$_1$.
3 *see.*] Q$_3$. *see:* F$_4$. *see?* F$_1$F$_2$F$_3$. [Reads] Capell.
5 *physician*] Dyce (Theobald conj.). *precisian* FfQ$_3$. See note (v).
8 *you*] F$_1$F$_2$F$_4$. *yout* Q$_3$. *your* F$_3$.
8, 9 *at the least*] *at the last* F$_4$.
9 *soldier*] F$_1$Q$_3$F$_3$. *a soldier* F$_2$F$_4$.
18 *an*] om. F$_2$F$_4$. *one* Capell.
19 *picked*] *pickt in* Long MS.
with the] *i' th'* F$_3$F$_4$.

Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

24 *putting*] *pulling* Jackson conj. *men*] *fat men* Theobald. *mum* Hanmer (Warburton).
26 *of*] *for* Gould conj.
27 SCENE II. Pope. Enter...] Rowe.
29 *coming*] *going* Q_3.
33 *but*] om. Rowe.
44 *What? thou liest!*] *What thou liest?* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *What, thou liest!* F_4.
45 *will hack*] *will lack* Warburton. *we'll hack* Johnson conj. *will smack* Elze conj. *will hatch* Leo conj.

Mrs Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? 60

Mrs Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man. 71

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure,

50 *praised*] Theobald. *praise* FfQ_3.
54 *place*] *pace* Dyce, ed. 2 (Theobald conj.).
54, 55 *Hundredth Psalm*] Rowe. *hundred Psalms* FfQ_3.
56 *trow*] Rowe. *troa* FfQ_3.
tuns] FfQ_3. *tun* Rowe. *tons* Dyce.
66 *sure*] F_1Q_3. *sue* $F_2F_3F_4$. *nay* Rowe.

unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. 'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, *with* PISTOL, *and* PAGE, *with* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;

77 *know*] *knew* F_4.
strain] *stain* Pope.
87 *chariness*] *clearness* Anon. conj.
88 *O, that...letter!*] *O, if...letter,* Jervis conj.
96 [They retire.] Theobald. they converse apart. Capell.
97 SCENE III. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe.
101—103 *He...perpend.*] As in Pope. Prose in FfQ_3.
102 *one*] *and one* F_4.

He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. 'The humour of it,' quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

103 *the*] F_1Q_3. *thy* $F_2F_3F_4$. *a* Anon. (N. & Q.) conj.

105—107 *With...name!*] As in Capell. The lines end *preuent:...with...name* in FfQ_3.

106 *he*] om. F_3F_4. *be* Gould conj.

111 *do sing*] *affright* Theobald.

112, 113 *Away...sense.*] *Away Sir Corporal!* Nym. *Believe...sense.* Johnson conj. *Away, Sir Corporal.* Nym. *Believe it.* Page. *He speaks sense.* Jackson conj. *Away, sir corporal Nym.* Nym. *Believe...sense* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

113 [Exit.] Exit Pistol. Rowe.

114, 126, 128, 131 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

115 [To Page] Speaking to Page. Hanmer.

116 *hath*] *have* Q_3.

118 *bite...He*] *bite—upon my necessity, he* Warburton conj.
my] *any* S. Walker conj.

120 *avouch; 'tis*] $F_1Q_3F_2$. *avouch, tis* F_3F_4.

122, 123 *and there's the humour of it*] (Q_1Q_2) Capell. om. FfQ_3.

123 [Exit.] Exit Nym. Rowe.

124, 127, 129 [Aside. Dyce.

125 *English*] *humour* Pope, from (Q_1Q_2). *his*] *its* Pope.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs Page and Mrs Ford come forward.*

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs Ford. [*Aside to Mrs Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you. [*Exeunt Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, and Mrs Quickly.*

127 *drawling, affecting*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *drawling-affecting* F_1Q_3. *drawling, affected* Hanmer.

132 [Mrs...forward.] ...forwards. Theobald.
SCENE IV. Page and Ford meeting their wives. Pope.

138 *crotchets*] *crotchet* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

139 *head. Now, will*] *head, Now: will* F_1. *head, Now, will* Q_3. *head. Now: will* $F_2F_3F_4$. *head now. Will* Johnson.

141, 143 [Aside...] Marked by Capell.

144 Enter...] Rowe.

148 *we have*] *we would have* Hudson (S. Walker conj.). *we'd have* Jervis conj.

149 [Exeunt...] Rowe.

Page. How now, Master Ford! 150

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service. 157

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter? 161

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head. 165

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied. 169

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter HOST.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say! 175

150 SCENE V. Pope.
162 *this*] *his* Rowe (ed. 2).
172 Enter Host.] Dyce. Enter Host and Shallow. Rowe. Enter Host, Shallow following. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.)
174 SCENE VI. Pope.
174, 179, 183 *bully-rook*] *Bully Rock* Rowe.
175, 179 *Cavaleiro*] *Cauleiro* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *Cavalerio* F_3F_4.

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They converse apart.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, An-heires?

175 Enter Shallow.] Dyce.
182 [Drawing...] Capell.
183 [They go a little aside. Johnson. (aparte) Collier MS. *my*] om. Rowe.
184 [To Page] Johnson.
186 *hath*] om. Q_3. *he hath* Warburton.
188 [They...] Capell.
191 Ford.] Q_3. Shal. Ff.
193, 195 *Brook*] (Q_1Q_2) Pope. *Broome* FfQ_3. *Bourne* Collier MS. See note (VI).
196 *An-heires*] $F_1Q_3F_2$. *An-heirs* F_3. *an-heirs* F_4. *myn-heers* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *on here* Collier, ed. 2 (Theobald conj.). *on, Heris* Warburton. *an heiress* Grey conj. *on, hearts* Cowden Clarke (Heath conj.). *on, heroes* Steevens conj. *and hear us* Malone conj. *cavaliers* Singer (Boaden conj.). *eh, sir* Becket conj. *an arrhes* Anon. conj. (N. & Q. 1867). *one-ears* Rushton conj. (N. & Q. 1868). *Anchises* Bulloch conj.

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

204 *you*] *your* Collier, ed. 2 (Williams conj.).
205 *Here...here!*] *Hear, boys, hear, hear!* Gould conj.
206 *hear*] *have* Hanmer.
207 *than*] *than see them* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Exeunt...] Rowe.
208 *stands*] *stand* F_4.
209 *frailty*] *fealty* Theobald. *fidelity* Collier MS. *purity* Gould conj.
211 *they made*] *made them* Hanmer.
214 [Exit.] Rowe. Exeunt. FfQ_3.
SCENE II.] SCENE VII. Pope.
A room in...] Capell. The Garter Inn. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford. FfQ_3.
2,3 *Why...open.*] As in Steevens (1793). One line in Capell. Prose in FfQ_3.
3 *open.*] *open.—I will retort the sum in*

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence? 12

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng!—To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you! 25

equipage. Theobald (from Q_1Q_2). *open.—I will...equipoise.* Jackson conj.

6, 7 *coach-fellow*] *couch-fellow* Theobald. *yoke-fellow* Id. conj.

12 *Didst not thou*] $F_1Q_3F_2$. *Didst thou not* F_3F_4.
Didst...pence?] As in Capell. Prose in FfQ_3.

16 *throng*] (Q_1Q_2) FfQ_3. *thong* Pope (from Dennis).

19 *terms*] *termes* F_1Q_3. *terme* F_2. *term* F_3F_4.
honour] *hononor* F_1.
I, I, I] *I* Pope. *I, ay, I* Grant White.

20 *God*] (Q_1Q_2). *heaven* FfQ_3.

22 *yet you, rogue,*] Pope. *yet, you Rogue,* FfQ_3. *yet you, you rogue,* Collier MS.

23 *rags*] *rages* Becket conj. *brags* Singer, ed. 2 (Anon., N. & Q., conj.).

24 *bold-beating*] *bull-baiting* Hanmer. *bold-bearing* Warburton. *bold cheating* Heath conj. *blunderbust* Halliwell MS. *bold-breathing* Cartwright conj. *bold-braving* Kinnear conj.

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn;
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature.—Lord, Lord!

26 *relent*] FfQ$_3$. *recant* (Q$_1$Q$_3$). *would thou*] *wouldst thou* Rowe (ed. 2). *would you* Anon. conj. Enter Robin.] Rowe.

29 SCENE VIII. Pope. Enter...] Rowe.

33 *I'll*] *That I am I'll* Wheatley, from (Q$_1$Q$_2$).

42 *on: Mistress*] *one Mistress* Grant White (Douce conj.).

47 *God*] (Q$_1$Q$_2$) Clark and Glover. *heaven* FfQ$_3$.

your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray! 52

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her. 70

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven. 76

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart. 82

62 *in such wine*] *such wine* Hanmer. 77 *eleven.*] *eleven?* Steevens (1785).
65 *this*] *of a* Collier MS.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and

86 *hath*] *has* F_4.
103 *loves*] *love* Rowe.
109 *she is one*] *truly she is one* Rowe.

the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me! 121

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack. 132

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

115 *need*] *heede* Q_3.
120 Exeunt...] Exit Quic. and Robin. Rowe.
122 *punk*] *pink* Warburton.
123 *your fights*] *yond' frigat* Hanmer (Warburton conj. withdrawn).
124 *my*] *thy* Keightley.
them all] *all* Q_3.
[Exit] Rowe.
130 SCENE IX. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe.
130, 135 *Brook...Brooks*] Pope, from (Q_1Q_2). *Broome...Broomes* FfQ_3, (and elsewhere). See note (VI).
135 [Exit...] Theobald.
136 *that o'erflow*] Capell. *that ore'flowes* F_1F_2. *that that ore'flowes* Q_3. *that ore'flows* F_3. *that o're flowes* F_4. *that o'erflow with* Pope.
Ah, ha!] *ah ha*, F_1Q_3. *ah, ha*, F_2. *ah, ah*, F_3F_4.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein

137 Re-enter...] Theobald. Enter Ford disguis'd. Rowe.
138 *Bless*] F_4. *'Blesse* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *God save* (Q_1Q_2).
143 [Exit...] Theobald.
144 *spent*] *seen* Gould conj.
155 *all, or half*] *half, or all* Staunton (Collier MS.).

I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

> 'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
> Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground;

166 *imperfection*] *imperfections* Pope.
177 *fee'd*] *free'd* Q_3.
179 *bought*] *brought* Q_3.
184 *jewel that*] F_4. *Iewell, that* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$.
jewel; that Theobald.
that] om. Rowe.
195 *on*] *upon* Johnson.

so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

210 *exchange*] *enchange* F_1.
214 *vehemency*] *vehemence* F_4.
218 *soul*] *suit* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
224 *other her*] *other* Rowe (ed. 2).
too too] *too-too* FfQ_3. *too* Rowe.

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: —yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his

230 *I say you shall*] *Master Brooke, I say you shall* (Q_1Q_2) Theobald.

236, 237 *jealous rascally knave*] *jealous-rascally knave* F_4. *iealious-rascally-knaue* F_1Q_3. *jealious-rascally-knave* F_2F_3.

241 *cuckoldly*] *cuckoldy* Rowe.

245 *cuckoldly rogue's*] *Cuckoldly-rogues* F_1Q_3. *Cuckold-rogues* $F_2F_3F_4$.

251 *over*] *o'er* Reed (1803).

style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.* 255

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.* 279

254 *knave*] *a knave* Malone.
256 SCENE x. Pope.
260 *false*] *faire* Q_3.
264 *this wrong*] *the wrong* Rowe (ed. 2).
266, 267 *Wittol!—Cuckold*] *Wittoll, Cuckold* FfQ_3. *wittol-cuckold* Malone.
275 *God*] (Q_1Q_2) Clark and Glover. *Heaven* FfQ_3.

SCENE III. *A field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

SCENE III.] SCENE XI. Pope.
A field...] Dyce. Windsor-Park. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host. FfQ_3.
3 *de*] F_3F_4. *the* $F_1Q_3F_3$.
6 *no come*] F_4. *no-come* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$.
7 *well*] *vell* Capell.
no come] F_3F_4. *no-come* $F_1Q_3F_2$.
11, 12 *is no dead so as I vill kill him*] *is not so dead as me vill make him* Pope. *be not so dead as I shall make him* (Q_1Q_2).
14 [afeard runs backe. Collier MS. [Running back afraid. Collier (ed. 2).
15 *Villainy*] *Villain* Dyce (ed. 2).
16 Enter...] Rowe.
17, 18, 20 *Bless...Save...Give*] *'Blesse... 'Saue...'Giue* FfQ_3.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack 'priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy! 31

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page? 37

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow. 45

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor

21 *tree*] *trees* F_4.
24 *punto*] Johnson. *puncto* FfQ_3.
25, 26 *Francisco*] *Françoyes* (Q_1Q_2) Warburton.
26 *Galen*] *Gallon* (Q_1Q_2). *Galien* F_1F_2. *Gallen* $Q_3F_3F_4$.
29 *vorld*] *varld* Hanmer.
30 *Castalion-King-Urinal*] *Castalion-king-Vrinall* Ff. *Cardalion, king Urinal* Hanmer. *Castillian, king urinal* Capell. *Castilian king, Urinal* Steevens 1778 (Farmer conj.). *Castalion*] *Castallian* (Q_1Q_2).
32 *that*] *dat* Pope.
six] *from six* Hanmer.
33 *no come*] Rowe. *no-come* FfQ_3.
41 *the*] F_1Q_3. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Mounseur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

51 *guest-justice*] *bully-justice* Theobald conj.
A word] Theobald, from (Q_1Q_2). *a* FfQ_3. *ah* Hanmer.
51, 53, 54 *Mock-water*] *Muck-water* Malone (Farmer conj.). *Mark-water* Collier conj. *Make-water* Cartwright conj.
56 *much*] *mush* Dyce.
57 *cut*] om. Q_3.
66 *guest*] *justice* Theobald conj.
68 [Aside...] Marked first by Capell.
71 *by*] om. F_3F_4.
73 *We will do it.*] *We...it. Adieu, good master doctor.* Capell.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page. 76

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well? 81

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well? 86

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

74 Page, Shal., and Slen.] Malone. Page. Slen. Capell. All. FfQ$_3$. [Exeunt...] Rowe.

77 *sheathe*] *but, first, sheath* Theobald, from (Q$_1$Q$_2$). *but sheath* Hanmer.

81 *Cried I aim?*] Dyce (Douce conj.). *cried game:* (Q$_1$Q$_2$). *Cride-game,* FfQ$_3$. *Try'd Game,* Theobald. *red Game,* Id. conj. (doubtfully). *cock o' th' game*; Hanmer. *Cry aim,* Warburton. *and cry 'amie',* Becket conj. *Dry'd game,* Jackson conj. *Curds and cream!* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *Cried, Game?* Keightley. *Cry te j'aime,* Bulloch conj.

82 *dank*] F$_4$. *dancke* F$_1$F$_2$. *danck* Q$_3$F$_3$. *tank* Rowe (ed. 2).

vor] *for* Capell.

89 Continued to Host in F$_3$F$_4$.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork.—Pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

A field...] Malone. Fields...Capell. Frogmore near Windsor. Pope. Enter...] Enter Evans and Simple. Rowe. Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby. FfQ$_3$. Enter Sir Hugh Evans with a book,...Collier, ed. 2. Enter Evans, Simple, Euans vnreadie, wth a booke. Collier MS.

5 *pittie-ward*]F$_1$Q$_3$. *pitty-wary* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$. *city-ward* Capell. *petty-ward* Steevens conj. *pitty-way* quoted by Rann. *pit way* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *pit-ward* Jervis conj. *the park-ward*] *the park way* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

5, 6 *every way;*] om. Hanmer.

7 *also*] om. Q$_3$.

10, 14 *Pless*]'*Plesse* F$_1$Q$_3$F$_3$. '*Pless* F$_2$F$_4$.

10 *chollors*] F$_1$Q$_3$F$_3$. *chollars* F$_2$F$_4$. *cholers* Capell.

11 *glad*] *mad* Gould conj.

13 *goot*] Dyce. *good* FfQ$_3$. *opportunities*] *oportunities* F$_1$Q$_3$.

14 [Sings.] Sings, being afraid. Pope.

15, 19, 24, 27 *To shallow*] (Q$_1$Q$_2$) FfQ$_3$. *By shallow* Theobald.

16 *sings*] Ff. *sing* Q$_3$.

18 *fragrant*] (Q$_1$Q$_2$) Ff. *vagram* Q$_3$. *vragrant* Hanmer. *vagrant* Johnson.

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.* 20

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow &c.

Re-enter SIMPLE.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh. 25

Evans. He's welcome.— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way. 31

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful. 36

Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson? 41

20 *Mercy*] *'Mercie* F_1Q_3. *'Mercy* $F_2F_3F_4$. *dispositions*] F_1Q_3. *disposition* F_2F_3 F_4.
21 *madrigals*] *madrigall* $F_2F_3F_4$.
23 *vagram*] FfQ_3. *vagrant* Pope. *vragrant* Hanmer. *vagrant* Johnson.
27 *to whose*] *in whose* Q_3.
33 Enter...] Rowe.
34 SCENE II. Pope.
36 *student*] F_3F_4. *Studient* $F_1Q_3F_2$.
37, 65, 105 [Aside] Clark and Glover.
38 *Save*] *'Saue* FfQ_3.
39 *Pless*] *'Plesse* F_1F_2. *'Pleasse* Q_3. *'Pless* F_3F_4. *Got pless* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

57 *his passion*] *his—Passion* Staunton.
61 *Galen,—*] Capell. *Galen,* FfQ$_3$.
62 *desires*] F$_1$Q$_3$. *desire* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
66 SCENE III. Pope.
67 Enter...] Rowe (after line 65).
68 *in*] om. Q$_3$.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my

72 *with*] *vit* Capell.
73 *meet-a me*] *meet a-me* Singer (ed. 1).
74 [Aside...] Clark and Glover. See note (VII).
74, 75 *patience: in*] *patience. In* Johnson. *patience in* FfQ_3.
78 [Aside...] Staunton.
Pray you] *I pray you* Q_3.
laughing-stocks] *laughing-stogs* Capell.
81 [Aloud] Staunton.
your] *your your* F_4. *you your* Rowe.
urinals] (Q_1Q_2) Capell. *Vrinal* FfQ_3.
82 *for ... appointments*] Pope, from (Q_1Q_2). om. FfQ_3.
89 *Gallia and Gaul*] F_3F_4. *Gallia and Gaule* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *Gaule and Gaulia* (Q_1Q_2). *Gallia and Wallia* Hanmer. *Guallia and Gaul* Malone (Farmer conj.). *Gallia and Guallia* Collier (Farmer conj. MS.).
93 *Machiavel*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Machiuell* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *Machivel* F_4.

doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page! 105

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. —I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter. 111

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.* 115

95 *lose my parson, my priest*] *lose my Priest* Pope.

96, 97 *Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so*] Theobald, from (Q_1Q_2). om. FfQ_3. *Give me thy hands* (*Celestiall and terrestrial*) *so.* Collier MS.

101 *lads*] (Q_1Q_2) Warburton. *lad* FfQ_3.

105 [Exeunt...] Rowe.

106 *make-a de sot*] Hanmer. *Make-a-de-sot* $F_1F_2F_3$. *make a-de-sot* F_4. *make a de-sot* Johnson.

107 *us, ha, ha!*] *us! ha, ha!* Capell.

108 *vlouting-stog*] *vlouting-stock* Pope.

110, 111 *scall,...companion*] *scal',...companion* Capell. *scall-scurvy-cogging-companion* F_1. *scall scurvy-cogging-companion* $Q_3F_2F_3F_4$. *scall Scurvy-cogging companion* Rowe. *scald scurvy cogging companion* Pope.

112 *with*] *vith* Pope (ed. 1). *vit* Capell.

113 *where*] *vhere* Pope (ed. 1). *ver* Hanmer. *vere* Capell.

115 [Exeunt.] Pope. om. FfQ_3.

SCENE II. *The street, in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.
The street,...] Theobald. The Street. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, Caius. FfQ_3.
7 Enter Ford.] Rowe.
11 *company*] *your company* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
19 Ford. *Sir John Falstaff!*] omitted in F_3F_4 and Rowe.
20 *on's*] *on his* Rowe.

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go. 41

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford. 45

24 [Exeunt...] Rowe.
25 SCENE V. Pope.
Has] *Hath* Collier MS.
27 *mile*] *miles* Capell (a misprint), followed by Steevens.
37, 38 [Clock heard.] Capell. Clocke strike Ten. Collier MS.
38 *cue*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Qu* FfQ$_3$.
39 *search: there*] *search where* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
41 Enter...] Rowe.
42 SCENE VI. Pope.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poines; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

46—48 *And so...of.*] As in Pope. Printed as verse in FfQ$_3$.
47 *her*] *here* F$_2$.
59 *April*] *all April* (Q$_1$Q$_2$).
60 *buttons*] *betmes* (Q$_1$Q$_2$). *destiny* Anon. conj.
63 *Poines*] *Points* F$_1$Q$_3$F$_2$. *Poins* F$_3$F$_4$.
65 *he take*] *he takes* Q$_3$.
73 [Exeunt...] Capell.
74 [Exit Rugby.] Capell.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.* 76

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* FORD'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly!—is the buck-basket—

Mrs Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants *with a basket.*

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs Ford. Here, set it down. 5

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side. 13

76 [Exit.] Exit Host. Capell.

77 *in pipe-wine*] *hornpipe wine* Tyrwhitt conj.

SCENE III.] SCENE VII. Pope.

A room...] Capell. Ford's House. Pope.

Enter...] Capell. Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Servants with a Basket. Rowe. Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaff, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans. FfQ_3.

3 Enter...] Capell.

6—8 *brief.* Mrs Ford. *Marry...Robert, be ready*] *briefe, be ready* Q_3.

12 *Datchet-mead*] Rowe. *Dotchet Mead* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *Dutchet-Mead* F_4.

Mrs Page. You will do it?

Mrs Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit.*

Mrs Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

15 *ha'*] *ha* FfQ$_3$. *have* Capell.
16 [Exeunt Servants.] Johnson.
17 Enter Robin.] Rowe.
18 *eyas-musket*] *eyes-musket* Rowe (ed. 2).
20 *your*] *the* Q$_3$.
27 *Thou'rt*] *Thou art* Singer.
31 [Exit Robin.] Rowe.
cue] Rowe (ed. 2). *Qu* FfQ$_3$.
32 [Exit.] Rowe.
34 *gross watery*] *gross watry* F$_4$. *grosse-watry* F$_1$Q$_3$F$_2$F$_3$.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. 'Have I caught' thee, 'my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford. O sweet Sir John! 39

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady! 45

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither. 51

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

35 Enter...] $F_2F_3F_4$.
36 SCENE VIII. Pope.
thee] Ff Q_3. om. (Q_1Q_2) Dyce.
38 *my*] om. Q_3.
41 *Mistress*] *Master* Q_3.
48 *beauty*] *bent* (Q_1Q_2) Steevens. *bend* Keightley conj.
49 *tire-valiant*] F_4. *Tyre-valiant* F_1Q_3 F_2F_3. *tire-vellet* (Q_1Q_2). *tire-vailant* Warburton. *tire-voilant* Warburton's reading, misquoted by Steevens. *tire-velvet* Heath conj. *tire-volant* Steevens conj. *tire of Venetian admittance*] Ff Q_3. *Venetian attire* (Q_1Q_2) Pope. *tire of Venetian addition* Hanmer.
52 *By the Lord, thou art a traitor*] (Q_1Q_2) Singer. *Thou art a tyrant* FfQ_3. *Thou art a traitor* Warburton. *Thou art a truant* Long MS. *By the Lord, thou art a tyrant* Collier.
53 *fixture*] F_1Q_3. *fixure* $F_2F_3F_4$.
54 *gait*] Capell. *gate* Ff Q_3.
55, 56 *foe were not, Nature*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *foe, were not Nature* F_1Q_3. *foe were not; Nature is* Capell. *foe were but,*

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Nature S. Walker conj. *foe were not. Nature's* Jervis conj. *foe, were but Nature* Staunton conj.

58, 59 *persuade thee there's*] *persuade thee There's* (Q_1Q_2). *persuade Thee. There's* Ff. *perswade thee: Ther's* Q_3.

61 *buds*] *birds* Long MS.

62 *simple*] $F_1Q_3F_2$. *simpling* F_3F_4.

68 *lime-kiln*] *Lime-kill* Ff Q_3.

74 [Within] $F_2F_3F_4$. Re-enter Robin. Capell.

75 *sweating*] F_1Q_3. *swearing* $F_2F_3F_4$.

78 [stepping behind it. Capell.

80 [Falstaff...] Theobald. Falstaff stands behind the Arras. Wheatley, from (Q_1Q_2).

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion! 87

Mrs Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you! 90

Mrs Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone. 95

Mrs Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 104

Mrs Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house. 108

Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter Mis. Page. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.

81 SCENE IX. Pope.

92 *hither*] *hether* F_1Q_3.

96 *'Tis not so*] *Speak louder*—[Aside] *'Tis not so* Theobald, from (Q_1Q_2). (aside) *Speak louder.* (Aloud.) *'Tis not so* Wheatley.

Mrs Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather:' your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [*Coming forward*] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't!—I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.—Help me away.—Let me creep in here.—I'll never—

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

110 *and*] om. Q_3.

119 [Coming forward.] Enter F. Rowe. Re-enter Falstaff. Pope. [starting from his concealment. Capell.

124 *I love thee*] Ff Q_3. *I love thee and none but thee* (Q_1Q_2) Malone. A quotation, Nicholson conj.

125 [Gets...linen.] Rowe. Gets... basket and falles ouer. Collier MS.

128 *John! Robert*] *John Rugby* Q_3. [Exit Robin.] Malone. Re-enter Servants.] Capell.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck! —Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*

132 SCENE X. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe.
134 *How now!*] *How now? who goes here?* Halliwell, from (Q_1Q_2). *How now! what's here?* Jervis conj.
140, 141 [Exeunt...basket.] Rowe.
144 [Locking the door.] Capell.
144, 145 *So, now uncape*] om. Pope. *So, now uncouple* Hanmer.
145 *uncape*] *uncase* Anon. conj.
149 [Exit.] Exit Ford. Capell.
151 *no the*] F_4. *no-the* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *no de* Hanmer.
152 [Seuerall wayes Exeunt. Collier MS.
154 [Exeunt...] Capell. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$ (after line 152). om. F_1Q_3. Exeunt (at line 152). Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford. Rowe.

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page. [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

155 SCENE XI. Pope.
159 *who*] *what* Staunton (Ritson conj.).
170 *foolish*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *foolishion* F_1Q_3. *foolish eye on—carry on* Jackson conj.
174 *We will*] F_1F_2. *We 'l* F_3F_4.
174, 175 *to-morrow, eight*] F_1Q_3. *to-morrow by eight* $F_2F_3F_4$.
175 Re-enter...] Rowe. Enter All. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.
178 [Aside to Mrs Ford] Capell.
179 *You use...*] *I, I; peace:—You use...* Theobald, from (Q_1Q_2).

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife; come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

180 *Ay, I*] *I, I* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *I, I, I* F_3F_4.
181 Mrs Ford] M. Ford. F_1Q_3. Mis. Page $F_2F_3F_4$.
you] *me* Capell (Errata).
188 *at the day of judgement*] F_1Q_3. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
189 *By gar*] F_3F_4. *Be gar* F_1F_2.
there] *dere* Hanmer.
192 *ha'*] *have* Capell.
202, 203 *heartily*] F_4. *hartly* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* PAGE'S *house.*

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

211 *there*] *dere* Hanmer.
the] *de* Hanmer.
Theobald inserts from (Q_1Q_2), Evans. *In your Teeth: for Shame!*

215 *with*] *vit* Capell.

SCENE IV.] SCENE XII. Pope.

A room in...] Capell. Page's house. Pope.

Enter...] Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page. Rowe. Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page. Ff (Anne, F_1) Q_3.

7 *Besides these, other*] Ff Q_3. *Besides, these other* S. Walker conj.

8 *societies*] *society* S. Walker conj.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!

[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

12 Fent.] om. F_1.
my] *the* Capell (altered to *my* in his own hand).
20 *opportunity*] *importunity* Hanmer (Thirlby conj.).
21 [They converse apart.] Capell. Fenton and Mrs. Anne go apart. Theobald.
22 SCENE XIII. Pope. Enter...] Rowe.
28 *but that*] $F_1Q_3F_2$. *but* F_3F_4.
31 [Aside] Marked by Capell.
32 *vile*] Rowe. *vilde* FfQ_3.
33 *Looks*] *Look* Rowe.

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They

40 *pen*] *henloft* (Q_1Q_2) Halliwell.
52 [Stands back. Collier (ed. 2). (backe) Collier MS.
62 *my*] om. Q_3.
hath] *have* F_4.

can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.
Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*
Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.
Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.
Mrs Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.
Quick. That's my master, master doctor.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

65 *ask*] om. Q_3.
66 SCENE XIV. Pope. Enter...] Rowe.
67 *Fenton*] *Fenter* F_1.
75 *mind*] *wind* F_2.
[Exeunt...] Rowe.
80 *of*] *or* Q_3.
85, 86 Anne. *Alas,...turnips!*] Anne. *Alas,...earth.* Quic. *And...turnips.* Warburton.

Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs Page and Anne.*

Quick. This is my doing now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton:' this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

87, 88 *Come...enemy:*] Arranged as in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Ff.
87 *yourself. Good*] *your self; good* Warburton. *your selfe good* FfQ$_3$.
92 *angry*] *angry else* Jervis conj.
93 *gentle*] *my gentle* Capell.
mistress] *mistress Page* Keightley. [Exeunt...] Rowe.
95 *and*] *or* Hanmer.
99, 100 [Exit Fenton.] Exit. F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$ (at line 98).
108 [Exit.] Exeunt. F$_1$Q$_3$.

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy. 16

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with sack.*

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in. 20

Bard. Come in, woman!

SCENE V.] SCENE XV. Pope.
A room...] Capell. The Garter Inn. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford. FfQ_3.
3, 4 [Exit Bard.] Theobald.
5 *in*] *into* Rowe.
9 *blind bitch's*] *bitch's blind* Theobald. *blind batch of* Williams conj. (Parthenon, 1862).
16 *mummy*] *mummy. Now, is the Sack brewed?* Theobald, from (Q_1Q_2).
Re-enter...] Dyce. Re-enter Bardolph, with the Wine. Capell. Enter Bardolph. Theobald.
20 [Drinks. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

22 SCENE XVI. Pope.
Enter...] Enter Quickly. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.
23 *morrow*] *even* Daniel conj.
24 *pottle*] *posset* Grant White.
27 *pullet-sperm*] *Pullet-Sperme* F_1Q_3.
28 [Exit...] Capell.
29 *Mistress*] Rowe. *M.* F_1Q_3. *Mi.* $F_2F_3F_4$.
38 *yearn*] Capell. *yern* $F_1Q_3F_3F_4$. *yerne* F_2.
39 *this*] *to-morrow* or *in the* Daniel conj.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.* 50

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife? 56

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir? 60

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love. 70

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you? 74

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's

50 [Exit.] om. F_1Q_3.
51 ACT IV. SCENE I. Daniel conj.
53 Enter Ford.] om. F_1Q_3.
60 *sped you*] *you sped* Rowe. *how sped you* (Q_1Q_2) Dyce (ed. 2).
62 *How so, sir*] $F_1Q_3F_2$. *How Sir* F_3F_4.
63 *Cornuto*] *Curnuto* F_1Q_3.
65 *me*] om. F_4.
69, 77 *wife's*] Rowe. *wiues* FfQ_3.

approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames,

77 *in*] *by* (Q_1Q_2) Theobald.
77, 78 *distraction*] *direction* Hanmer (Warburton).
80 *By the Lord*] (Q_1Q_2) Malone. *Yes* F_1Q_3. *Yea* $F_2F_3F_4$.
81 *greasy*] *and greasie* Rowe.
83 *smell*] *smells* Hanmer.
96 *several*] *egregious* (Q_1Q_2) Pope.
97 *with*] *by* Rowe (ed. 2).
jealous] *iealious* F_1Q_3.
106 *in*] *is* F_2.
dish] *fish* Wheatley conj.

and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more? 111

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook. 116

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[*Exit.* 122

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.* 134

107 *surge*] *forge* Capell conj.
110 *have suffered*] *suffered* F_4.
111 *more?*] *more.* Singer.
114 *is*] *in* F_2.
115 *embassy*] *ambassie* FfQ_3.
122 [Exit.] om. F_1Q_3.
130 *nor*] *not* Q_3.
134 *one*] *me* Dyce (Collier MS.).
[Exit.] Rowe. Exeunt. FfQ_3.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

A Street] Capell. Page's House. Page, Quickly, William, Euans. Ff. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Mistris 8 Enter...] Enter Evans. Rowe.
10 *let*] *get* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

25 *polecats*] *powlcat* Q_3.
35 *a good*] *good* Reed (1803). *good*, Boswell.
41 *Accusativo*] *Accusative* F_3F_4.
hinc] *hunc* Halliwell.
43 *hung*] Pope. *hing* FfQ_3.
44 *Latin*] Rowe. *latten* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *Latine* F_3F_4.
45 *your*] *you* F_4.

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum':—fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

55 *Genitive*] *Genitivo* Singer.
56 *Jenny's*] *Ginyes* FfQ$_3$.
60 *to hick and to hack*] *to 'hic' and to 'hac'* Wheatley.
61 *horum*] *whoreum* Jackson conj.
63 *lunatics*] *lunaticks* Capell. *lunaties* FfQ$_3$. *lunacies* Rowe.
64 *of*] *and* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
65 *desires*] *desire* Pope.
70 *qui, quæ, quod*] *ki, kæ, cod* Steevens.
70, 71 *quæ...quæs*] *que...ques* FfQ$_3$. *your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods'*] *your kies, your kæs, and your cods* Steevens.
77 [Exit Sir Hugh.] Steevens (1793).

SCENE II. *A room in* FORD'S *house.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs Page. [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. Indeed!

Mrs Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets him-

A room...] Capell. Ford's house. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Falstoffe, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow. FfQ$_3$.
4 *accoutrement*] Capell. *accoustrement* F$_1$Q$_3$. *accoustrement* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
8 [Within.] Rowe.
9 [Exit...] Rowe.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$. om. F$_1$Q$_3$.
10 *who's*] *whose* F$_1$.
14 [Aside to her] Dyce. Aside. Theobald.
18 *lunes*] Theobald. *lines* FfQ$_3$. *vaine* (Q$_1$Q$_2$).

self on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

23 *his*] om. Collier MS.
33 *street*] F_1Q_3. *streets* $F_2F_3F_4$.
39 Re-enter F.] Capell. Enter Falstaff. Rowe. Enter. $F_2F_3F_4$. Enter in fright. Collier MS. om. F_1.
40 SCENE III. Pope.
43 *pistols*] *Pistol* Jackson conj.
48 *Creep into the kiln-hole*] Given to Mrs Page by Dyce (Malone conj.). *kiln-hole*] Capell. *Kill-hole* FfQ_3.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

55 Mrs Page.] (Q_1Q_2) Malone. Mist. Ford. FfQ_3.
57 Mrs Ford.] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
60 *a kerchief*] *kerchiefe* Q_3.
62 *a mischief*] *mischief* F_4.
63, 73, 85, 150, and passim. *Brentford*] *Brainford* (Q_1Q_2) FfQ_3.
66 *thrummed*]*thrum'd* $F_1F_2F_3$. *thrumb* F_4.
71 [Exit Falstaff.] Exit. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.

Mrs Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eats all the draff. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD *with two* Servants.

Mrs Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

87 [Exit.] Capell.
89 *him*] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_8.
93 *eats*] *eat* Johnson.
draff] Capell. *draugh* FfQ_8.
[Exit. Re-enter...] Malone. Exit. Re-enter...her two Men. Capell. Enter Servants with the Basket. Rowe (after l. 96).
96 *quickly, dispatch*] *quickly despatch* Singer.
[Exit.] Capell. Exeunt Mrs Page and Mrs Ford. Theobald.
98 *knight*] F_1Q_8. *the knight* $F_2F_3F_4$.
99 *as lief*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *liefe as* F_1Q_8.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket!—O you pandarly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

100 SCENE IV. Pope.
Enter...and Sir Hugh Evans] Enter ...and Evans. Rowe.
Caius,] om. Capell.
101 *againe?*] *againe.* F_1Q_2.
102 *villain*] *villains* Dyce (Collier MS.).
Youth in a basket] *You youth in a basket, come out here* Malone, from (Q_1Q_2).
103 *pandarly*] Ed. *Panderly* FfQ_2.
ging] $F_2F_3F_4$. *gin* F_1Q_2. *gang* Rowe.
104 *shamed*] *asham'd* F_2.
105 *wife*] om. Rowe.
107 *passes, Master Ford; you*] *passes! Master Ford, you* Capell.
not] *not fit* Gould conj.
112 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter...Capell. Enter...Theobald (after line 110).
115 *jealous*] *iealious* F_1.
120 Pulling ...] Pulls the... Rowe. Throwes about the cloathes all ouer the stage. Collier MS.
...basket.] basket, and throws them all over the stage. Collier, ed. 2.

Page. This passes!

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

122 *ashamed f*] *asham'd*, FfQ$_3$.
125 *wife's*] Rowe. *wiues* FfQ$_3$.
Come away] Rowe. *Come, away* FfQ$_3$.
130 *again f*] *againe*, F$_1$Q$_3$.
134 [All clothes thrown out. Collier (ed. 2). all throwne out. Collier MS.
145 *wife's*] Pope. *wiues* FfQ$_3$.

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say! 157

Mrs Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in woman's clothes, and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand. 161

Ford. I'll prat her. [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman. 166

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler. 172

152 *house?*] *house.* F_1Q_3.
156 *this is, beyond*] *this is beyond* Theobald.
159 *not*] om. F_1.
160 SCENE V. Pope.
Re-enter...and Mistress Page] Enter Falstaff in women's cloaths, and Mrs Page. Pope. Enter Falstaff in womens cloaths. Rowe. Enter Mistress Page; leading in Falstaff disguis'd. Capell. Enter Fal. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.
162 [Beating him] Beats him. Rowe. (beates her). Collier MS.
163 *hag*] F_3F_4. *Hagge* Q_3. *Ragge* F_1. *rag* F_2.
163, 164 *ronyon*] Capell. *Runnion* FfQ_3.
164 [Exit...] om. F_1Q_3.
170 *By yea and no*] *By Jeshu* (Q_1Q_2). *By yea, and nay* Collier MS.
171 *'oman*] *'omans* Q_3.
172 *his*] FfQ_3. *her* (Q_1Q_2) Pope.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

175 *trail*] $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *Tryal* F_4.
177 [Exeunt...] Dyce. Exeunt Page, Ford, Shal. and Sir Hugh. Capell. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.
181 *hung*] *hang* Reed (1803).
188 *fine*] *find* Q_3.
191 *him f*] *him.* F_1 (Booth's reprint).
193 *brains*] *brain* F_2F_4.
195 *still be*] *bee still* Q_3.
197 *period*] *right period* Hanmer.
197, 198 *the jest*] *jest* Q_3.
199 *it, then; shape it:*] *it, then shape it:* FfQ_3.

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* FORD'S *house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold

SCENE III.] SCENE VI. Pope.
A room...] Capell. Changes to the Garter Inn. Pope.
1 *Germans desire*] Capell. *Germane desires* FfQ_3.
7 *Ay*] om. F_3F_4.
them] $(Q_1Q_2)F_3F_4$. *him* $F_1Q_3F_2$.
9 *house*] (Q_1Q_2) Rowe. *houses* FfQ_3.
11 *come off*] *compt off* Theobald (Warburton). *not come off* Capell.
SCENE IV.] SCENE VII. Pope.
A room...] Capell. Changes to Ford's house. Pope.
1 *'oman*] *o'man* Ff. *o'mans* Q_3. *'omans* Capell.
7 *cold*] Rowe. *gold* FfQ_3.

Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,

10 *as faith*] F_1Q_3. *of faith* $F_2F_3F_4$.
11 *as*] F_1Q_3. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
11, 12 *Be...offence.*] As in Capell. One line in FfQ_3.
12, 13 *As...forward:*] One line in Hanmer.
13, 14 *let...sport,*] *Let our wives once again, to make us sport,* Hanmer.
18 *to send*] *send* Capell, reading *How?... Park* as one line of verse.
19 *he'll*] *he will* Capell.
20 *say*] *see* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
has] F_1. *hath* $F_2F_3F_4$.
in the rivers] F_1Q_3. *into the River* $F_2F_3F_4$.
22 *terrors*] *terror* Q_3.
27, 28 *There...forest,*] Arranged as by Pope. Prose in Ff.
28 *here in*] *in* F_4. *in our* Pope.
29 *midnight*] F_1Q_3. *of midnight* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:

30 *great ragg'd*] *great ragged* Rowe. *ragged* Pope. *great jag'd* Capell.
31 *tree*] *trees* Hanmer.
32 *makes*] *make* F_1Q_3.
41 Here Theobald inserts from (Q_1Q_2) *We'll send him word to meet us in the Field, Disguis'd like Herne* [*Horne* (Q_1Q_2)], *with huge Horns on his Head.* Malone gives the second line only. See note (VIII).
42, 43 *come: And...shape when*] *come. And...shape when* Rowe. *come, And...shape when* $F_2F_3F_4$. *come, And...shape, when* F_1Q_3. *come, And ...shape; when* Capell.

Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:

56 *fairy-like, to pinch*] *like to fairies pinch* Hanmer. *fairy-like too, pinch* Warburton. *to pinch*] FfQ$_3$. *to-pinch* Steevens, 1778 (Tyrwhitt conj.).
59 Mrs Ford.] Rowe. Ford. FfQ$_3$.
60 *him sound*] F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$. *him, sound,* F$_1$Q$_3$. *him round,* Pope. *him soundly* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
64 *ne'er*] Rowe. *nev'r* F$_1$Q$_3$. *nev'r* F$_2$. *ne're* F$_3$. *ne'r* F$_4$.
67 *taber*] *taper* Pope.
68 *That*] *This* Rowe (ed. 2).
70, 71 *My Nan...white.*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in FfQ$_3$.
72 *will*] F$_1$Q$_3$F$_2$. *would* F$_3$F$_4$. [Aside] Pope. *time*] *tire* Theobald. *trim* Singer (ed. 2).
75 *in name*] *in the name* Q$_3$.

He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

Mrs Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. [*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs Ford.*

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

80 [Exeunt...] Rowe.
82 *quickly*] *Quickly* Theobald.
[Exit...] Rowe.
86 *he*] *him* Hanmer.
87 *his*] om. Q_3. *has* Anon. conj.
89 [Exit.] om. F_1Q_3.
SCENE V.] SCENE VIII. Pope.
A room...] Capell. The Garter Inn. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly. Ff Q_3.
2 *snap*] *nap* Q_3.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

17 [Above] Theobald. Enter Falstaff. Rowe. om. Ff Q_3. (within). Collier MS.

27 *Master Slender*] Steevens (1778, 1785). *my master Slender*, Ff Q_3.

28 *thorough*] F_1Q_3. *through* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

39 Sim. *I may*] Rowe. Fal. *I may* Ff Q_3. Fal. *You may* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

40 Host.] Fal. Warburton.
Conceal them, or] *Conceal them, and* Hanmer. *Aye conseil them or* Becket conj.

39, 40 *conceal...Conceal*] *reveal...Reveal* Farmer conj.

42 *master's*] *master* Q_3.

49 Fal.] Ff Q_3. Host. Rowe (ed. 2).
Ay, sir; like] Ff Q_3. *I tike*, (Q_1Q_2). *Ay, sir Tike; like* Steevens (1778). *Ay, sir Tike;* Steevens, 1785 (Farmer conj.). *Ay, sir, tike*, Collier. See note (IX).

51 [Exit.] Exit Simple. Rowe. om. FfQ_3.

52 *Thou art*] *Thou are* F_1Q_3.

58 SCENE IX. Pope.
Enter Bardolph.] om. F_1Q_3.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—

61 *with*] *with by* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
63 *slough*] F_1Q_3. *slow* $F_2F_3F_4$.
64 *Faustuses*] *Faustasses* F_1Q_3.
66 Enter...] Capell. Enter Euans. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.
71 *Readins*] *Reading* F_4. *Readings* Theobald.
74 *vlouting-stocks*] *vlouting-stogs* Capell.
75 Enter Doctor Caius.] Capell. Enter Caius. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.
75, 82 [Exit.] om. F_1Q_3.
80 *grand*] *agrand* F_3F_4.
preparation] *preparations* Singer.
81 *dat*] *that* F_1Q_3.
82 *vill*] Capell. *will* FfQ_3.
83 *Hue*] Rowe. *Huy* FfQ_3.

I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bard.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the

84 *hue*] Rowe. *hu* $F_2F_3F_4$. *huy*, F_1Q_3.
85 [Exeunt...] Capell. Exit. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.
90 *me out of my fat*] *my fat out of me* Gould conj.
94 *to say my prayers*] (Q_1Q_2) Pope. om. Ff Q_3.
95 *repent*] *praye and repent* Collier MS.
96 SCENE X. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Quickly. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1Q_3.

action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON *and* HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,

110 *an old woman*] *a wode woman* Theobald.
SCENE VI.] Ff Q_2. SCENE XI. Pope.
Theobald continues Sc. 5.
The same...] Another room. Capell.
14 *whereof*] *whereof's* Pope.

Without the show of both; fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,

16 *fat Falstaff*] F_1Q_3. *wherein fat Falstaff* (Q_1Q_2) Malone. *fat sir John Falstaffe* $F_2F_3F_4$. *fat Falstaff, he* S. Walker conj. *therein fat Falstaff* Id. conj.

17 *scene*] *scare* (Q_1Q_2). *scene in it* Capell. *share* Dyce, ed. 2 (Jervis conj.).
[Shewing a letter. (or) Showing the letter. Steevens (after Capell).

25, 26 *Immediately...sir,*] As in Malone. One line in Ff Q_3.

25 *hath*] *hatst* Q_3.

27 *even*] *ever* Pope. *e'en* S. Walker conj., reading *Now...match* as one line.

39 *denote*] Capell. *deuote* Ff Q_3.

With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.
Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?
Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.
Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs Quickly.*

42 *ribands pendent*] *Ribonds-pendant* F_1. *Ribonds pendant* Q_3. *Ribands-pendant* $F_2F_3F_4$.
50 *name*] *time* Wheatley conj.
marrying] *marriage* S. Walker conj.
51 *ceremony*] *matrimony* (Q_1Q_2).
ACT V. SCENE I.] ACT IV. (continued). SCENE XII. Pope. Theobald continues the scene.
A room...] Capell.
Enter...] Rowe. Re-enter...Pope. Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford. Ff Q_3.
4 *chance*] *chains* Theobald conj.
8 [Exit...] Capell. After line 6, Rowe.

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders. 11

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. [*Exeunt.* 28

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her

Enter Ford. Rowe.
12 *yesterday*] *this morning* Daniel conj.
20 *Goliath*] Steevens (1793). *Goliah* FfQ$_3$.
SCENE II.] ACT V. SCENE I. Pope.
Windsor Park] Pope. A street. Capell.
3 *daughter*] om. F$_1$Q$_3$.

in white, and cry, 'mum;' she cries 'budget;' and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street leading to the Park.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* DOCTOR CAIUS.

Mrs Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

SCENE III.] SCENE II. Pope.
A street...] Another street,... Capell.
6 [Exit Caius.] Capell. After line 5, Rowe.
12 *Hugh*] Capell. *Herne* Ff Q_3. *Evans* Theobald (Thirlby conj.).
13 *all*] om. Q_3.
16 *night*] *knight* Jackson conj.

Mrs Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *disguised, with others as Fairies.*

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised as Herne.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You

19 *every way*] F_1Q_3. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

SCENE IV.] SCENE II. continued in Pope.

Windsor Park.] The Park. Capell.

Enter...] Enter Sir Hugh, Pistol, Quickly, Anne Page, and Others, vizarded, and disguis'd for Fairies. Capell. Enter Euans and Fairies. Ff Q_3.

3 *pid*] F_1Q_3. *bid* $F_2F_3F_4$.

SCENE V.] SCENE III. Pope.

Another...] Capell.

Enter F...] Enter sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him (Q_1Q_2). Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll. Ff Q_3.

2 *hot-blooded gods*] Rowe (ed. 2). *hot-bloodied-Gods* $F_1Q_3F_2$. *hot-bloodied-God* F_3F_4. *hot-blooded God* Rowe (ed. 1).

were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe? 14

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. 20

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be? 30

Mrs Ford.
Mrs Page. } Away, away! [*They run off.*

14 Enter...] Rowe.
20 [embracing her. Capell.
22 *bribe*] Theobald. *brib'd* Ff Q_3. *broke up* Kinnear conj.
24 *husbands*] *husband* Q_3.
27 [Noise within.] Rowe.
31 [They run off.] Capell. The women run out. Rowe.

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *disguised as before;* Pistol, *as Hobgoblin;* Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, *and others, as Fairies, with tapers.*

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;

32 *that's*] *that is* Rowe.
32—34 Printed as verse in Ff Q_3.
34 Enter...tapers] See note (x).
Anne Page,] Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, Harness, giving to her all the speeches here assigned to Mistress Quickly.
35 Quick.] Qui. Ff Q_3. Queen. Collier. Anne. Dyce. Que. Collier MS. Quick. *Fairies,*] Queen. *Quickly, ye fairies,* M. conj. Fras. Mag. xxi. 742.
37 *orphan heirs*] *ouphen-heirs* Theobald (Warburton). *ouphs, and heirs* Keightley.
40 Pist.] Puck. Harness conj.
41 *shalt thou leap*] *when thou'st leapt* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *having leapt* Singer (ed. 2).
42 *unswept*] *to sweep* Jervis conj. *unswep* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
46 [Lies...face.] Rowe.
47 *Bede*] Ff Q_3. *Pede* Theobald. *Pead* (Q_1Q_2) Dyce, ed. 2. *Bead* Collier.
49 *Raise*] *Rein* Warburton. *Rouse* Collier MS.

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

51 *as*] *that* F_4.
53 Quick.] Qu. $F_1Q_3F_2$. Qui. F_3F_4. Que. Collier MS.
57 *state as*] *site as* Hanmer. *seat as* Dyce, ed. 3 (S. Walker conj.).
58 *and*] *as* Theobald (Warburton).
60 *balm and...flower:*] *Balm and... Flow'r;* Rowe. *Balme; and...flowre,* Ff Q_3.
63 *nightly, meadow-fairies,*] Capell. *Nightly-meadow-Fairies* Ff Q_3.
64, 65 *ring: Th' expressure...bears,*] Rowe. *ring, Th' expressure...beares:* Ff Q_3.
66 *More*] *Mote* F_1Q_3.
68 *emerald tufts*] *Emrold-tuffes* Ff Q_3. *purple*] *purfled* Warburton.
69 *sapphire, pearl*] Theobald. *Saphire-pearle* Ff Q_3. *and*] *in* Warburton.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

75 *Pray you*] om. Pope.
79, 80 *Heavens...cheese!*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff Q_3.
80 [To himselfe. Collier MS.
81 *Vile*] Capell. *Vilde* $F_1Q_3F_2F_3$. *Vild* F_4.
[Seeing Falstaff all start out. Collier MS.
82 Quick.] Qu. F_1F_2. Qui. $Q_3F_3F_4$.
84 *turn*] *burn* Keightley conj.
86 [They burn...tapers.] Rowe.
88 Quick.] Qui. $F_1Q_3F_3F_4$. Qu. F_2.
90 *time*] *time.* Eva. *It is right, indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.* Theobald, from (Q_1Q_2).
Song.] Song, by one. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.), giving the four last lines to 'Chorus.'
91 *sinful*] *simple* Pope.
93 *a bloody fire*] *i' th' blood a fire* Hanmer.
95 *heart*] *the heart* Hanmer.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out. 100

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a boy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a boy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away Mrs* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE *and* MISTRESS FORD.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes 105
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook. 112

97 *mutually*] *mutuall* Q_3.
100 The stage direction which follows was inserted by Theobald from (Q_1Q_2) with some verbal changes.
101 Enter...] Enter...They lay hold on him. Rowe.
watch'd] *match'd* Collier MS.
101, 102 *Nay...turn f*] As in Rowe. Prose in Ff Q_3.
102 [taking off his buckes head and discouering F. Collier MS.
105 *these, husband*] *these husband* F_1Q_3. *these husbands* $F_2F_3F_4$. *these, husbands* Hanmer. *this husbandry* Bulloch conj.
fair yokes] *fairy jokes* Jackson conj. *fairy oaks* Grant White.
yokes] *yoakes* F_1Q_3. *okes* F_2F_3. *oaks* F_4. *oaks* [Pointing to the horns. Hanmer.
[Putting the horns yoke-fashion on Falstaff's neck. Nicholson conj.
111 *money*] *his money* Collier MS.
paid to Master Brook] *paid to M. Foord* (Q_1Q_2). *pay'd too, Master Brook* Capell.

Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a cox-comb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'? Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

120 *the sudden*] *with the sudden* Hanmer. 136 *pelly*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *belly* F_1Q_3.
132 *matter*] *butter* Gould conj. 138 *at*] *in* Rowe (ed. 2).

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? 145

Mrs Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife? 150

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will. 157

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction. 162

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter. 166

Mrs Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

145 *hodge-pudding*] *hog's pudding* Pope. *hog-pudding* Collier MS.

148 *as slanderous*] *slanderous* Q_3.

152 *sack, and wine*] *sacks, and wines* Pope.

153 *starings*] F_1Q_3. *staring* $F_2F_3F_4$.

156 *is a plummet o'er me*] *is plummet o'er me* Q_3. *has a plume o' me* Johnson conj. *is a planet o'er me* Farmer conj.

162 After this line Theobald inserts from (Q_1Q_2): Mrs Ford. *Nay, husband, let That go to make amends; Forgive that Sum, and so we'll all be Friends.* Ford. *Well, here's my hand: all 's forgiven at last.* Keightley adds, Fal. *It hath cost me well; I have been well pinch'd and wash'd.*

167 Mrs Page.] Mis. Ford. Q_3. [Aside] Theobald.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched? 171

Slen. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 180

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments? 185

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married. 192

169 SCENE VI. Pope.
Enter Slender.] Enter Slender, crying. Collier MS.
Whoa] *What* Rowe.
170 *how now! how now*] *How now* Q_3.
174 *what, son?*] *what sonne?* F_1Q_3.
177 *i' the*] *i't* F_2.
186 *white*] Pope. *greene* Ff Q_3.
188 After this line Theobald inserts from (Q_1Q_2): Eva. *Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?* Page. *O, I am vext at Heart. What shall I do?*
190 *into green*] Rowe (ed. 2). *into white* Ff. *in white* Q_3.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;

193 SCENE VII. Pope.
194 *un garçon*] Capell. *oon Garsoon* F_1Q_3. *one Garsoon* $F_2F_3F_4$.
un paysan] Capell. *oon peasant* Ff Q_3.
boy] *boe* $F_2F_3F_4$.
196 *did you*] *did you not* Rowe.
green] Pope. *white* Ff Q_3.
197 *by gar*] Capell. *bee gar* F_1Q_3. *be gar* $F_2F_3F_4$.
by gar] Capell. *be gar* Ff Q_3.
203 [Kneeles. Collier MS.
214 *title*] *guile* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *wile* Dyce (ed. 2). *will* Cartwright conj.

Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.
Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.
Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

223, 224 *Well...embraced.*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Ff Q_3.
224 After this line Pope, followed by Theobald, inserts from (Q_1Q_2): Evans [aside to Fenton] *I will* (Theobald adds *also*) *dance and eat plums at your wedding.*
225 *When...chased*] Prose in $F_1F_2F_3$.
230 *Let it be so. Sir John,*] *Let it be so* (*Sir Iohn:*) Ff Q_3.

NOTES.

Note I.

I. 1. 41. Master Page is called 'George' in three places, II. 1. 134 and 142, and v. 5. 189, but we have left the text of the Folios uncorrected, as the mistake may have been Shakespeare's own. It is however possible that a transcriber or printer may have mistaken 'Geo.' for 'Tho.'

In I. 3. 91, 92, on the other hand, we have not hesitated to correct the reading of the Folio, substituting 'Page' for 'Ford,' and 'Ford' for 'Page,' because, as the early Quartos have the names right, it seems likely that the blunder was *not* due to Shakespeare.

Note II.

I. 1. 49. Here again, as in line 40, $F_2F_3F_4$ read 'good,' F_1Q_2 'goot,' but we have not thought it necessary to do more than give a specimen of such variations. Capell, in order to make Dr Caius's broken English consistent with itself, corrects it throughout and substitutes 'de' for 'the,' 'vill' for 'will,' and so forth. As a general rule, we have silently followed the first Folio.

Note III.

I. 1. 114. With regard to this and other passages which Pope, Theobald, Malone, &c. have inserted from the early Quartos, our rule has been to introduce, between brackets, such, and such only, as seemed to be absolutely essential to the understanding of the text, taking care to give in the note all those which we have rejected.

The fact that so many omissions can be supplied from such mutilated copies as the early Quartos, indicates that there may be many more omissions for the detection of which we have no clue. The text of the *Merry Wives* given in F_1 was probably printed from a carelessly written copy of the author's MS.

Note IV.

I. 3. 98. Perhaps, as in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. 1. 315, and other passages, some of which are mentioned by Sidney Walker in his 'Criticisms,' Vol. II. p. 13 sqq., this vexed passage may be emended by supplying a word. We venture to suggest 'the revolt of mine *anger* is dangerous.' The recurrence of the same letters anger in the word 'dangerous,' might mislead the printer's eye and cause the omission.

Note V.

II. 1. 5. In the copy of Johnson's Edition, which belongs to Emmanuel College, there is a MS. note of Dr Farmer's referring to Sonnet CXLVII. in support of the conjecture 'physician' for 'precisian:' we find there

'My reason, the physician to my love,' &c.

[Printed by Steevens.]

Note VI.

II. 1. 193, 195. Here again we have followed the early Quartos in reading 'Brook' instead of 'Broome,' the name given by Ff Q_2. That the former was the original name is proved by the jest in II. 2. 136, where the Folios make sheer nonsense.

Mr Halliwell suggests that the following lines, IV. 4. 75, 76,

'Nay I'll to him again in name of Broome;
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure he'll come,'

were intended to rhyme and therefore favour the later reading. But in this scene there are no rhyming lines except the couplet at the end.

On the whole, it seems likely that the name was altered in the stage copies at the instance of some person of the name of Brook living at Windsor, who had sufficient acquaintance with the players, or interest with their patrons, to get it done.

Note VII.

III. 1. 74, 78. Mr Staunton is unquestionably right in supposing that one part of Evans's speech is spoken aside to his opponent, and the other part aloud. It is impossible else to account for the sudden change of tone. It might have been conjectured that, being a parson, he wished to appear peacefully minded, and therefore made his offers of reconciliation aloud and his menaces in an under tone, but Caius's reply shews that it was the threat which had been made aloud. Evans's valour, it would seem, had already evaporated when he had 'a great dispositions to cry' (III. 1. 20), and, besides, he had just begun to see that he was being made a laughing-stock. As his former speech (74, 75,) is also conciliatory, it was probably spoken so as to be heard by Caius only. He wished to keep up his credit for courage in the eyes of the bystanders. In the corresponding scene of the first Quartos we have the words 'Hark van urd in your ear,' and the meaning of the text may have been obscured by some omission in the Folio.

Note VIII.

IV. 4. 41. No doubt there is an omission here in the Folio, which may be partly supplied from the Quarto. But it is probable that Mrs Ford gave a still fuller explanation of her device and the grounds on which the disguise was recommended to Falstaff, otherwise Page would not have been so confident of his falling into the snare.

Note IX.

IV. 5. 49. In the edition of 1778 Steevens reads 'Ay, sir Tike, like'... but it is clear from Farmer's note that it should be 'Ay, sir Tike,'... and so it is corrected in the later editions of Steevens. In the edition annotated by Farmer, mentioned in note V., we find another conjecture of his: 'Ay, sir, if you like,'... or it may have been 'Ay, sir, an you like,' for the word preceding 'you' has been cut away by the binder.

Note X.

V. 5. 34. The stage direction of the early Quartos is: *Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, Mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries; they sing a song about him and afterward speake.*

The Folio enumerates at the commencement of the scene all who take part in it, including *Anne Page*, *Fairies*, *Quickly* and *Pistol*, and in this place has merely *Enter Fairies.* Malone introduced *Anne Page as the Fairy Queen*, and at the end, *with waxen tapers on their heads.* He however still assigned the speeches 35—39, 53—74, 82—85, and 88—90 to *Quickly.* Recent Editors have generally given them to *Anne*, on the ground that it is proved by IV. 6. 20 and V. 3. 11, 12, that she was to 'present the Fairy Queen,' and that the character of the speeches is unsuitable to Mrs Quickly. It has been argued, too, that the *Qui.* of the folios, line 35, may be a misprint for *Qu.*, i.e. *Queen.* This however is contradicted by the fact that Mrs Quickly plays the Queen in the early Quartos, and that the recurrence of *Qui.*, line 88, proves that the printer of the first Folio used either *Qui.* or *Qu.* indifferently as the abbreviation of *Quickly.*

Most likely, in this and other respects the play was altered by its author, but the stage MSS. were not corrected throughout with sufficient care. This will account for the mistake about the colours 'green' and 'white' in the final scene, lines 186, 190, 196.

Or we may suppose Mrs Quickly to have agreed to take Anne's part in order to facilitate her escape with Fenton.

Collier MS. has 'Enter Fairies with the Queene Anne.'

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
A Justice[2].
VARRIUS[3].
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone[4].
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants[2].

SCENE—*Vienna.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS Ff (added at the end of the play).

[2] Omitted in Ff.

[3] Varrius, a Gentleman, servant to the Duke. Rowe. om. Ff.

[4] Pompey...] Dyce. Clown...Rowe. Clowne. Ff.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency . . . . . .
. . . . . as your worth is able,

SCENE I. Lords and Attendants.] Singer. Lords. Ff. and Attendants. Capell.
An apartment...] Steevens (1793). A room...Capell. The Duke's Palace. Theobald. A Palace. Pope.
5 *put*] *not* Pope. *apt* Collier MS. *not yet* Keightley.
know] *avow* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (Athen. 1883).
7, 8 *remains, But that*] *remains; Put that* Rowe.
8, 9 *But that to your sufficiency...*] *But that, to your sufficiency, as...*Ff. *But that to your sufficiency you add Due diligency...*Theobald conj. *But that to your sufficiency you joyn A will to serve us...*Hanmer. *But that to your sufficiency you put A zeal as willing...*Tyrwhitt conj. *But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled* Johnson conj. *But your sufficiency as worth is able* Farmer conj. *But that your sufficiency...*Steevens (1773, 1778, 1785). *Your sufficiency ...able* Steevens conj. *But that your sufficiency be as your worth is stable* Becket conj. *But state to your sufficiency...*Jackson conj. *But thereto your sufficiency...*Singer (ed. 2). *But add to your sufficiency your worth* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *But that* [tendering his commission] *to your sufficiency And, as your worth is able, let them work* Staunton conj. *But that to your sufficiency I add Commission ample* Spedding conj. *But that to your sufficiency you*

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

add worth as ample Bailey conj. *But that to your sufficiency, as Your worth is able, you add diligence* Keightley. *But that to your sufficiency I add A power as mighty* (or *forceful*) Furnivall conj. (N. & Q. 1874). *But that to your sufficiency you take This your commission...* Anon. conj. (N. & Q. 1874). *But...sufficiency, add your worth as able* Kinnear conj. *To that, but your sufficiency...* Hicks conj. (N. & Q. 1875). *But t' add sufficiency, as your worth is able* Hudson. See note (I).

9 *able*] *ample* Hudson conj.
11 *city's*] *Cities* Ff.
11, 12 *terms For*] *forms Of* Hutchesson conj. MS.
14 [Giues it. Collier MS.
16 [Exit an Attendant.] Capell.
18 *soul*] *roll* Warburton. *seal* Johnson conj.
22 *what*] *say, what* Pope.
25 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter Angelo.] Enter Angelo and Lord. Collier MS.
27 *your pleasure*] F_1. *your Graces pleasure* $F_2F_3F_4$.

That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

28, 29 *character...history*] *history... character* Monck Mason conj.
28 *life*] *look* Johnson conj.
29 *history*] *heart's history* Kinnear conj.
32 *they*] *them* Hanmer.
35, 36 *all alike As if we*] *all as if We* Hanmer.
37 *nor*] om. Pope.
40 *glory*] *guerdon* Bailey conj.
42 *my part in him*] *in my part me* Hanmer. *my part to him* Johnson conj. *in him, my part* Becket conj.
43 *Hold therefore, Angelo:—*] *Hold therefore, Angelo:* [Giving him his commission] Hanmer. *Hold therefore. Angelo,* Tyrwhitt conj. *Hold therefore, Angelo, our place and power:* Grant White. *Hold therefore, Angelo, thy deputation;* Keightley.
45 *Mortality*] *Morality* Pope.
48 [Giving it. Collier (ed. 2). Gives it. Collier MS.
49 *metal*] Rowe. *mettle* Ff.
51 *upon it*] *upon't* Capell.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!
Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

No more] *Come, no more* Pope.
52 *leaven'd and prepared*] Ff. *leven'd and prepar'd* Rowe. *prepar'd and leaven'd* Pope. *prepar'd and level'd* Warburton. *prepar'd unleaven'd* Heath conj.
56 *to you*] om. Hanmer.
61 *your commissions*] F_1. *your commission* $F_2F_3F_4$. *our commission* Rowe (ed. 2).
give] *give me* Theobald. *give us* Grey conj.
66 *laws*] *law* Rowe (ed. 2).
70 *it*] *I* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).
76 [Exit.] $F_2F_3F_4$. Exit. (after line 75) F_1.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

84 *your*] *you* F_2.
SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
A street] Capell. *The street* Rowe.
...two]...two other Ff.
7 *sanctimonious*] *testimonious* Pope.
12 First Gent. *Why, 'twas*] 1. Gent. *Why! 'twas* Ff. First Gent. *Why!* Luc. *'Twas* Singer (ed. 2).
15 *before*] *after* Hanmer. See note (II).
do] *doth* Hanmer. *does* Warburton.
relish] Rowe. *rallish* F_1F_2. *rellish* F_3F_4.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

21 *What, in metre?*] *What? in metre.* Capell conj.

22—26 Lucio. *In any proportion... language.* First Gent. *I think... religion.* Lucio. *Ay, why not?...all grace.*] Lucio. *Not in any profession...language, I....religion.* 2 Gent. *And why not?...controversie.* Lucio. *As for...all grace.* Hanmer. See note (III).

22 *proportion or...language.*] *proportion? or...language?* Capell (withdrawn in Notes).

23 *religion.*] *religion?* Capell (withdrawn in Notes).

27, 31 First Gent.] 2 Gent. Hanmer.

29 *lists*] *list* Collier, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

32 *thou 'rt*] *thou art* Johnson.

39 First Gent.] 2 Gent. Hanmer.

41 Sec. Gent.] 1 Gent. Hanmer.

42 Here Ff have *Enter Bawde*, transferred by Theobald to follow line 55.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

43 SCENE IV. Pope.
Bawd coming at a distance. Hanmer.
Lucio] 1 Gent. Malone.
44 *I have*] 1 Gent. *I have* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *He has* Halliwell.
47 Lucio] 1 Gent. Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald).
48 *dolours*] Rowe. *dollours* Ff. *dollars* Pope.
56 SCENE IV. Johnson.
57 *sciatica*] *Ciatica* F_1.
65 *head*] *head is* Rowe. *head's* Capell.

Mrs Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs Ov. But what's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

77 [Exeunt...]Capell. Exit. F_1. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. Exe. Manet Bawd. Theobald.

81 SCENE v. Pope.

88 *with maid*] *with-maids* Seymour conj.

91 *houses*] *bawdy houses* Collier, ed. 2 (Tyrwhitt conj.). *houses of resort* Theobald conj. *banio* (altered to *bawdy*) *houses* Collier MS.

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

96 *all*] om. Pope.

110 SCENE continued in Rowe. SCENA TERTIA. Ff. SCENE VI. Pope. Enter Provost...Officers.] Rowe. Enter Prouost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2 Gent. Ff. Enter...Officers; Lucio, and the two Gentlemen, following. Capell. Juliet] Ff. Gaoler. Halliwell (T. White conj.). om. Hudson (Collier MS.). See note (IV).

113 *Lord*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

115 *offence*] *offence'* (for *offences*) S. Walker conj.

115, 116 *by weight The words*] Ff. *by weight; I' th' words* Hanmer. *by*

Re-enter Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract I got possession of Julietta's bed:

weight. The words Warburton (after Davenant). *by weight.—The sword* Staunton (Roberts conj.). *by weight The word* Halliwell. *by weight.—The word's* Becket conj. *by weight—The works* Jackson conj. *by weight Th' awards* Nicholson conj. See note (v).

117 *yet still 'tis just*] *yet 'tis just still* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

Re-enter Lucio...] Dyce.

121 *every scope*] *liberty* Wheler MS. *every scape* Collier MS.

124 *A thirsty evil*] *An evil thirst* Davenant's version. *A thirsted evil* Spedding conj.

128 *morality*] Rowe (after Davenant). *mortality* Ff.

135 [Takes him aside. Malone.

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

141 *the*] om. Meredith conj. (1883).
denunciation] *pronunciation* Collier MS.
143 *propagation*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *propogation* F_1. *prorogation* Malone conj. *procuration* Jackson conj. *preservation* Grant White.
a] *her* Keightley conj.
144 *coffer*] *coffers* Keightley conj.
147 *most*] om. Hanmer.
148 *on*] F_1. *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.
151 *fault and*] *flash and* Johnson conj. *fault or* Id. conj. *foil and* T. White conj. *heat and* or *gilt and* Bailey conj.
glimpse] *limpse* Warburton conj. *guise* Anon. conj. *gloss* Bailey conj.
161 *nineteen*] *fourteen* Whalley conj.

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away!

[*Exeunt.*

165 *it is*] *so it is* Hanmer (who prints lines 165—167 as four verses ending *stands...milk-maid...off...him.*
166 *she be*] *she be but* Hanmer.
173 *voice*] *name* Wheler MS.
174 *assay*] *essay* Collier MS.
175 *youth*] *zenith* Johnson conj. After this S. Walker proposes to insert *Her beauty, and her maiden modesty.*
176 *prone*] *prompt* Johnson conj. *pow'r* Id. conj. *proue* Becket conj.
177 *move*] Ff. *moves* Rowe. *beside*] *besides* Capell.
181 *under*] F_1. *upon* $F_2F_3F_4$. *on* Hanmer, who prints 179—185 as six verses ending *may...like...imposition...be...tick-tack...Lucio.*
181, 182 *imposition*] *inquisition* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).
182 *the enjoying of*] om. Hanmer. *who I would*] *which I'd* Hanmer.
184 *her*] *her strait* Hanmer.
186 *hours.*] *hours,*—Theobald.

SCENE III. *A monastery.*

Enter DUKE *and* FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,

SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENA QUARTA Ff. SCENE VII. Pope.
A monastery.] Rowe. A Cell. Capell.
3 *bosom*] *breast* Pope.
10 *and witless*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *witless* F_1. *with witless* Clark and Glover conj. *a witless* Nicholson conj. (N. and Q. 1885). *keeps*] *keep* Hanmer.
11 *deliver'd*] *delivered* Reed (1803).
12 *stricture*] *strictness* Davenant's version. *strict ure* Warburton.
15 *For*] *Far* F_2.
17 *this.*] *this?* Pope.
20 *to*] F_1. *for* $F_2F_3F_4$.
weeds] Ff. *steeds* Theobald. *wills* S. Walker conj. *deeds* Perring conj.

Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight

21 *this*] *these* Theobald.
fourteen] *nineteen* Theobald.
slip] Ff. *sleep* Theobald (after Davenant).
25 *to*] *do* Dent MS.
26 *terror*] F_1. *errour* $F_2F_3F_4$.
26, 27 *in time...more*] *will find in time The rod more* Badham conj. *do find in time The rod more* Hudson.
the rod Becomes more...decrees] Pope (after Davenant). *the rod More... decrees* Ff. *the rod's More...most just decrees* Collier MS. *the rod's More... so our Decrees* Long MS. *the rod's More mocked at...decrees* Keightley.
27 *mock'd*] *markt* Davenant's version.
34 *do*] om. Pope.
37 *I bid*] *I bad* Collier MS.
be done] om. Pope.
39 *the*] *their* Dyce ed. 2, and Keightley.
indeed] om. Pope.
42 *yet*] *put* Leo conj. (reading 43 as Halliwell).
my] *by* Bulloch conj.

To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;

nature] *nature's* Seager conj. *name is* Kinnear conj. (reading 43 as Cowden Clarke).

42, 43 *never...slander*] *ever in the fight To dole in slander* Jackson conj. *in the fight To do in slander*] *in the sight To do in slander* Pope. *in the fight So do in slander* Theobald. *in the sight To do it slander* Hanmer. *in the sight, So doing slander'd* Johnson conj. *in the sight To draw on slander* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *in the right To do him slander* Singer conj. *in the light To do it slander* Dyce conj. *in the fight To do me slander* Halliwell. *win the fight To die in slander* Staunton conj. *in the plight To draw on slander* Bulloch conj. *in the fight, To do it slander* Cowden Clarke. *in the fight To do with slander* Seager conj. *in the fight have To do in slander* Keightley.

43 *And*] om. Pope.

45 *I*] om. Pope.

47 *in person bear me*] Capell. *in person beare* Ff. *my person bear* Pope.

48 *Moe*] Ff. *More* Rowe.

49 *our*] F_1. *your* $F_2F_3F_4$.

50 *Only, this one*] *Only, this one now* Keightley. *Only this now* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).

SCENE IV.] Rowe. SCENA QUINTA Ff. SCENE VIII. Pope.

A nunnery.] Rowe.

...Francisca.] Rowe. ...Francisca a Nun. Ff.

1 *farther*] *further* Warburton.

2, 7 Fran.] Capell. Nun. Ff.

But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio [*within*]. Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:

5 *sisterhood, the votarists*] *sister votarists* Pope. *sisterhood, votarists* Dyce (ed. 2).
13 (call) Collier MS.
14 [Exit.] Exit Franc. Rowe.
15 Isab. *Peace...calls?*] Lucio. *Peace and prosperity!* Isab. *Who is't that calls?* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872). Enter Lucio.] Rowe.
17 *stead*] Rowe. *steed* Ff.
21, 22 *ask The rather*] *ask; The rather* Steevens.
26 *Woe*] *Woe's* Collier MS. (in pencil).
27 *For that which*] *That for which* Malone conj.

He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true.
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full,—as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,—even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;

30 *make me not your story*] *mock me not:—your story* Malone. *make me not your scorn* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS. after Davenant). *make...sport* Singer. *make...mockery* Gould conj. *It is true*] Steevens. *'Tis true* Ff (reading *'Tis...sin* as one line). om. Pope. *Nay, 'tis true* Capell.
31 *I would not*] Malone puts a full stop here.
33 *so:*] *so,* Malone.
40 *have*] *having* Rowe.
42 *That...brings*] *Doth...bring* Hanmer. *That forms the seed, next the bare fallow brings* Wagner conj. *seedness*] *seeding* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *seed dues* Gould conj.
44 *his*] *its* Hanmer.
49 *O, let him*] F_1. *Let him* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Let him then* Pope.
50 *is*] *who's* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *who is* Keightley.

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath

52 *and*] *with* Johnson conj. *in* Keightley.
do] om. Pope.
53 *nerves*] *news* Gould conj.
54 *givings-out*] Rowe. *giving-out* Ff.
60 *his*] *it's* Capell.
63 *for long*] *long time* Pope.
68 *hope is*] *hope's* Pope.
70 *pith of business 'Twixt*] *pith Of business betwixt* Hanmer. *pith Of business 'twixt* Steevens (1778). See note (VI).
pith of] om. Pope.
72 *so seek*] *so, Seeke* Ff. *so Seek for* Theobald. *so? seek* Clark and Glover conj.
Has] *H'as* Theobald. *Hath* Knight.
71—75 As in Capell. In Ff the lines end *so,...already...warrant...poore... good.*
73 *as*] om. Hanmer.

A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in* ANGELO'S *house.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *and a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other* Attendants, *behind.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

74 *A warrant for his*] *a warrant For's* Ff.
76, 77 *Assay...power I*] One line in Knight.
76 *Assay*] *Essay* Collier MS.
78 *make*] Rowe (ed. 2). *makes* Ff. *made* Johnson (a misprint).
82 *freely*] F_1. *truely* $F_2F_3F_4$.
A hall...] Capell. The Palace. Rowe. Enter...] Enter...and others, attending. Capell. Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice. Ff.

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

6 *fall*] *fell* Warburton conj.
8—10 *Let...That, in the*] *Let...whom I believe To...whether in The* Hanmer. *Let...whom I believe To... virtue, and consider This, In the* Capell.
9 *strait*] *straight* Knight.
12 *your*] Rowe (after Davenant). *our* Ff.
15 *which now you censure him*] *you censure now in him* Hanmer. *which now you censure him for* Capell. *where now you censure him* Grant White.
19 *the*] *a* Collier MS.
21, 22 *What's...laws*] Keightley ends line 21 at *made*.
22 *justice seizes*] *justice ceizes* Ff. *justice seizes on* Pope. *it seizes on* Hanmer. *what know*] *what! know we* Bulloch conj.
know] Rowe (ed. 2). *knowes* F_1F_2. *knows* F_3F_4.
know the laws] *knows the law* Dyce (ed. 2).
23 *very*] om. Hanmer, ending lines 21, 22, 23 at *made...know...pregnant*.

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* FROTH *and* POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people

24 *take't*] *take it* Steevens.
31 *Sir*] om. Pope.
After this line Ff have 'Enter Provost.' Capell omitted it.
36 [Exit Provost.] Rowe. om. Ff.
37 [Aside] Clark and Glover (S. Walker conj.).
heaven] *God* Adee conj.
38 This line is printed in italics in Ff.
39 *from brakes of ice, and*] *through brakes of vice, and* Rowe. *from brakes of vice, and* Malone. *from brakes of justice,* Capell. *from breaks of ice, and* Collier. *from wreaks o' vice* Keightley. *from brakes, off ice and* Knight conj. *through brakes of ice, and* Cartwright conj. *from banks of vice and* Gould conj. *from pranks of Iceland,* Bulloch conj. *from brakes of grace, and* Herr conj. (withdrawn). *from brakes of law, and* Id. conj.
answer] *answering* Bulloch conj.
40 *And...alone*] *Some are...alone.* or *And some...fault alone*– Seager conj.
some] *some are* Keightley.
41 SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...] Dyce. Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers. Ff.

in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as

57 *they*] *you* Rowe. conj.
63, 64 *a hot-house*] *an alehouse* Gould 66 *sir,*] *Sir?* F_1.

she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

78 *uncleanliness*] F_1. *uncleanness* F_2F_3 F_4.
79 *the*] *that* Hanmer.
85 [to Ange. Capell.
87 *prunes*] Johnson. *prewyns* F_1. *Prewynes* F_2F_3. *Prewns* F_4.
sir] om. F_4.
88 *distant*] F_1. *instant* $F_2F_3F_4$.
96 *prunes*] Johnson. *prewyns* F_1. *Prewyns* F_2. *Prewynes* F_3. *prewns* F_4.
but two] F_1. *no more* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,

103 *prunes*] Johnson. *prewyns* F_1. *Prewyns* F_2F_3. *Prewns* F_4.
105 *telling*] *tell* Boswell.
107 *very*] om. Pope.
113 *me*] om. Pope. *we* Grant White.
115 *nor*] om. Pope.
117 *into*] *unto* Collier MS.
120 *All-hallond*] *All-holland* Pope. *All-hollond* Steevens (1778). *All-hallownd* Staunton.
122 *chair, sir*] *chamber, sir* Capell conj. *chamber* Anon. conj.
126 *winter*] *windowes* Collier MS.

And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit Angelo.*

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the

132 SCENE III. Pope. [Exit Angelo.] Theobald. Exit (after 131). Ff.
148 *supposed*] *sworn* Gould conj.
154 *an*] Theobald. *and* Ff.

time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

175 *shall*] *should* Reed (1803).
183 [To Froth. Rowe.
186 *an 't*] Hanmer. *and 't* Ff.
187 *you*] *ye* F_4.
[To the Clown. Rowe.
189 *mistress'*] *mistress's* Rowe (ed. 2).

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

192 *by*] *be* Anon. conj.
195 *hang*] *hang on* Heath conj.
200 SCENE IV. Pope.
201 [Exit Froth.] Rowe.
209 *in*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
216 *nor*] *and* Pope.
218 *splay*] *spay* Steevens.
219 *of*] F_1. *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

223 *the knaves*] F_1. *knaves* $F_2F_3F_4$.
224 *are*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *is* F_1.
227 *year*] Ff. *years* Rowe.
229 *year*] F_1. *years* $F_2F_3F_4$.
230 *bay*] *day* Rowe (ed. 2).
237 *Pompey*] om. F_4.
240 [Aside] Staunton.
244 SCENE V. Pope.
248 *your*] Pope. *the* Ff. *thy* Collier conj. (withdrawn)

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piéce of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

Enter PROVOST *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

261 [Exit Elbow.] Rowe.
264 *home*] F_1. *go home* $F_2F_3F_4$.
271 *There is*] *There's* Pope.
SCENE II.] SCENE VI. Pope. Scene continued in Theobald. Another room...] Malone. A room... Capell. Changes to Angelo's House. Johnson.
1 *he will*] *he'll* Pope.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

2 [Exit...] Capell.
4 *but as offended*] *offended but as* Grant White.
5 *sects*] *sorts* S. Walker conj.
of this] *o' th'* Hanmer.
6 *for 't*] *for it* Pope.
6, 7 *what 's...Is it*] *What is...Is 't* S. Walker conj., reading *smack...will* as two lines the first ending *Now.*
9 *dost thou*] om. Hanmer.
12 *Go to*] om. Hanmer.
14 *honour's*] om. Pope.
17 *fitter*] *fitting* Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You're welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

22 *Well*] om. Pope.
[Exit...] Theobald.
25 *for 't*] *for it* Pope.
God save] Clark and Glover (S. Walker conj. reading *God...while* as one line). *'Save* Ff.
[offering to retire. Malone. Going. Stand backe. Collier MS.
26 *a little*] *yet a* Pope.
[To Isab.] Malone.
28 *Please*] *'Please* Ff.
Well] om. Pope.
suit f] *suite.* F_1.
30 *And most*] *And more* Rowe.
32 *must not plead, but that*] *must plead, albeit* Hanmer. *must now plead, but yet* Johnson conj.

Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

36 [Aside] Collier.
graces] *grace* S. Walker conj.
37 *it'*] Rowe (ed. 2). *it*, $F_1F_2F_3$. *it:* F_4.
40 *To fine*] *To find* Theobald.
faults] *fault* Dyce.
42 [retiring. Malone. Going. Collier MS.
43 [Aside...] Collier. To Isab. Johnson.
46 *more tame a*] *a more tame* Rowe.
53—55 *might you...him f*] *you might... him.* Dyce (ed. 2) and Keightley (S. Walker conj.).
56 [Aside...] Collier. To Isabel. Johnson.
You are] *Yo art* F_3. *Thou art* Collier MS.

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:

58 *back*] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
Well,] *and* Hanmer.
Well, believe] *Well believe* Theobald.
59 *'longs*] Theobald. *longs* Ff. *belongs* Rowe (ed. 2).
62 *with one*] *not with* So quoted by Keightley.
63, 64 *As...he,*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.
63—66 *As...stern.*] Three lines, ending *you,...him,...stern,* in Pope.
70, &c. [Aside to Isab.] Collier. Aside. Johnson.
73 *that were*] *that are* Warburton.
76 *top*] *God* Collier MS.
80 *condemn*] *condemns* Rowe.

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,

82 *must die*] *dies* Pope.
83 Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending *sudden.*
85 *shall we serve*] *serve we* Pope.
92 *If the first...edict*] *If he that did the edict first* Anon. conj.
the first] *the first,* Ff. *the first man* Pope. *he, the first* Capell (Tyrwhitt conj.). *the first one* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *but the first* Grant White. *the first he* Spedding conj. *that the first* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
the first that] *he who first* Davenant's version.
did the edict] *the edict did* Keightley.
95 *that shows what*] *which shews that* Hanmer.
96 *Either now*] *Or new* Pope. *Either new* Dyce (Collier MS.). *Either now born* Keightley.
99 *ere*] Hanmer. *here* Ff. *where* Malone.

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

104 *Be*] *Then be* Pope.
107 *it is*] *'tis* Pope.
108 *it is*] om. Hanmer.
110 *men*] *man* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).
111 *ne'er*] *neuer* F_1.
113 *Would*] *Incessantly would* Hanmer.
113, 114 *Would...but thunder!*] One line in Steevens.
114 *Heaven*] *sweet Heaven* Hanmer.
116 *Split'st*] *Splits* F_1.
117 *myrtle*] Pope. *Mertill* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Mertil* F_4. *Mirtle* Rowe. *yielding myrtle* Keightley.
but] F_1. *O but* $F_2F_3F_4$. *but a* Hudson conj. (doubtfully).
proud] *weak, proud* Malone conj.
119 *assured*] *assur'd of* Keightley.
120 *glassy*] *grassy* Lloyd conj. *ghostly* Gould conj.
122 *make*] Steevens. *makes* Ff.
123 *all themselves laugh*] *laugh themselves all* Keightley conj.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive 't.
Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
Lucio. Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

125 [Aside] Collier. To Lucio. Johnson.
126 *We*] *You* Collier MS.
cannot] *can but* Anon. conj.
ourself] *yourself* Theobald (Warburton).
127 *saints*] *sins* Anon. conj.
129 *i' the right*] *i' th right* F_1F_2. *i' right* F_3F_4. *right* Pope. *in the right* Steevens.
[Aside. Johnson.
132 *avised*] *avis'd* F_1F_2. *advis'd* F_3F_4. *thou advis'd* Hanmer.
more on't] *more on't, yet more* Hanmer.
140 *your*] *you* F_2.
141 [Aside] Johnson.
141, 142 *She...Such sense*] As in Steevens. One line in Ff.
142 *breeds*] *bleeds* Pope. *bends* So quoted by Theobald.
[To Isab. Johnson.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

149 *sicles*] *sickles* Ff. *shekels* Pope. *cycles* Collier conj. *Sirkles* Collier MS. See note (VII).

150 *rates are*] Johnson. *rate are* Ff. *rate is* Hanmer.

153 *preserved*] *reserved* Daniel conj.

155 *To...me*] One line in Steevens.
to me] om. Pope.

156 [Aside...] Johnson.
'tis well; away!] *it is well away.* Singer (ed. 1).

157 [Going. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[Aside] Johnson.
Amen] *Amen! I say* Hanmer. See note (VIII).

159 *Where*] *Which your* Johnson conj.

159, 160 *Where...Shall I*] One line in Keightley.

160 *your lordship*] *you lordship* F_2. *you* Hanmer.
'fore noon] Rowe. *'fore-noone* F_1F_2 F_3. *'fore-noon* F_4.

161 *'Save*] *God save* Hudson (S. Walker conj.), reading *At any...honour!* as one line. *Heaven save* Keightley.
[Exeunt...] Capell. Exeunt Lucio and Isabella. Rowe. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
SCENE VIII. Pope.

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

164 *Ha!*] Clark and Glover. om. Pope. At end of line 163, Ff.
166 *by*] *with* Capell.
172 *evils*] *offalls* Collier MS.
183 *never*] *ne'er* Pope.
186 *Ever till now*] F_1. *Even till now* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Even till this very now* Pope. *Ever till this very now* Theobald. *Even from youth till now* Collier MS.

SCENE III. *A room in a prison.*

Enter, severally, DUKE *disguised as a friar, and* PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

SCENE III.] SCENE IX. Pope. ACT III. SCENE I. Johnson conj.
A room...] Capell. A Prison. Rowe.
Enter severally...] Dyce. Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost. Rowe. Enter Duke and Provost. Ff.
7 *crimes, that I may*] *several crimes, that I May* Seymour conj.
9 Enter Juliet] Transferred by Dyce to line 15.
10 *mine*] *name* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).
11 *flaws*] F_3F_4. *flawes* F_1F_2. *flames* Warburton (after Davenant).
17 [To Juliet.] Theobald.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. *Exeunt.*

26 *offenceful*] *offence full* F_1.
30 *lest you do repent*] F_4. *least you do repent* $F_1F_2F_3$. *repent you not* Pope. Tyrwhitt conjectures that a line is lost after this.
33 *we would not spare*] Ff. *we'd not spare* Rowe (ed. 2). *we'd not seek* Pope. *we would not serve* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *we'd not appease* Singer conj.
34 *fear,—*] Capell. *feare.* Ff.
36 *There rest*] *'Tis well, there rest* Hanmer.
39 *Grace*] *So grace* Pope. *May grace* Keightley (Steevens conj.). *All grace* Seymour conj. *God's grace* Hudson (S. Walker conj.). *Grace go with you* is assigned to Juliet by Dyce (Ritson conj.).
40 *love*] *law* Hanmer.

SCENE IV. *A room in* ANGELO'S *house.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

SCENE IV.] SCENE X. Pope.
A room...] Capell. The Palace. Rowe.
2 *empty*] om. Seymour conj.
3 *invention*] *intention* Pope.
4 *Heaven*] *Heaven's* Rowe. *Heaven is* Capell.
5 *his*] *its* Pope.
9 *fear'd*] *sear'd* Hanmer. *sear* Heath conj. *stale* Anon. conj. *hard* Gould conj. *sere* Hudson. See note (IX).
10 *take*] *took* Seymour conj.
12 *for vain. O place,*] *for vane. O place!* or *for vane o' the place.* Malone conj.
15 *thou art blood*] *thou art but blood* Pope. *thou still art blood* Malone. *blood, thou art blood* S. Walker conj. *thou art blood still* Keightley.
17 *'Tis not*] *Is't not* Hanmer. *'Tis yet* Johnson conj.
Enter...] Enter Seruant. Ff.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

17—19 *How...way.*] Two lines, the first ending *sister*, in Steevens (1793).
18 *desires*] *asks* Pope.
19 [Exit Serv. Malone. Solus. Johnson.
20 *my blood*] *the blood* Anon. conj.
21 *both it*] *both that* Pope. *it both* Collier MS.
22 *all*] om. Hanmer, who makes lines 19—23 end at *blood...both that...dispossessing...fitness? my*] *the* Reed (1803).
24 *swoons*] Rowe (ed. 2). *swounds* Ff.
27 *general subject...king*] *general, subject...king*, Steevens, 1778 (Malone). *subject*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *subjects* F_4.
28 *part*] *path* Collier MS.
30, 31] *How...pleasure.*] As one line in Steevens.
31 SCENE XI. Pope.
33 *demand*] *declare* Hanmer. *Your brother*] *He* Hanmer.
34 *your honour*] *you* Hanmer. [Going. Rowe. Retiring. Malone.
35 *awhile*] Pope. *a while* Ff.

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin

45 *sweetness*] *lewdness* Hanmer.
46 *easy*] *just* Hanmer.
48 *metal*] Theobald. *mettle* Ff. *means*] *mints* Steevens conj. *moulds* Keightley (Malone conj.).
50 *'Tis...earth*] *'Tis so set down in earth but not in heaven* Johnson conj.
51 *Say*] *And say* Pope. *Yea, say* S. Walker conj. (ending lines 50, 51 at *heaven...then I.*) *Ha! say* Keightley. *Ay, say* Hudson.
53 *or*] Rowe (after Davenant). *and* Ff.
58 *for accompt*] *accompt* Pope.

To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,

68 *Were...charity.*] *Were't...charity?* Hanmer. *'Twere...charity.* Keightley (Seymour conj.).
70 *of*] om. Pope.
71 *make it my morn prayer*] *make't my morning prayer* Hanmer.
73 *your*] *yours* Johnson conj.
75 *craftily*] Rowe (after Davenant). *crafty* Ff.
that's] *that is* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.), reading *crafty*.
76 *me*] om. F_1.
80 *enshield*] *in-shell'd* Collier, ed. 2 (Tyrwhitt conj.). *conceal'd* Bailey conj. *enshell'd* Keightley.
louder] *lovelier* Bailey conj.
81 *Than beauty*] *Than itself* Keightley conj.
could, display'd] *broad-display'd* Bailey conj.
mark me] *mark me well* Hanmer. *mark me now* Keightley conj. *mark you me* Hudson.

Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

90 *loss*] *loose* Singer MS. *toss* Johnson conj. *list* Heath conj. *force* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *top* Wellesley conj.

94 *all-building*] Ff. *all-holding* Rowe. *all-binding* Johnson. *thrall-holding* Bulloch conj. See note (x).

97 *to let*] *let* Hanmer.

102 After this, a line omitted. Gould conj.

103 *longing have*] *longing I've* Rowe. *longing I have* Capell. *longing had* Knight. *long I had* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.). See note (xi). *sick*] *seek* Johnson (a misprint).

104, 105 *your...way:*] One line in Collier (Capell conj.).

106 *at*] *for* Johnson conj.

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger

111 *Ignomy in*] *Ignomie in* F_1. *Ignominy in* $F_2F_3F_4$. *An ignominious* Pope. *No; ignomy in* Keightley.
112, 113 *mercy Is nothing kin*] Ff. *mercy sure Is nothing kin* Pope. *mercy is Nothing akin* Steevens. See note (XII).
117 *oft*] *very oft* Hanmer, who ends lines 116, 117 at *me...have*.
118 *To...mean*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Two lines in Ff.
we would] *we'd* Steevens (1793).
122 *feodary*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *fedarie* F_1. *feodary of Heaven* Keightley.
123 *succeed thy*] *succumb to th'* Gould conj.
thy weakness] *by weakness* Rowe. *to weakness* Capell. *this weakness* Harness (Malone conj.).
126 *make*] *take* Johnson conj.
127 *Heaven!*] *heav'n!* Johnson. *heaven;* Ff.
their] *thy* Clark and Glover conj.

Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;

135 *you be*] *you're* Pope.
140 *former*] *formal* Warburton.
142, 143 *My...me*] One line in Steevens (1793).
143 *for it* Pope. *for't* Ff.
145 *virtue*] *office* Gould conj.
153 Pope ends the line at *world*.
aloud] om. Hudson (Dyce conj.). A stage direction. Gould conj.
156 *My*] *May* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

160 *race*] *rage* Gould conj.
163 *redeem*] *save* Pope.
171 *should*] *shall* Reed (1803).
172 *perilous*] *most perilous* Theobald. *these perilous* Keightley (Seymour conj.). *pernicious* So quoted by S. Walker.
175 *court'sy*] *curtsie* Ff.
179 *mind*] *mine* Jackson conj.
183 *pollution*] *pollution as this* Keightley.
185 Inverted commas prefixed to this line in Ff.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

A room...] Capell. The Prison. Rowe.
Enter...] Dyce. Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost. Ff.
1 *of*] *for* Hanmer.
3, 4 *But...die*] As in Capell. Prose in Ff. One line in Rowe. Hanmer reads *But...am* as one line.
4 *I've*] *I have* Ff.
5 *either*] *or* Pope.
8 *keep*] *reck* Warburton. *weep* Bailey conj.
thou art] om. Hanmer.
10 *dost*] Ff. *do* Hanmer. *doth* Keightley.
15 *Thou 'rt*] *Thou art* Steevens.
20 *exist'st*] Theobald. *exists* Ff.

For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

24 *effects*] *affects* Dyce, ed. 2 and Keightley (Johnson conj.).
25 *If*] *Though* Hanmer.
28 *unloads*] *unloadeth* Rowe (ed. 2). *in fine unloads* Keightley.
29 *bowels*] *barnes* Gould conj.
thee sire] F_4. *thee, fire* $F_1F_2F_3$. See note (XIII).
31 *serpigo*] Rowe. *Sapego* F_1. *Sarpego* $F_2F_3F_4$.
33 *it were*] *'twere* Elze. conj., reading *nor age...sleep* as one line.
34 *all thy blessed*] *pall'd, thy blazed* Warburton. *all thy blasted* Johnson conj. *all thy boasted* Collier MS. and T. White conj. (withdrawn). *all thy best of* T. White conj.
35 *Becomes as aged*] *Beholding is to age* Kinnear conj.
as aged] *an indigent* Hanmer. *assuaged* Warburton. *unaged* or *nonaged* Smith ap. Grey conj. *assieged* Becket conj. *engaged* Keightley (Staunton conj.). *as gaged* or *an abject* Keightley conj. *enaged* T. White conj. *abased* Clark and Glover conj. *assailed* Bulloch conj.
37 *beauty*] *bounty* Warburton.
38—40 *What's yet...deaths: yet*] *What's in this That...life, when in...deaths? yet* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (Athen. 1884).
38 *yet*] om. Pope.
39 *Yet*] *Yea*, Keightley.
40 *moe*] Ff. *more* Rowe. *a* Hanmer. *some* Keightley.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

44 [within] Capell.

46 *sir*] *son* Dyce (ed. 2) and Keightley (Mason conj.).

47 Enter Isabella.] As in Dyce. After line 43, in Ff. After line 45, in Capell.

49 *Look*] om. Pope.

53 *Bring me to hear them speak*] Malone (Steevens conj.). *Bring them to hear me speak* F_1. *Bring them to speak* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Bring me to stand* Capell.

54 *concealed*] *conceal'd* F_1. *conceal'd, yet hear them* $F_2F_3F_4$. *conceal'd, yet hear them speak* Capell. *Bring me where I conceal'd May hear them speak* Davenant's version. [Exeunt...] Rowe. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.

55 SCENE II. Pope.
sister] *good sister* Hanmer.

56, 57 *Why...indeed*] As one line, Keightley.

57 *comforts*] *Our comforts* Hudson conj., reading *Now...all* as one line. *most good, most good indeed.*] *most good indeed.* Pope. *most good in deed.* Theobald. *most good in speed.* Hanmer. *most good. Indeed* Blackstone conj. See note (XIV).

Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

60 *leiger*] *ledger* Capell. *lieger* Staunton.
62 *set on*] *set out* Pope.
64 *To*] *Must* Hanmer.
70 *Though*] *Tho'* Rowe (ed. 2). *Through* Ff.
72 *to't*] *to it* Collier MS.
76 *shouldst*] *wouldst* Collier MS.
78 *die*] *not die* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (Athen. 1884).

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?—

83, 84 *can a...From*] *cannot...From* Keightley. *cannot... For* Daniel conj.

83 *can a resolution fetch*] *want a resolution fetch'd* Hanmer. *can in resolution faint* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (Athen. 1884).

84 *tenderness?*] *tenderness.* Dyce, ed. 1 (Heath conj.).

90 *appliances*] *appliance* Hanmer.

92 *head*] *bud* Grey conj.
emmew] *enmew* Steevens (1793). *enew* Keightley.

93 *falcon*] *faulconer* Grey conj.

94, 95 *filth...pond*] *pond...filth* Upton conj.

95 *prenzie Angelo!*] *prenzie, Angelo?* F_1. *Princely, Angelo?* F_2F_3. *Princely Angelo?* F_4. *frenzy! Angelo?* Knight (Stratford ed.), reading *princely* in line 98.

95, 98 *prenzie*] F_1. *princely* $F_2F_3F_4$. *priestly* Hanmer (Warburton). *precise* Knight (Tieck conj.). *pensive* Anon. conj. (N. & Q. 1851). *saintly* Hickson conj. *printsy* Taylor conj. *phrensied* Anon. conj. (N. & Q. 1851). *primsie* Anon. conj. (N. & Q. 1851). *primzie* Singer (ed. 2). *rev'rend* Staunton. *pensie* Bulloch conj. (withdrawn). *proxy* Id. conj. *priestlike* Kinnear conj. *preuzie* Adee conj. (Shakespeariana, 1885), reading *princely* or *priestly* in line 98. See note (xv).

97 *damned'st*] *damnest* F_1.

98 *guards*] *garb* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

98—100 *Claudio?—...freed.*] Clark and Glover. *Claudio,...freed?* Ff. *Clau-*

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.
Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become

dio,...freed. Collier. *Claudio,—... freed!* Staunton.
101 *give't*] *grant* Hanmer. *give* Warburton. *give it* Steevens. *from*] *for* Hanmer.
107 *dear*] *dearest* Pope.
109 *Yes*] *I will* Keightley. *he*] *he then* Hanmer.
115 *Why*] *Why,* Hanmer.
120 *obstruction*] *destruction* Bailey conj. *abstraction* Cartwright conj. *oblivion* So quoted in the Cornhill Mag. (May 1867). *obstriction* Gould conj.
121 *sensible warm*] *sensible-warm* S. Walker conj.

A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!

122 *the*] *this* Spence conj. (N. & Q. 1878).
delighted] *dilated* Hanmer. *benighted* (Anon. conj. ap. Johnson). *delinquent* Upton conj. *alighted* Anon. conj. *delated* Jackson conj. *delivered* Hutchesson conj. (Gent. Mag. 1790). *dislodged* Bulloch conj. See note (XVI).
123 *reside*] *recidè* F_1.
124 *thrilling*] *chilling* Cartwright conj.
region] *regions* Rowe.
thick-ribbed] *thick-ribb'd* Theobald.
128, 129 *those that...thought Imagine*] *those, that...thought, Imagine* Ff. *those, that...thoughts Imagine* Theobald. *those—that...thought—Imagine* Hanmer. *those whom...thought Imagines* Heath conj. (after Davenant). *those that, lawlesse and incertaine, thought Imagines* Collier MS.
131 *penury*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *periury* F_1.
and] om. Pope.
142 *shield*] F_1. *shield:* $F_2F_3F_4$. *grant* Pope.

For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore

143 *wilderness*] *wildness* or *wiliness* Grey conj.
145 *perish!*] *perish, wretch!* Cartwright conj. *perish thou!* Hudson conj.
but my] *my only* Pope.
149 *Nay*] om. Pope.
152 [Going. Capell.
153 SCENE III. Pope.
Re-enter Duke.] Capell. Duke steps in. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1. Enter Duke and Provost. Rowe.
159 [Walks apart.] Capell.
160 [To Claudio aside. Johnson.
162 *assay*] *essay* Rowe.

prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in

167 *satisfy*] *falsify* Hanmer (Warburton). *qualify* Hudson (Bailey conj.). *resolution*] *irresolution* Cartwright conj.
168, 169 *go to*] *Goe, to* Collier MS.
170 [Crosses to Isabella, and kisses her hand. Acting copy.
172 [Exit C.] Exit. $F_2F_3F_4$ after line 171. om. F_1. See note (XVII).
173 Re-enter...] Capell.
177 *habit*] *Liverie* Egerton MS.?
178 [Exit...forward.] Clark and Glover. [Exit. Ff.
180 *cheap*] *chiefe* Collier MS.
181 *in goodness*] *in such goodness* Hanmer.
182 *should*] *shall* Steevens (1778).
183 *to you*] *on you* Hanmer.
187 *him:*] *him*, Dyce.

Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

194, 195 *advisings:...good*] Pope. *advisings,...good;* Ff.
196 *uprighteously*] *uprightly* Pope.
201 *speak farther*] *speak, father* F_4. *speak further* Johnson.
208 *She*] *Her* Pope. *was*] *he was* Hanmer.
209 *by*] om. F_1.
and] om. F_4.
211 *wrecked*] *wreck'd* Hanmer. *wrackt* Ff.

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father. 230

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you

221 *few*] F_1F_2. *few words* F_3F_4. *her on*] *on her* Capell conj.
223 *a marble*] *as marble* Collier MS. *teare*] *teares* F_1. *eares* F_2F_3. *ears* F_4.
232 *unkindness*] *kindness* Pope.
240 *granted in course,—and now*] *granted in course, and now* Ff. *granted, in course now* Rowe (ed. 2). *granted in course, now* Capell.
241 *stead*] Rowe (ed. 2). *steed* Ff.
go] *and go* Keightley.
245 *scaled*] *foiled* Grant White. *sealed* Staunton conj.
246 *his*] *this* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

Enter, on one side, DUKE *disguised as before; on the other,* ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred

248 *from*] *and* Rowe.
250, 251 *and I trust it*] *and, I trust, it* Theobald.
255 *resides*] *recides* F_1.
259 [Exeunt severally] Theobald. [Exit. Ff.
SCENE II.] Capell. om. Ff. SCENE IV. Pope.
The street...] Street...Capell. The Street. Rowe.
Enter.....Pompey.] Dyce. Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers. Ff. Enter Duke, Elbow, Clown and Officers. Pope. Re-enter Duke as a Friar... Theobald.
4 *here f*] *heere.* F_1.
5 *usuries*] *usances* Collier MS.
7 Punctuated as in Hanmer. Ff. place a semicolon after *law.* Pope a full stop. Warburton supposes a line or two to be lost.
furred gown] *furred lamb-skin gown* Capell.

with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

8 *fox and lamb-skins*] *fox-skins* Capell. *fox on lamb-skins* Hudson (Mason conj.).
11 *father*] om. Johnson conj.
16 *sirrah!*] *sirrah, fie!* Hudson (Dyce conj.).
22 *eat, array myself*] Theobald (Bishop conj.). *eat away my selfe* Ff.
24 *Go mend, go mend*] *Go mend, mend* Pope. *Mend, go mend* Steevens (1773). *Go, mend, go, mend* Steevens (1778).
25 *does*] *doth* Pope.
26 *prove—*] *proue.* F_1.

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! 36

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha? 51

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey? 57

36 *From...faults from*] *From overt faults assoilzied, from* Bulloch conj. *From our faults* F_1. *Free from our faults* F_2F_3. *Free from all faults* F_4. *From all our faults* Seager conj. *as faults from seeming*] *or faults from seeming* Theobald conj. *as from faults seeming* Hanmer. *or from false seeming* Johnson conj. *our faults from seeming* Kinnear conj.

37 SCENE V. Pope. Enter Lucio.] As in Pope. After line 36 in Ff. *waist*] Steevens (1778). *wast* $F_1F_2F_3$. *waste* F_4.

40 *wheels*] *heels* Steevens.

43 *it*] Rowe (ed. 2). om. Ff.

44, 45 *this tune...Is't not*] *this? tune... method,—is't not?* Johnson conj.

45 *matter and method*] *the matter and the method* Hanmer. *Is't not...rain*] *It's not down in the last reign* Warburton.

46 *thou, Trot*] *thou to't* Dyce (Grey conj.). *thou, Troth* Jackson conj.

52 *her*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

55, 56 *ever...so*] Two lines of verse, S. Walker conj.

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how? 60

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. 66

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar. 71

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir? 75

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke? 80

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

59, 60 *go say*] *go, say* Rowe (ed. 2).
69, 70 *bondage: if...patiently,*] Theobald. *bondage if...patiently:* Ff.
70 *not patiently...mettle*] *but patiently ...merit* Gould conj.
76 *Then*] *Neither then* Keightley. *Pompey, nor*] *Pompey? nor* Steevens. *Pompey? no, nor* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
79, 80 [Exeunt...Officers.] Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers. Rowe. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
79 *Go to*] *Go—to* Johnson.
80 SCENE VI. Pope.
81 *none*] *of none* Keightley.

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he

86 *mad fantastical*] *mad-fantastical* S. Walker conj.
87 *the state*] *his state* Dyce (ed. 2).
93 *general*] *gentle* Warburton. *genteel* Grey conj. (withdrawn).
94 *a great*] *great* Rowe.
98 *this*] Ff. *the* Pope.
103, 104 *is a motion generative*] *is a motion ungenerative* Theobald. *has no motion generative* Hanmer. *is not a motion generative* Capell. *is a motion ingenerative* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *is a notion generative* Upton conj. *is a mule ungenerative* Anon. conj. *is a'most ungenerative* Bulloch conj. *a motion generated* Seager conj.
110 *a*] *of a* Singer (ed. 1).

had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

113 *detected*] *detracted* Capell.
117 *your*] *with your* Keightley.
122 *shy*] *sly* Hanmer.
125 *I*] om. Rowe.
133 *need*] *meed* Gould conj.
141 *dearer*] Hanmer. *deare* F_1F_2. *dear* F_3F_4.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would

155 *too*] *to* F_1.
156 *little*] *a little* Hanmer.
again.] *again?* Ff.
167 *this Claudio*] *this: Claudio* Clark and Glover conj.
170 *He's not past it yet, and I say to thee*] Hanmer. *He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee)* Ff. *He's now past it: yea, and I say to thee* Capell.
say] *say't* Anon. conj.

mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, *and* Officers *with* MISTRESS OVERDONE.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have

171 *smelt*] *smelt of* Rowe.
172 *said*] *say* Pope.
178 SCENE VII. Pope.
Enter...] Dyce. Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers. Johnson. Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd. Ff.
182 *swear*] *swerve* Hanmer. *severe* Farmer conj.
194 [Exeunt...] Exeunt with the Bawd. Rowe. om. Ff.

all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than

199 *So*] *My lord, so* Keightley.
201 *even*] F_4. *'even* $F_1F_2F_3$.
205 *time*] *turn* Gould conj.
206 *See*] Theobald. *Sea* Ff. *See of Rome* Keightley. *Holy See* Id. conj. (withdrawn).
211—213 *and it is as...course, as... undertaking. There*] *and, as it is ...course; as...undertaking;. there* Hudson.
211 *and it is as*] F_3F_4. *and as it is as* F_1F_2.
211, 212 *it is as...as it is*] *as it is...so it is* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).
212 *constant*]*inconstant* Hudson (Staunton conj.).
undertaking. There] *undertaking, there* Collier.
218, 219 *One...himself.*] Two lines, the first ending *strifes*, in Ff.
219 *especially*] *specially* Pope.

merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;

231 *leisure*] *lecture* Capell conj.

233 *your function*] *the due of your function* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

242 SCENE VIII. Pope. [Exeunt...] Capell. [Exit. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.

245, 246 *Pattern...go*] *Patterning himself to know, In grace to stand, in virtue go* (Johnson conj.). *Pattern in himself, to show Grace and virtue. Stand or go* Becket conj. *Pattern...show, Grace...go* Staunton conj. *Pattern...show Of grace...go* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (Athen. 1884). *Pattern in himself to show Grace withstanding virtue's foe* Bulloch conj. *Pattern...show, Grace...owe* Kinnear conj.

246 *Grace...and virtue*] *In grace...in virtue* Keightley conj. *Place to stand on, way to* Leo conj. *and virtue go*] *virtue to go* Coleridge conj. *and undergo* Wellesley conj.

More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

248 *self-offences*] *self offences* Collier.

255 *How...made*] *How made likeness may* Nicholson conj. (N. & Q. 1866). *To have my likeness trade* Bulloch conj.

255—257 *may...To draw*] *many...Draw* Harness.

255 *likeness made in crimes*] Ff. *that likeness made in crimes* Theobald (Warburton). *that likeness shading crimes* Hanmer. *such likeness trade in crimes* Heath conj. *likeness wade in crimes* Dyce, ed. 2 (Malone conj. withdrawn). *likeness mate in crimes* Leo conj. *weakness wade in crimes* Jervis conj. *likeness masking crimes* Bailey conj. *lewdness trade in crimes* Wellesley conj. *lightness made in crimes* Seager conj. (1869). *likeness work, in crimes,*— Hudson, reading line 256 as a parenthesis. *lightness make in crimes* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (Athen. 1884).

256 *Making practice*] *Mocking, practise* Singer (Malone conj.). *Make sin practise* Jackson conj. *Masking practise* Collier MS. (*Making*) *practise* Barron Field conj. *Make ill practice* Nicholson conj. *Magic practice* Watkiss Lloyd conj.
on the times] *oftentimes* Wellesley conj.

256—258 *times,...things!*] *times!... things,* Barron Field conj.

257 *To draw*] *Draw* Theobald (Warburton). *So draw* Staunton conj. *Drawing* Bulloch conj. *And draw* Nicholson conj. *To-draw* Gow conj.
spiders' strings] *spider-strings* Bailey conj.

262 *disguise shall, by the*] *disguise shall buy th'* Badham conj. *shall disguise buy the* Bulloch conj. *disguise shall, to th'* Hudson.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The moated grange at* ST LUKE'S.

Enter MARIANA *and a* BOY.

BOY *sings.*

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE *disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

SCENE I. Enter...] Enter Mariana, and Boy singing. Ff. M. discovered sitting; a Boy singing. Steevens (1793).
The moated...] A Grange. Theobald. A Room in Mariana's House. Capell. A Room at the moated Grange. Collier.

5, 6 F_4 omits the refrain in l. 6. Rowe omits it in both lines.
6 *but*] *though* Fletcher's version.
9 [Exit Boy.] Capell, after *comfort* l. 8. Enter Duke...] Dyce. Enter Duke. Ff, after line 6. After line 9, in Capell.
13 *it*] *is* Warburton.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

16 *body*] *lady* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).

17 *here*] *her* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).
meet.] *meet one.* Hanmer. *meet*— S. Walker conj. (doubtfully).

19 Enter Isabella.] Capell. Enter Isabell. Ff. Transferred by Singer to line 23.

20 *time*] *same* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).

24 SCENE II. Pope.
well come] Ff. *welcome* Warburton.

32, 33, 34 *There have I made my promise Upon the heavy middle of the night To call upon him.*] Clark and Glover (Tennyson and S. Walker conj.). *There haue I made my promise, vpon the Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him.* Ff. *There on the heavy middle of the night Have I my promise made to call upon him.* Pope. *There have I made my promise to call on him Upon the heavy middle of the night.* Capell. *There have I made my promise in the heavy Middle...* Singer (ed. 2). *There have I made my promise on the heavy Middle...* Dyce (ed. 1). Delius and Staunton read with Ff, but print as prose. *There I've my heavy promise made to call, Upon the middle of the night, on him.* Bulloch conj.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?
Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*

38 *action all of precept*] *precept of all action* Johnson conj.
49 SCENE III. Pope. Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff, after line 47.
52 *have*] *I have* Pope. *here have* or *have here* S. Walker conj. *oft have* Dyce, ed. 2 (Staunton conj.).
57 [Exeunt...] Ex. Mar. and Isab. Rowe (ed. 2). Exit. Ff.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow. [*Exeunt.*

58—63 *O place...fancies*] These lines to precede III. 2. 178. Warburton conj.

60 *these*] *their* Hanmer. *base*, Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
quests] *Quest* F_1.

61 *escapes*] *'scapes* Pope.

62 *their idle dreams*] Rowe (ed. 2). *their idle dreame* Ff. *an idle dream* Rowe (ed. 1).

63 Re-enter...] Pope. Enter... Ff (after *agreed?*).
Welcome, how agreed?] *Well! a-greed?* Hanmer. *Welcome! how greed?* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

SCENE IV. Pope.

65 *It is*] *'Tis* Pope.

74 *Our...sow*] *Our tythe's to reap, for yet our corn's to sow* Capell conj.
yet our tithe's] *that our tilth's* Jervis conj.
tithe's] *tythe's* Pope. *Tithes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Tythes* F_4. *tilth's* Theobald (Warburton). *field's* Collier (one vol. ed.).

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

Enter PROVOST *and* POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

SCENE II.] SCENE V. Pope. ...Pompey.] Dyce. ...Clowne. Ff. A room...] Capell. The Prison. Rowe. 2—4 Printed as verse in Ff. 3 *he 's*] *he is* Pope.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

37—42 Abhor. *Sir,.....thief*] Abhor. *** Clown. *** *Sir, it is a mystery.* Abhor. *Proof.* Clown. *Every...thief* (42) Hanmer (Warburton). Abhor. *Sir...* Pom. *Proof...thief* (42) Lloyd conj.

38 *Proof?*] *Proofe.* Ff.

39—42 Abhor. *Every...thief*] Capell. Abh. *Euerie...Theefe* (39). Clo. *If it be...Theefe* (42) Ff. Abh. *Every ...thief, Clown: if it be...thief* (42) Theobald.

40 *thief...true man*] *true man...thief* Theobald conj.

41 *thief...thief*] *true man...thief* Theobald conj.

42 *thief*] *hangman* Kinnear conj.

Re-enter...] Pope. Enter...Ff.

45 *your*] *you* F_2.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*] By and by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

53 *yare*] Theobald. *y'are* Ff. *yours* Rowe.
55 [Exeunt...] Capell. Exit. Ff, after line 54.
56, 57 *The one...brother.*] om. S. Walker conj.
56 *The one*] *Th' one* Ff. *One* Hanmer.
58 SCENE VI. Pope.
63 *He will not wake*] F_1F_2. *He will not awake* F_3F_4. *He'll not awake* Pope.
64 *yourself*] *yourself* [Ex. Claudio.] Theobald.
[Knocking within.] Capell. Knock within. Rowe, at end of line.
65 *spirits*] *spirit* S. Walker conj. (doubtfully).
comfort! [Exit Claudio.] *By and by.*—] Capell. *comfort: by, and by,* Ff.

Enter DUKE *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's some in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

67 Enter...] Dyce. Enter Duke. Ff.
69—71 *Envelop...Isabel?*] Two lines, the first ending *here*, Elze conj.
70 *None*] F_1. *Now* $F_2F_3F_4$.
70—74 *None...*] Arranged as by Clark and Glover. In Steevens (1793) the lines end *Isabel...long...hope.*
71 *They*] *She* Hawkins conj. *There* Capell conj.
73, 74 *There's...deputy*] One line in Clark and Glover.
79, 80 In Pope the first line ends at *meal'd.*
81 [Knocking within...Exit Provost.] As in Dyce. Knock again. Rowe. Knock again. Provost goes out. Theobald (at end of line). Knocking again: Provost goes to the Door. Capell. om. Ff.
82 *seldom when*] *seldom, when* Warburton. *Seldom-when* Singer (ed. 2). *'Tis seldom when* Keightley.
83 [Knocking within.] Dyce. Knocking. Collier. om. Ff.
85 *unsisting*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *insisting* F_4. *unresisting* Rowe. *unresting* Hanmer.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.

unfeeling Johnson conj. *unshifting* Capell. *unlist'ning* Steevens conj. *unlisting* Mason conj. *unwisting* Singer (ed. 2). *resisting* Collier (ed. 2).
(againe) Collier MS.
Re-enter...] Collier. Provost returns. Theobald. Speaking to one at the door; after which he comes forward. Capell (after line 87). om. Ff.
91 *Happily*] *Happely* F_1F_2. *Happily.* F_3F_4. See note (XVIII).
96 SCENE VII. Pope.
96, 97 *This...man.* Duke. *And...pardon*] Knight (Tyrwhitt conj.). Duke. *This...man.* Pro. *And...pardon* Ff.
96 *lordship's*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Lords* Ff. om. Capell.
98 [Giving a paper] Dyce.
98—101, 110—112 Printed as verse in Ff.
102 [Exit...] Rowe. om. Ff.
103 [Aside] Johnson.

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

113 *you*] om. F_4.
114 Prov. [Reads] Rowe. The Letter. Ff.
117 *duly*] *truly* Capell (a misprint).
131 *It is*] Ff. *Is it* Pope.

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

135 *A man*] *As a man* Keightley conj.
136 *reckless*] Theobald. *wreaklesse* F_1 F_2F_3. *wreakless* F_4. *rechless* Pope.
138 *desperately mortal*] *mortally desperate* Hanmer.
150 *warrant*] *a warrant* Johnson.
161—165 As in Pope. Printed as verse in Ff.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star

167 *tie*] F_1F_4. *tye* F_2F_3. *tire* Theobald conj. *dye* Grant White (Simpson conj.). *trim* Dyce, ed. 2 (Jervis conj.).

168 *bared*] Malone. *bar'de* $F_1F_2F_3$. *barb'd* F_4.

179 *persuasion*] Ff. *my persuasion* Rowe.

188 *that*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *which* F_4.

190 *entering*] *of his entering* Hudson (Dyce conj.). *his entering* Keightley.

191 *writ*] *here writ* Hanmer. *right* Collier conj.

calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.* 198

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and

198 [Exeunt.] Exe. Pope (ed. 2). Exit. Ff.
SCENE III.] SCENE VIII. Pope. Scene continued in Rowe.
Another...] Capell.
5 *paper*] *pepper* Rowe.
6, 7 *marry, then*] *marry, then,* Theobald. *marrie then,* Ff.
11 *Dizy*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Dizie* F_1. *Dizzy* Pope. *Dicey* Steevens conj.
14 *Forthlight*] Ff. *Forthright* Warburton.
15 *Shooty*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Shootie* F_1. *Shooter* Warburton. *Shoo-tye* Capell.

wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

17 *are*] *cry* Anon. conj. See note (XIX). *now*] *now in* Pope.
25 *friends*] F_1F_2. *friend* F_3F_4.
32 *his*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).
35 Enter...] As in Capell. After line 33 in Ff.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE *disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,

45 Enter...] Dyce. Enter Duke. Ff, after line 43.
49 *I*] om. F_4.
57 *hear*] *heave* F_2.
59 SCENE IX. Pope.
60 *gravel heart*] *grovelling beast* Grant White (Collier MS.).
61 Given by Hanmer to *Prov.*
Exeunt...] Exeunt Clown, and Abhorson. Capell.
Enter Provost.] As in Capell. After line 59 in Ff. Re-enter Provost. Dyce.
64 *is*] *is in* Keightley conj.

There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—

69 *his*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
do] om. Pope.
76 *whiles*] *while* Pope.
80 *continue*] *continue to keep* Keightley conj.
83 *both Barnardine and Claudio*] *Claudio and Barnardine* Hanmer. See note (xx).
85 *the under*] Hanmer. *yond* Ff. *yonder* Rowe (ed. 2).
86 *manifested*] *manifest* Hanmer.
87, 88 *I am...dispatch,*] One line in Steevens (1793).
87 *I am*] *I'm* Collier MS.
88 *Quick*] *Quick, then,* Capell. *Quick, quick,* Keightley.
[Exit Provost.] As in Pope. Exit. Ff, after line 87.

The provosieral hon[illegible]t, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall wit[illegible]ness to him I am near at home,
And th[illegible]e. Thi[illegible]t, by great injunctions, I am bound
To ent[illegible]that he[illegible]er publicly: him I'll desire
To m[illegible], by th[illegible]eet me at the consecrated fount,
A l[illegible] Maria[illegible]eague below the city; and from thence,
By'll perf[illegible] cold gradation and well-balanced form,
Before[illegible]e shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:

96 *cold*] *slow* Gould conj.
well-] Rowe. *weale-* $F_1F_2F_3$. *weal* F_4.
97 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...Ff. Re-enter Provost with Ragozine's head. Dyce.
102 SCENE X. Pope.
103 *She's come*] *She comes* Rowe (ed. 2).
106 *comforts*] *comfort* Hanmer.
107 *Ho,*] om. Pope.
by your] *by'r* S. Walker conj.
108 *Good... daughter.*] As in Rowe. Prose in Ff.

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, dau
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,

113, 114, 115 Ff make two lines ending at *other...patience*. Text as proposed by Spedding.
114 *other*] *other*. (Catches her) Collier MS.
114, 115 *show...patience*] *In your close patience, daughter, shew your wisdom* Capell.
114 *your wisdom*] *wisdom* Pope.
115 *close*] *closest* Pope.
119 *Injurious*] *Perjurious* Collier MS.
120 *nor hurts*] *not hurts* F_4. *hurts not* Rowe.
122 *say*] *say to you* Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
find] *surely find* Pope. *find to be* Keightley.
124 *nay*] om. Pope.
125 *covent*] Ff. *convent* Rowe.
126 *instance*] *news* Pope. *notice* Gould conj.
129 *If you can, pace*] Rowe. *If you can pace* Ff. *Pace* Pope. *Pace, if you can*, Keightley.
129, 130 *If...go;*] *If you can pace... wish it, go*, Edd. conj.
130 After *go* S. Walker conjectures that a line is lost.
go] *go in* Keightley.
131 *And*] *Then* Hudson (Keightley conj.), reading *If you can pace* in line 129. *There* Kinnear conj. om. Gould conj.

The provost'd general honour.
Shall wit *Isab.* I am directed by you.
And th *Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
To entis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
To say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
By I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
V Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

137 *Mariana's*] *Marian's* Fleay conj.
to-night] om. Pope.
141 *combined*] *confined* Johnson conj. (withdrawn). *constrained* Keightley.
145 *Who's*] *whose* F_1.
146 SCENE XI. Pope.
where's] *where is* Steevens (1793), reading *If I...sir* as two lines, the first ending *even.*
154 [Exit Isabella.] Theobald. om. Ff. After *patient* line 149, in Collier MS.
155 *marvellous*] F_3F_4. *marueilous* F_1. *marveilous* F_2.
beholding] Ff. *beholden* Rowe.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* ANGELO'S *house.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour be-

159, 170 [Going. Collier MS.
163 *not true*] *not* Rowe.
172 *it*] om. F_2.
SCENE IV.] SCENE III. Rowe. SCENE XII. Pope.
A room.....house.] Capell. The Palace. Rowe.
2, sqq. Angelo's speeches in this scene Collier prints as verse.
5 *redeliver*] Capell. *re-liver* F_1. *deliver* $F_2F_3F_4$.
7 *in*] om. Collier MS.

fore his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

13 A colon is put after *proclaim'd* by Capell, who prints lines 13—16 as verse, ending *proclaim'd...house: ...suit...well.*

17 [Exit Escalus.] As in Capell. Exit. Ff, after l. 16.

19 *And*] om. Hanmer.

22 *against*] *at large* or *to th' world* or *aloud* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).

23 *reason...no*] *treason dares her?—No* Jackson conj. *her reason dares not* Williams conj.
dares her no;] Ff. *dares her:* Pope. *dares her: no,* Hanmer. *dares her No* Warburton. *dares her? no:* Capell. *dares her note* Theobald conj. *dares her not* Steevens conj. *dares her on* Grant White (Becket conj.). *says her no* Keightley. *fears her not* Cartwright conj. (reading l. 24 with Singer). *dares her mo* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).

24 *bears of a credent bulk*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *bears off a credent bulk* F_4. *bears off all credence* Pope. *bears a credent bulk* Theobald. *bears such a credent bulk* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *here's of a credent bulk* Singer (ed. 2). *bears up a credent bulk* Grant White. *bears so credent bulk* Dyce (Long MS.). *rears of a credent bulk* Staunton.

By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and* FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me:
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.] SCENE IV. Rowe. SCENE XIII. Pope. ACT V. SCENE I. Johnson conj.
Fields...] Pope.
...in his own habit...] Rowe. om. Ff.
Friar Peter] See note (XXI).
1 [Giving letters.] Johnson.
4 *our*] *your* S. Walker conj.
6 *Go*] om. Hanmer.
Flavius'] Rowe. *Flavia's* Ff.
8 *To Valentius*] *To Valencius* Ff. *Unto Valentius* Pope. *To Valentinus* Capell.
Rowland] *to Rowland* Keightley.
10 [Exit.] Exit Friar. Theobald. om. Ff.

SCENE VI. *Street near the city-gate.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
Mari. I would Friar Peter—
Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.] SCENE V. Rowe. SCENE XIV. Pope. Scene continued in Theobald.
Street...] Street near the Gate. Capell.
2 *I would*] *I'd* Pope.
so] *soundly* Gould conj.
3 *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
4 *to veil full*] Malone. *to vaile full* $F_1F_2F_3$. *to vail full* F_4. *t' availful* Theobald. *to 'vailful* Hanmer. *to veil his full* Keightley.
9 Enter Friar Peter.] Enter Peter. Ff (after line 8).
12—15 *He...away!*] As in Pope. Six lines in Ff.
13 *generous*] *most generous* Keightley.
14 *hent*] *hemm'd* Anon. ap. Theobald conj.
upon] *upon this time* Keightley.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The city-gate.*

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and* FRIAR PETER, *at their stand. Enter* DUKE, VARRIUS, LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, OFFICERS, *and* CITIZENS, *at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. }
Escal. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know

The city-gate] Capell. The street. Rowe. A public place near the City. Theobald. Capell adds: A State with Chairs under it: Crowds of Citizens, Lucio, Provost, Officers, &c. attending.
Mariana...stand.] Capell. om. Ff.
Provost, Officers, and] Malone (after Capell). om. Ff.
4 *thankings*] F_1. *thankings be* F_2F_3. *thinkings be* F_4. *thanks be* Rowe (ed. 2).
5 *We have*] *We've* Pope.
7 *you forth to*] *forth to you* Grant White.
9 *wrong it*] F_1. *wrong* $F_2F_3F_4$.
13 *me*] F_3F_4. *we* F_1F_2.
14 *subject*] *subjects* Theobald.

That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother

19 SCENE II. Pope.
Friar...come forward.] Capell. Enter Peter and Isabella. Ff.
Now...him.] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
20 [Kneeling. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
21 *I would*] *I'd* Pope.
25 *given*] *give* F_4.
26 Printed as two lines in Ff, ending *wrongs...brief.*
28 [Rising. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
32 Two lines in Ff, ending *you...heere.*
[Kneeling again. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
Hear me, O hear me, here!] F_3F_4. *Heare me: oh heare me, heere* F_1F_2. *O hear me here.* Pope. *Oh, hear me! hear me.* Theobald. *Hear me, O hear me!* Hudson (Capell conj.). *Hear me, O hear me, hear!* Keightley conj.

Cut off by course of justice,—
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,

35 *justice,—*] Dyce. *justice.* Ff. [Rising. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
By] om. Pope.
36 *and strange*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *and strangely* Collier MS.
37 *strange, but yet*] *strangely yet* Collier MS.
42 *it is*] om. Pope.
45 *true*] *truer* Keightley conj.
47 *infirmity*] *infirmiry* F_4.
48 *O prince, I conjure thee,*] *O, I conjure thee, Prince,* Pope. *O prince, I do conjure thee,* Capell.
54, 55 *as absolute As*] F_4. *as absolute: As* $F_1F_2F_3$.
57 *believe it*] *trust me* Pope.

Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

63 *e'er*] Rowe. *ere* $F_1F_2F_3$. *e're* F_4. *ne'er* Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).
madness] *sanity* or *saneness* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1872).
O] om. Pope.
64 *nor*] *and* Pope.
65 *inequality*] *incredulity* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
65, 66 *serve To make the truth*] *Serve to make truth* Pope, ending line 65 at *reason*.
67 *And hide*] *Not hide* Theobald (Warburton). *And hid*, Phelps conj. *And chide* Jervis conj.
false seems true] *false, seems true* Theobald. *false seems-true* Singer (ed. 2).
that are] om. Hanmer.
68 Two lines in Ff, ending *reason...say?*
73 *Lucio*] *Lucio being* Hanmer.
74 *As*] *Was* Johnson.
78 *speak.*] *speak.* [To Lucio. Rowe.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,

79—82 *I wish...honour.*] Three lines, ending *it...yourself,...honour*, S. Walker conj.
82 *I*] *Ay, I* Anon. conj. *your honour*] *your honour, sir* Hanmer.
83 *take heed*] *be sure, take heed* Hanmer. *to't*] *to it* Capell.
84 *somewhat*] F_1. *something* $F_2F_3F_4$.
91 *Mended*] *Mend it* Malone conj. *The matter;*] *The matter then;* Hanmer. om. Capell. *the matter?—Now* Collier (ed. 2). *The matter now;* Collier MS.
92 *process*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
94 *refell'd*] *repell'd* Pope.
95 *vile*] F_4. *vild* F_1. *vilde* F_2F_3.
98 *concupiscible*] *concupiscent* Pope.
99 *and,*] om. Pope.

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know you'ld fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.

101 *but the*] om. Pope.
102 *surfeiting*] Theobald. *surfetting* $F_1F_2F_3$. *forfeiting* F_4.
103 *likely*] *unlikely* Long MS. *like* Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
104 *like*] *unlike* Gould conj.
107 *First,*] om. Pope.
108 *Next,*] om. Pope.
109 *vehemency*] *vehemence* Pope.
110—113 Hanmer ends the lines *so*... *by*...*one*...*say*.
111 *He would*] *he'd* Hanmer.
116 *ripen'd*] Rowe. *ripened* Ff.
123 *needs*] om. Pope.
a] om. Dyce (ed. 2).

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this's a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

124 *your*] *our* Rowe (ed. 2).
126 *A...Lodowick?*] As in Hanmer. Two lines in Ff.
131 *this 's a*] *this 'a* $F_1F_2F_3$. *this a* F_4. *this is* Rowe. *'tis a* Hudson. See note (XXII).
137 *Blessed*] *Bless'd* Hanmer. *royal*] om. Hanmer.
142, 143 Hanmer ends the lines *believe ...Lodowick.*
143 *that she speaks of*] F_1. *which she speaks of* $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Hanmer.
145 *temporary*] *tamperer and* Johnson conj. *temporal* S. Walker conj.
147 *trust*] *truth* Collier MS. *troth* Singer (ed. 2).

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face

149 *My lord*] *He did, my lord* Keightley. *villanously;*] *villanously he did;* Hanmer.
152 *strange*] *strong* S. Walker conj.
154 *'gainst*] F_1. *against* $F_2F_3F_4$.
156 *what he with*] *he with* Rowe (ed. 2). *he upon* Pope.
157 *And*] *By* Pope.
158 *Whensoever he's convented*] Ff (*he is* F_3F_4). *Whensoever he is convened* Rowe (ed. 2). *Whenever he's conven'd* Pope. *Whenever he's convented* Warburton.
162 [Isabella, &c.] Stage direction to this effect inserted here by Capell. Theobald, &c. to Johnson place it after line 167, where Ff have, Enter Mariana, and Rowe Enter Mariana, veil'd.
166 *I'll be impartial*] *I will be partial* Theobald.
169 SCENE III. Pope. *her face*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *your face* F_1.

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married; And I confess, besides, I am no maid: I have known my husband; yet my husband Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

170—178 Printed as four lines by Steevens (Capell conj.), ending *married?...lord... Why, you...wife?*

173 *maid*] *maid then* Keightley.

175 *A widow*] *Widow* Capell.

177 *Why...then:*] *What, are you nothing then?* Capell.

you are] F_1. *are you* $F_2F_3F_4$.

186, 187 *I have...Knows not*] Ff. One line in Pope.

195 *with such a time*] *with such, a time* Clark and Glover conj. *with such, at time* Wright conj.

Ang. Charges she moe than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

197—199 *With...husband.*] Two lines, the first ending *me?*, in Steevens (1793).
198 *moe*] Ff. *more* Rowe.
know] *know of* Keightley.
199 *No?*] om. Hanmer, reading *than me...husband* as one line.
[To Mariana. Rowe.
202 *knows he thinks*] Dyce. *knows, he thinkes*, Ff.
he knows] *he knew* Hanmer.
204 [Unveiling.] Rowe.
209 *match*] *murch* or *murck* Gould conj.
213 *my lord*] om. Hanmer.
217 *promised*] Rowe. *promis'd* Ff.
221 *with her, saw her, nor*] *with, saw, or* Hanmer.

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

222 [Kneeling. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
227 *in's*] *in his* Steevens.
234 *informal*] *informing* Hanmer. *infernall* Long MS.
235 *mightier*] *mighty* Pope.
237 *with*] *with all* Long MS.
238 *to*] *unto* Pope. *even to* Capell.
242 *against*] F_1. *gainst* F_2. *'gainst* F_3F_4.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. [*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum:' honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

251 *Go, do*] *Do* Pope. *Go do* Dyce. [Exit Provost.] Capell.

255—257 *while...you; But...determined Upon*] Clark and Glover (Spedding conj.). *while Will...have Well determin'd upon* Ff. *while Will...well Determined upon* Theobald. *while Will...have Determin'd well upon* Hanmer.

258 SCENE IV. Pope.
throughly] *thoroughly* Steevens (1778).
[Exit Duke.] As in Capell, who adds, Escalus, and Angelo, seat themselves. Exit. Ff, at line 257.

268 [to an Attendant. Capell.

269 [Exit...] Dyce.

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter OFFICERS *with* ISABELLA; *and* PROVOST *with the* DUKE *in his friar's habit.*

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

275 *would*] F_1. *should* $F_2F_3F_4$.
she'll] $F_1F_2F_3$. *she'ld* F_4. *she'd* Rowe.
278 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella. Ff. (after line 276). Enter Duke in the Friar's Habit, Provost and Isabella. Rowe. Enter Duke and Provost. Collier MS., after line 282.
279, 280 *Come...said.*] Two lines of verse in F_1.
279 *here's*] [to Isab.] *here's* Capell.
281, 282 *My...provost*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
289 Malone supposes a line preceding this to be lost.
290 *and*] *then* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
295 *at least*] *at least I'll speak* Hanmer.
296 *fox?*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Fox;* F_1. *fox,* Dyce.

Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, 'unjust'!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

299 *retort*] *reiect* Collier MS.
303 *unhallow'd*] Rowe. *vnhalloved* Ff.
305 *in*] *with* Theobald.
307—311 Capell ends the lines: *villain?...himself,...hence;...by joint, ...unjust?*
307 *to glance*] *glance* Pope.
309 *Take*] *Go take* Hudson conj. *you*] *him* Malone conj.
310 *Joint by joint*] *Even joint by joint* Hanmer. *his*] *this* Hanmer. *your* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
310—312 *Joint...Dare*] Two lines, the first ending *What*, in Keightley.
311 *What,*] *What? He* Hanmer. *hot*] *hot, sir* Keightley.
311, 312 *the Duke Dare no more*] Capell. *the duke dare No more* Ff.
311—313 Pope ends the lines at *stretch ...own...not.*
319 *forfeits*] *forceps* Jackson conj.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion!

Duke. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

321 Two lines in Ff.
329 *Duke?*] *Duke.* F_1.
331 *sir?*] F_4. *Sir:* $F_1F_2F_3$.
340 *close*] *glose* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and Long MS.).
345 *giglets*] *giglots* Capell.
and with] *and* or *with* Gould conj.
346 [The Provost lays hand on the Duke. Johnson. (Seize on him) Collier MS.
347 [To the Provost] Capell.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 353

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a Duke. First, provost, let me bail these gentle three. 355
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:
We'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, 361
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, 365
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession: 370
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.

352 *hanged an hour!*] *hanged! an hour?* Hanmer. *hanged—an' how?* Johnson conj. *hanged anon!* Lloyd conj.
353 Stage direction inserted by Rowe. [All start and stand. Collier MS.
354 *e'er*] Rowe. *ere* $F_1F_2F_3$. *e're* F_4. *madest*] *mad'st* Ff. *made* Capell.
356 [To Lucio] Johnson.
359 [To Escalus] Rowe.
360 [To Angelo] Johnson. thrusts Angelo from his Chair, and seats himself in it. Capell.
368 *passes*] *lapses* Staunton conj.
372 *Mariana*] *Marian* Elze conj.

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*
Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.
Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.
Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!
Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,

373 *e'er*] *ere* F_1. *ever* $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Hanmer, who divides the lines: *Come...thou Contracted...lord.*
377 [Exeunt...] Rowe. Exit. Ff.
378 SCENE v. Pope.
379 *of it.*] *of*— Capell.
381 *Advertising*] *Advantaging* Gould conj.
and] *all* Hanmer.
390 *remonstrance*] *demonstrance* Collier, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).
391 *so be*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *be so* F_4.
394 *brain'd*] *bain'd* Warburton.
purpose] *purposes* Collier conj.
But,] *But now,* Hanmer. *but all* Collier MS. *but, God's* Hudson (S. Walker conj.).

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and* PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

397 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...Rowe. Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost. Ff.
398 SCENE VI. Pope.
400 *pardon*] *pardon him* Hanmer.
401 *Mariana's*] *Marian's* Elze conj. *he adjudged your brother*] *a judge* Hanmer.
402 *Being criminal, in double violation*] *Being doubly criminal, in violation* Hanmer.
403 *of promise-breach*] *in promise-breach* Hanmer. *of promise* Malone conj.
403, 404 *promise-breach Thereon dependent, for*] *promise-breach, Thereon dependant, for* Johnson. *promise-breach, Thereon dependant for* Ff.
410 *fault's thus manifested;*] Ff. *faults are manifested;* Rowe. *faults are manifest;* Hanmer. *fault thus manifested—* Dyce.
411 *deny, denies*] *deny 'em, deny* Hanmer.
413 *haste.*] *haste,* F_4.
415 *husband.*] Hanmer. *husband?* Ff.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.
Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*

421 *confiscation*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *confutation* F_1. *computation* Anon. conj.
422 *withal*] F_4. *with all* F_1. *withall* F_2F_3.
426 [Kneeling.] Johnson. (Kneele) Collier MS., at line 429.
427 [To Lucio] Johnson.
441 [Kneeling.] Rowe.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

444—448 *A due...Angelo,*] Four lines, ending *he...die...did...Angelo,* in Keightley.

447 *died*] *dide* F_1. *di'd* $F_2F_3F_4$.

448, 449 *For...bad intent;*] As in Johnson. One line in Ff.

452 *but*] om. Hanmer, who ends lines 448—452 at *o'ertake...but...way:...thoughts.*

453 [They rise. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

456 *It was commanded so*] *'Twas so commanded* Hanmer.

465 *What's he?*] *And what is he?* Hanmer. See note (xx).

Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Provost.*
Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.
Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, *with* BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO *muffled, and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles Claudio.*

466 *would*] F_1. *wouldst* $F_2F_3F_4$. *wish* Capell (corrected in Errata to *would*).
467 [Exit Provost.] Johnson.
470 *the heat*] *heat* Pope.
476 SCENE VII. Pope. Re-enter...] Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine; Claudio behind, and Julietta, both mufflʼd up. Capell. Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Iulietta. Ff.
This] *This is* Keightley.
my lord] *my good lord* Hanmer.
480 *according*] *accordingly* F_4.
482 *And*] F_1. *I* $F_2F_3F_4$.
484 *your hand*] *you* Hanmer.
487 [Unmuffles Claudio.] Malone. unmuffles, and discovers him. Capell.

Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,

488 [Claudio and Isab. embrace. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
[To Isabella] Johnson.

489 *Is he pardon'd*] *He's pardoned* Hanmer. *Is he too pardon'd* Capell. *Then is he pardon'd* Dyce (ed. 2). *Is he pardoned* Singer.

490 *and say you will*] *say you'll* Hanmer.

491 *He is*] *and he's* Hanmer, ending the line here.

495 *her worth worth yours*] *her worth works yours* Hanmer. *her worth's worth yours* Keightley (Heath conj.). *her worth work yours!* Hudson (S. Walker conj.). *her worth weighs yours* Bailey conj.

500 *so deserved*] *deserved so* Pope. *so well deserv'd* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *so undeserv'd* S. Walker conj. *sir, so deserv'd* Cartwright conj. (N. & Q. 1864).

507 *If any woman*] Ff. *If any woman's* Hanmer. *Is any woman* Clark and Glover.
fellow,—] Dyce. *fellow* Ff.

510 *finish'd*] *finished* Singer.

Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

519 *executed*] *execute* Hanmer.
522 [Exeunt...Lucio] Dyce.
523 *She*] *Her* Hanmer.
527, 532 Johnson conjectures: Ang. *The offence pardons itself.* Duke. *There's more behind That is more gratulate. Dear Isabel,...*
527 *gratulate*] *gratulating* Keightley conj.
537 *that's*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *that* F_1. [Exeunt.] Rowe. Curtain drawn. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). om. Ff.

NOTES.

Note I.

I. 1. 7—10. The suggestion that a line has been lost in this place came first from Theobald. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no mark of omission in the Folios. Malone supposes that a similar omission has been made II. 4. 123. The compositor's eye (he says) may have glanced from 'succeed' to 'weakness' in a subsequent hemistich.

In order to relieve the plethoric foot-note we set down in this place some conjectures for which we are indebted to Mr Halliwell's note on the passage.

(1) *Then no more remains,*
To your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
But that you let them work.
Wheler MS.

(2) *But task to your sufficience...*
Dent MS.

(3) *But that your sufficiency, as your worth, be able...*
Monck Mason.

(4) *Then no more remains,*
To your sufficiency your worth is able,
And let them work.
T. Hull's MS. Commentary.

(5) *...I let them work.*
Chalmers.

The reading assigned in the foot-note to Steevens is found in a note to the Editions of 1773, 1778, 1785, 1793. He afterwards changed his

mind. In Reed's Variorum edition of 1803 the passage as given at the head of Steevens's note stands thus:

But that sufficiency, as worth is able,
And let them work.

The following corrections are proposed, apparently by Steevens:

But that sufficiency to your worth is abled,
and *But your sufficiency as your worth is able.*

Seymour would read,

But to your sufficiency your worth be added.

Leo proposes:

Exceeds the lists of all, advice can give you;
And thus no more remains, but add my strength
To your sufficiency—your worth is able!—
And let them work.

Brae (N. and Q. 1st S. v. 410) reads

Then no more remains,
But—that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able
And let them work,

referring 'that' to 'the commission which the Duke holds in his hand, and which he is in the act of presenting to Escalus.'

Note II.

I. 2. 15. Hanmer's reading is recommended by the fact that in the old forms of 'graces' used in many colleges, and, as we are informed, at the Inns of Court, the prayer for peace comes always after, and never before, meat. But as the mistake may easily have been made by Shakespeare, or else deliberately put into the mouth of the 'First Gentleman,' we have not altered the text.

Note III.

I. 2. 22—26. In the remainder of this scene Hanmer and other Editors have made capricious changes in the distribution of the dialogue. It is impossible to discern any difference of character in the three speakers, or to introduce logical sequence into their buffoonery.

NOTE IV.

I. 2. 110. We retain here the stage direction of the Folio, '*Enter ...Juliet*, &c.,' for the preceding line makes it evident that she was on the stage. On the other hand, line 140 shows that she was not within hearing, nor near Claudio while he spoke. We may suppose that she was following at a distance behind, in her anxiety for the fate of her lover. She appears again as a mute personage at the end of the play.

NOTE V.

I. 2. 115, 116. Johnson says, 'I suspect that a line is lost.'

NOTE VI.

I. 4. 70. 'To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business.' We have left this line as it is printed in the Folios. There is a line of similar length and rhythm in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. 2. 16,

'But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window.'

NOTE VII.

[II. 2. 149. There can be no doubt that the word which Shakespeare wrote, however it may have been spelt, was pronounced 'sickles.' So he would hear it read in Church from the Bishops' Bible, where it is spelt 'sicles.' To avoid confusion I have adopted the spelling of the Bishops' Bible. The Hebraic form 'shekels' was introduced in the Geneva Bible of 1560 and adopted by King James's Translators. W. A. W.]

NOTE VIII.

II. 2. 155—159. The printing in the Folios gives no help towards the metrical arrangement of these and other broken lines. In the present case we might read:

'*Ang.* Well, come to me to-morrow.
Luc. Go to: 'tis well;
Away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen:
For I, &c.'

Or, considering the first two lines as prose, we might read the last [as Steevens (1793)]:

'*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation
Where prayers cross.'

Note IX.

II. 4. 9. 'fear'd.' Mr Collier mentions that in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio the reading is 'sear'd.' The cross of the 'f' has been erased on the inside (see Ingleby's *Complete View* &c. p. 24).

Note X.

II. 4. 94. 'all-building.' 'Mr Theobald has *binding* in one of his copies.' Johnson.

Note XI.

II. 4. 103. 'That longing have been sick for.' Delius says in his note on this passage, 'Das *I* vor *have* lässt sich nach Shaksperischer Licenz leicht suppliren.' The second person singular of the governing pronoun is frequently omitted by Shakespeare in familiar questions, but, as to the first and third persons, his usage rarely differs from the modern. If the text be genuine, we have an instance in this play of the omission of the third person singular I. 4. 72, 'Has censured him.' See also the early Quarto of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Sc. XIV. l. 40:

'Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.'

Note XII.

II. 4. 111—113. Mr Sidney Walker adopts Steevens' emendation, and affirms that among all the metrical licenses used by Shakespeare, the omission of the final syllable of the line is not one. But if the reading of the first Folio be allowed to stand, we can find many instances of lines which want the final syllable. The line immediately preceding may be so scanned:

'Ignomy in ransom and free pardon.'

And in this same scene, line 143, we have

'And you tell me that he shall die for't.'

And in v. l. 83:

'The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.'

It is conceivable that 'mercy' may be pronounced as a trisyllable; but in all the undoubted examples of such a metrical license, the liquid is the second of the two consonants, not the first. See, however, S. Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, pp. 207 sqq.

Possibly a word may have dropt out, and the original passage may have stood thus:

'Ignomy in ransom and free pardon are
Of two *opposed* houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.'

Note XIII.

III. 1. 29. Mr Collier reported that his copy of the second Folio had 'sire.' *Notes and Queries*, Vol. VI. p. 141. So in Lord Ellesmere's Folio, where the cross of the 'f' has been also erased (Ingleby, *Complete View* &c. p. 87).

Note XIV.

III. 1. 56, 57. The metrical arrangement is uncertain here. It is not probable that the last word of the Duke's speech, 'concealed,' should be the first of a line which would be interrupted by his exit. Perhaps, too, the true reading of the following line may have been:

'As comforts all are good, most good indeed.'

Note XV.

III. 1. 95, 98. The word 'prenzie,' occurring, as it does, twice in this passage, rests on such strong authority that it is better to seek to explain than to alter it. It may be etymologically connected with 'prin,' in old French, meaning 'demure;' also with 'princox,' a 'coxcomb,' and with the word 'prender,' which occurs more than once in Skelton: e. g.

'This pevysh proud, this prender gest,
When he is well, yet can he not rest.'

Mr Bulloch mentions, in support of his conjecture, that 'pensie' is still used in some north-country dialects. See Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, Postscript to Introduction. 'Primsie' is also found in Burns' "Halloween" with the signification of 'demure, precise,' according to the glossary.

Note XVI.

III. 1. 122. Johnson says the most plausible conjecture is 'benighted.' It does not appear by whom this conjecture was made.

Note XVII.

III. 1. 172. We must suppose that Claudio, as he is going out, stops to speak with his sister at the back of the stage within sight of the audience.

Note XVIII.

IV. 2. 91. This is a case in which we have thought it best to make an exception to our usual rule of modernizing the spelling. The metre requires 'Haply' to be pronounced as a trisyllable. Perhaps it would be well to retain the spelling of the first two Folios 'Happely,' and as a general rule it would be convenient if an obsolete spelling were retained in words used with an obsolete meaning. We have, however, abstained from introducing on our own authority this, or any other innovation in orthography. In IV. 3. 125, we have retained 'covent,' which had grown to be a distinct word from 'convent,' and differently pronounced. Shakespeare's ear would hardly have tolerated the harsh-sounding line

'One of our cónvent and his cónfessor.'

Note XIX.

IV. 3. 17. The reading 'cry' (i.e. 'crie') for 'are' was suggested by a passage in Nashe's *Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593, quoted by Malone: 'At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus *crying* 'for the Lord's sake' out at an iron window.'

Note XX.

IV. 3. 83. In order to avoid the unmetrical line 83, as given in the Folios and by all Editors to Johnson inclusive, the lines 82—85 have been arranged as five, thus:

If...Let...In secret...Ere.....To the under...Capell.
If...Let...Both.....The sun ...The under.....Steevens.
If...Let...Both.....Ere.....To yond.....Collier (ed. 1).
If...Let...Both.....The sun ...To yond.....Singer (ed. 1).

Perhaps the best arrangement, because requiring the least change from the printing of the Folio, would be to put the words 'And Claudio' in a line by themselves. Many examples of such a broken line in the middle of a speech may be found (e.g. v. 1. 448), and it would add to the emphasis with which the Duke commends Claudio to the Provost's care. The long line v. 1. 465 might be similarly reduced by reading

'His name
Is Barnardine.'

NOTE XXI.

IV. 5. 1. Johnson suggests that Act v. should begin here. He adds: "This play has two Friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine that 'Friar Thomas,' in the first Act, might be changed without any harm to 'Friar Peter:' for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one? The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene."

NOTE XXII.

v. 1. 131. Mr Sidney Walker, in his *Shakespeare's Versification*, pp. 80 sqq., suggests that in this and other passages we should read '*this*',' because '*This is* is not unfrequently, like *That is*, &c., contracted into a monosyllable.' For the reason assigned in Note (III) to *The Tempest*, I. 2. 173, we have preferred the more familiar spelling *this's*.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

SOLINUS[2], duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS[3] of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants on
DROMIO of Syracuse, } the two Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
ANGELO, a goldsmith.
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor[4].
PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Ephesus.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ first given by Rowe.
[2] SOLINUS] See note (1).
[3] ANTIPHOLUS] See note (1).
[4] Added by Dyce.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

A hall...palace.] Malone. The Duke's palace. Theobald. A publick Place. Capell.
Duke] the Duke of Ephesus. Ff.
Ægeon,] Rowe. with the Merchant of Siracusa, Ff.
Officers,] Capell. Officer, Staunton. om. Ff.
1 *Solinus*] F_1. *Salinus* $F_2F_3F_4$.
8 *guilders*] Singer (ed. 2). *gilders* Ff.
10 *looks*] *books* Anon. conj.

Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased

14 *Syracusians*] F_4. *Siracusians* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Syracusans* Pope. See note (1).
16, 17, 18 *Nay, more, If...seen At any*] Malone. *Nay, more, if...Ephesus Be seene at any* Ff.
18 *any*] om. Pope.
23 *and to*] F_1. *and* $F_2F_3F_4$.
27 *this*]'*tis* Hanmer. *this'* S. Walker conj.
30 *home,*] *Home;* Rowe. *home?* Ff.
33 *griefs*] F_1. *griefe* F_2. *grief* F_3F_4.
35 *nature*] *fortune* Collier MS.
39 *And by me*] F_1. *And by me too* $F_2F_3F_4$. *And by me happy* Shilleto conj. (N. & Q. 1873). *And but* (or *yet*) *by me* Nicholson conj. *Happy by me* Seager conj.

By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:

42 *Epidamnum*] Pope. *Epidamium* Ff. *Epidamnium* Rowe. See note (1). *Epidamnum;...death,*] Theobald. *Epidamium,...death,* F_1. *Epidamium,...death;* $F_2F_3F_4$.

43 *the*] *then* Clark and Glover conj. *the...care...left*] Theobald. *he...care ...left* F_1. *he...store...leaving* $F_2F_3F_4$. *he, great care...left* Steevens (1778, 1793). *heed...caves...left* Jackson conj.
random] F_3F_4. *randone* F_1F_2.

50 *had she*] Ff. *she had* Rowe.

55 *meaner*] Delius (S. Walker conj.). *meane* F_1. *poor meane* F_2. *poor mean* F_3F_4. *moaning* Staunton conj. *delivered*] *deliver'd* Boswell.

56 *burthen, male twins*] *burthen Male, twins* F_1.
burthen] *burden* Johnson.

61, 62 As in Pope. One line in Ff.

61 *soon*] *soon!* Pope. *soon.* Capell.

62 *aboard.*] *aboard our ship. Somewhat more than* Keightley conj.

But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered

69 *doubtful*] *dreadful* Theobald conj.
70 *gladly*] *gently* Collier MS.
71 *weepings*] F_1. *weeping* $F_2F_3F_4$.
76 *this*] *thus* Hudson (Collier MS.).
79 *latter-*] *elder-* Rowe.
83 *other*] *others* Capell conj.
86 *either end the mast*] *th' end of either mast* Hanmer.
mast] *masts* Furnivall conj.
87, 88 *And... Was*] Ff. *And... Were* Rowe. *Which... Was* Capell.
89 *sun*] *sonne* F_1.
91 *wished*] F_1. *wish'd* $F_2F_3F_4$.
92 *seas wax'd*] *seas waxt* F_1. *seas waxe* F_2. *seas wax* F_3. *seas was* F_4. *sea was* Rowe.
discovered] *discover'd* Boswell.

Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,

94 *Epidaurus*] *Epidarus* F_1. *Epidamnus* Theobald conj.
103 *upon*] Pope. *vp* F_1. *up upon* $F_2F_3F_4$.
104 *helpful*] *helpless* Rowe. *hopeful* Hudson (Jervis conj.).
113 *another*] *the other* Hanmer.
115 *healthful*] F_1. *helpful* $F_2F_3F_4$.
117 *bark*] *backe* F_1.
120 *That*] *Thus* Hanmer. *Yet* Anon. conj. *And* Collier MS.
misfortunes] *misfortune* Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

122 *sake*] F_1. *sakes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
124 *hath...thee*] *haue...they* F_1.
of] om. F_4.
125 *youngest...eldest*] *eldest...youngest* Collier conj.
128 *so*] F_1. *for* $F_2F_3F_4$.
130 *the*] om. Pope.
131 *I labour'd of a*] *he labour'd of all* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *labour'd*] Rowe. *laboured* Ff.
133 *farthest*] Ff. *furthest* Steevens (1793).
144, 145 These lines inverted by Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
145 *princes, would they, may*] Theobald. *Princes would they may* F_1. *Princes would, they may* $F_2F_3F_4$.

But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, *and* First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;

151 *Therefore, merchant, I'll*] Ff. *Therefore, merchant, I* Rowe. *I, therefore, merchant* Pope. *I'll therefore, merchant* Capell.

152 *seek thy help*] *eke thy store* Bailey conj. *seek the sum* Cartwright conj. *help...help*] Ff. *life...help* Rowe (ed. 2). *help...means* Steevens conj. *hope...help* Staunton (Collier conj.). *fine...help* Singer (ed. 2). *hele...help* Brae conj. *weal...help* Jervis conj. *ransom...help* Keightley conj. *help ...hands* Kinnear conj. *fine...help* Gould conj.
by] *thy* Jackson conj.

155 *no*] *not* Rowe.

156 *Gaoler,*] *Jailor, now* Hanmer. *So, jailer,* Capell. *Go, gaoler,* S. Walker conj. *Gaoler, go* Anon. conj.

158 *Ægeon*] *Egean* F_1.

159 *lifeless*] Warburton. *liueleese* Ff. *luckless* Gould conj. *life's last* Anon. conj.
SCENE II.] Pope. No division in Ff. The Mart.] Clark and Glover. A public place. Capell. The Street. Pope. See note (II).
Enter...] Dyce. Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio. Ff.

1 First Mer.] Dyce. Mer. Ff.

4 *arrival*] *a ſriuall* F_1.

And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

10 *till*] *tell* F_2.
11, 12 The order of these lines is inverted in $F_2F_3F_4$.
12 *that*] *then* Collier MS.
18 *mean*] F_1. *means* $F_2F_3F_4$.
[shaking money. Collier MS.
23 *my*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
24, 32 First Mer.] Dyce. E. Mer. Ff. Mer. Rowe.
26 *Soon at*] *Soon, at* Johnson.
at] *as* Jervis conj.
28 *afterward*] *afterwards* Steevens.
consort] *consort with* Hanmer.
30 *myself*] F_1. *my life* $F_2F_3F_4$.

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.

56 *crupper f*] *crupper;*— Capell.
61 *custody f*] F_4. *custodie.* $F_1F_2F_3$.
65 *score*] Rowe. *scoure* $F_1F_2F_3$. *scour* F_4.
66 *your clock*] Pope. *your cooke* F_1. *you cooke* F_2. *your cook* F_3F_4.
76 *stays*] *stay* Rowe.
81 *is*] *are* Pope.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:

ACT II. SCENE I.] Actus Secundus. F_1F_4. Actus Secunda. F_2F_3.
The house...Ephesus.] Pope. The same (i.e. A publick place). Capell, and elsewhere.
Enter...] Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister. Ff.
11 *o' door*] Capell. *adore* $F_1F_2F_3$. *adoor* F_4.
12 *ill*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *thus* F_1.
15 *lash'd*] *leash'd* "a learned lady" conj. ap. Steevens. *lack'd* or *lac'd* Becket conj.
17 *bound,...sky:*] *bound:...sky*, Anon. conj.
19 *subjects*] *subject* Capell.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:

44 SCENE II. Pope.
now] *yet* Capell (corrected in Errata).
45 *Nay*] *At hand? nay* Capell, ending the line at *me*.
and] om. Capell.
45, 46 *two...two*] *too...two* F_1.
50, 53 *doubtfully*] *doubly* Collier MS.
53 *withal*] *therewithal* Capell.
that] om. Capell, who prints lines 50—54 as four verses ending *feel... I...therewithal...them*.
58, 59 *not...stark mad*] one line in Collier (ed. 2).
59 *he is*] *he's* Pope, reading *I mean... stark mad* as one line. om. Hanmer.
61 *a thousand*] F_4. *a hundred* F_1. *a* 1000 F_2F_3.
64 *home*] Hanmer. om. Ff.

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I
I know not thy mistress;
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my mas
'I know,' quoth he, 'no ho
So that my errand, due un
I thank him, I bare home
For, in conclusion, he did
Adr. Go back again, tho
Dro. E. Go back again,
For God's sake, send some
Adr. Back, slave, or I
Dro. E. And he will bless
Between you I shall have
Adr. Hence, prating pea
Dro. E. Am I so round
That like a football you do
You spurn me hence, and h
If I last in this service, you m
Luc. Fie, how impatienc
Adr. His company must
Whilst I at home starve fo
Hath homely age the alluri
From my poor cheek? then

68 *I know...mistress!*] *I know no mistress; out upon thy mistress!* Steevens conj.
I know not thy mistress] *Thy mistress I know not* Hanmer. *I know not of thy mistress* Capell. *I know thy mistress not* Seymour conj.
out on thy mistress] F_1F_4. *out on my mistresse* F_2F_3. '*out on thy mistress,*' *Quoth he* Capell.
70 *Quoth*] *Why, quoth* Hanmer.

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.
Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will

91 *wit?*] F_4. *wit,* $F_1F_2F_3$.
93 *blunts*] F_1. *blots* $F_2F_3F_4$.
98 *defeatures*] *defeature* Collier MS.
107 *alone, alone*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *alone, a loue* F_1. *alone alas!* Hanmer. *alone, O love,* Capell conj. *alone a lone* Nicholson conj. *alone from me* Gould conj.
he] *she* Staunton conj.
110 *lose*] *loose* F_1.
110, 111 *beauty...touch, and*] *beauty, yet the gold 'bide...touch. And* Keightley.
yet the...and] Ff. *and the...yet* Theobald. *and tho'...yet* Hanmer. *yet the...though* Heath conj. *yet though...an* Collier. *yea, though... an* Anon. conj. (Fras. Mag. 1853).
yet the... That others...and often] *and though...The triers'...yet often* Hudson.
111 *That others touch*] *The tester's touch* Anon. conj. (Fras. Mag. 1853). *The triers' touch* Singer (ed. 2). *That fingers touch* Keightley conj. *The toucher's touch* Bulloch conj.
111, 112 *and...gold*] *and, often touching, will, Where gold* Perring conj.
will Wear] Theobald (Warburton).
will, Where F_1. *will Wear even* Anon. conj. (Fras. Mag. 1853), reading *But* with Theobald, line 113.

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*
Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

23 Beating him.] Beats Dro. Ff.
28 *jest*] *jet* Dyce.
29 *common*] *comedy* Hanmer. *serious*] *several* Staunton conj. (doubtfully).
35—107 Pope marks as spurious.
36 *an*] Rowe. *and* Ff.
38 *else*] om. Capell.

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in

76 *hair*] *hair to men* Capell.
79 *men*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *them* Ff.
88 *jollity*] *policy* Staunton conj.
91 *sound*] F_1. *sound ones* $F_2F_3F_4$.
93 *falsing*] *falling* Grant White (Heath conj.). *false* Ingleby conj.

tiring; the other, that at
in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all
no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and dic
cover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reas
there is no time to recove

Dro. S. Thus I mend i
therefore to the world's end

Ant. S. I knew 'twould
But, soft! who wafts us y

Enter ADRIA

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholu
Some other mistress hath
I am not Adriana nor thy
The time was once when
That never words were mu
That never object pleasing
That never touch well wel
That never meat sweet-sav
Unless I spake, or look'd,
How comes it now, my hu
That thou art then estrang
Thyself I call it, being str

97 *tiring*] *tyring* Pope. *trying* Ff. *trimming* Rowe. *'tiring* Collier (ed. 1). *trying to save them* Cowden Clarke conj.
99 *there*] See note (v).
101 *no time*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *in no time* F_1. *e'en no time* Boswell (Capell conj.). *is no time* Grant White.
110 *thy*] F_1. *some* $F_2F_3F_4$. *your* Collier

That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;

130 *but*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
135 *off*] Hanmer. *of* Ff.
138 *canst*] *would'st* Hanmer.
140 *crime*] *grime* Warburton.
142 *thy*] F_1. *my* $F_2F_3F_4$.
143 *contagion*] *catagion* F_4.
145 *distain'd*] *unstain'd* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *dis-stain'd* Theobald. *distained* Heath conj. *undistain'd* Keightley.
undishonoured] *dishonoured* Heath conj.

Who, every word by all my
Wants wit in all one word
Luc. Fie, brother! how th
When were you wont to use
She sent for you by Dromio
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this
That he did buffet thee, and
Denied my house for his, me
Ant. S. Did you converse,
What is the course and drift
Dro. S. I, sir? I never s
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest
Didst thou deliver to me on
Dro. S. I never spake wi
Ant. S. How can she thus
Unless it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it wi
To counterfeit thus grossly w
Abetting him to thwart me i
Be it my wrong you are fro
But wrong not that wrong w
Come, I will fasten on this s
Thou art an elm, my husban
Whose weakness, married to
Makes me with thy strength
If aught possess thee from m

149, 150 Marked as spurious by Pope.
Who,... Wants] *Whose every..., Want* Becket conj.
150 *Wants*] Ff. *Want* Johnson.
155 *By me?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *By me.* Ff.
156 *this*] F_1. *thus* $F_2F_3F_4$.
165, 166 *names?...inspiration.*] $F_1F_2F_3$.

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

178 *Who*] *Which* Hanmer.
180—185 Marked 'aside' by Capell.
180 *moves*] *means* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *loves* Keightley conj. *takes* Gould conj.
183 *drives*] *draws* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
184 *sure uncertainty*] *sure: uncertainly* Becket conj.
185 *offer'd*] Capell. *free'd* Ff. *favour'd* Rowe (ed. 2). *proffer'd* Singer conj. *forced* Grant White.
186, 192, 198 Luc.] Adr. Keightley conj.
187—201 Marked as spurious by Pope.
189 *We talk*] *For here we talk* Keightley. *talk*] *walk and talk* Anon. conj. *goblins*] *ghosts and goblins* Lettsom conj. *none but goblins* Dyce (ed. 2). *owls*] *ouphs* Theobald. *elves* Cartwright and Lettsom conj. *sprites*] *Sprights* F_1. *Elves Sprights* $F_2F_3F_4$. *elvish sprights* Pope. *Elves and Sprights* Hudson (Collier MS.). *fairy sprites* Cartwright conj.
191 *or*] *and* Theobald.
192 *and answer'st not?*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
193 *Dromio, thou drone, thou snail*] Theobald. *Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snaile* F_1. *Dromio, thou Dromio, snaile* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Dromio, thou Dronio, thou snail* Cowden Clarke.
194 *am not I?*] Theobald. *am I not?* Ff.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

198 *aught*] Warburton. *ought* Ff.
203 *the eye*] *thy eye* F_2F_3. *my eye* Collier MS.
204 *laughs*] Ff. *laugh* Pope.
211—215 Marked as 'aside' by Capell.
217 *and*] om. Collier conj.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Enter...Dromio...Balthazar.] Rowe. Enter...his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant. Ff.
Before...] The Street before Antipholis's House. Pope.
1 *all*] om. Pope.
11—14 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
11 *Say*] *You must say* Capell.
13 *the skin*] *my skin* Collier MS.
14 *own*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
you] *you for certaine* Collier MS.
15, 16 *so it doth...bear.*] *doth it so... bear?* Hanmer.
15 *doth*] *don't* Theobald.
16 *I suffer...I bear*] *that I suffer...that I bear* Keightley.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!
Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

19 *You're*] *Y'are* Ff. *You are* Capell. *cheer*] *good cheer* Anon. conj.
20 *here*] om. Pope.
21—29 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
23 *table full*] *table-full* Anon. conj.
27 *more*] *a more* Keightley.
31 [calles. Collier MS.
Ginn] om. Pope. *Jen'* Malone. *Gin'* Collier. *Jin* Dyce.
32 &c. [Within] Rowe.
35 *many?*] F_4. *many*, $F_1F_2F_3$. *Go get*] *go, get* Rowe.
36—60 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!

Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

39 *an*] Rowe (ed. 2). *and* Ff.
41 *not; come*] *not come* Ff.
42 *keepest*] Clark and Glover. *keep'st* Ff.
46 *been*] F_1. *bid* $F_2F_3F_4$.
47 *Thou wouldst*] *Thou 'ldst* S. Walker conj.
face] *place* Gould conj.
an ass] *a face* Collier MS.
48 Luce. [Within] Rowe. Enter Luce. Ff.
there, Dromio? who...gate!] *there! Dromio, who...gate?* Capell.
49—51 *'Faith...proverb;*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Two lines, the first ending *Master*, in Ff.
51 *staff?*] Rowe. *staffe.* Ff.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

54 *hope*] *trow* Theobald. *know* Crosby conj. Malone supposes a line omitted ending *rope*.

55 *ask'd you.* Dro. S. *And*] *ask'd you, had you brought a rope.* Dro. S. *I ask'd you to let us in, and* Keightley conj.

61 Adr. [Within]. Rowe. Enter Adriana. Ff.

64 *go get*] *go, get* Theobald.

65—83 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.

67 *part*] *have part* Warburton.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,

71 *cake here*] *cake* Capell. *cake there* Anon. conj.
72 *mad*] F_1. *as mad* $F_2F_3F_4$.
as a buck] om. Capell.
73 *Go fetch*] *Go, fetch* Capell.
75 *you, sir*] *your sir* F_1.
77 *want'st*] *wantest* Pope.
78 *Here's*] *Here is* Singer (ed. 1).
much] *much*, $F_1F_2F_3$. *much;* F_4.
81 *feather?...so?*] Collier. *feather,... so;* $F_1F_2F_3$. *feather,...so?* F_4.
feather] *a feather* Steevens (1793).
84 *Go get*] Dyce. *Go, get* Ff.
85 *so*] *thus* Pope.

And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:

89 *Once this*] *Own this* Malone conj. *This once* Anon. conj.
this,—your] *this; your* Rowe. *this your* Ff.
her] Rowe. *your* Ff.
91 *her*] Rowe. *your* Ff.
93 *made*] *barr'd* Rowe (ed. 2).
101 *supposed*] *supported* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).
105 *slander*] *lasting slander* Johnson conj.
upon] *upon it's own* Capell conj.
106 *housed...gets*] Singer (ed. 1). *hows'd ...gets* F_1. *hous'd...once gets* $F_2F_3F_4$. *hous'd where 't gets* Steevens.
108 *mirth*] *wrath* Theobald. *my wife* Keightley. *my wrath* Id. conj. (adopted in Errata).

To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The same.*

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

114 [To Ang.] Clark and Glover.
116 *Porpentine*] Ff. *Porcupine* Rowe.
117 *will I*] F_1. *I will* $F_2F_3F_4$.
119 *mine*] F_1. *my* $F_2F_3F_4$.
122 *hour*] F_1. *hour, sir* $F_2F_3F_4$.
Scene II. om. Ff.
Enter Luciana] $F_2F_3F_4$. Enter Juliana F_1. Enter, from the house, Luciana. Dyce (ed. 2).
1 Luc.] Rowe. Iulia. Ff.
2 *Antipholus*] *Antipholis, hate* Theobald. *Antipholis, thus* Id. conj. *a nipping hate* Heath conj. *unkind debate* Collier MS.
4 *building*] Theobald. *buildings* Ff. *ruinous*] Capell (Theobald conj.). *ruinate* Ff.

Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

16 *attaint*] Rowe. *attaine* $F_1F_2F_3$. *attain* F_4.
20 *are*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *is* F_1.
21 *but*] Theobald. *not* Ff.
26 *wife*] *wise* F_1.
30 *of*] *on* Steevens (1793).
34 *earthy-gross*] Hyphened by Clark and Glover (S. Walker conj.).
35 *shallow*] F_1. *shaddow* F_2F_3. *shadow* F_4.

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

43 *no*] F_1. *a* $F_2F_3F_4$.
44 *decline*] *incline* Collier MS.
46 *sister's*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *sister* F_1.
48 *hairs*] *hears* Keightley.
49 *a bed*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *a bud* F_1. *a-bed* so quoted in Johnson's Dict. s. v. *Siren*. *a bride* Dyce, ed. 1 (withdrawn) and Staunton.
them] Capell (Edwards conj.). *thee* Ff.
52 *Love, being light, be*] *Love be light, being* Hudson (Badham conj.).
she] *he* Capell.
56 *For*] *From* Capell conj.
57 *where*] Rowe (ed. 2). *when* Ff.
60, 61 *No;...part,*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.
63, 64 *aim...claim*] *dreame...beame* Collier MS. (struck out).

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.* 70

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself. 76

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me. 82

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me. 87

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have

66 *for I am*] *for I mean* Rowe (ed. 2). *for I aim* Capell. *I am for* Gould conj.

71 SCENE III. Pope. Enter...] Enter Dromio, Siracusia. Ff (Siracusa F_4). Enter, from the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Syracuse. Malone. Enter Dromio of Syracuse hastily. Collier (ed. 1). Enter, running, Dromio of Syracuse. Dyce.

71—79 *Why...thyself?*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Printed as verse in Ff.

82 *me.*] *me, or no man.* Collier MS.

89 *reverent*] *reverend* Boswell.

but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

93 *How*] *What* Capell.
97 *Poland*] *Lapland* Warburton.
102 *for why she sweats;*] Dyce. *for why? she sweats* $F_1F_2F_3$. *for why? she sweats,* F_4.
108 *and*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *is* Ff.
109 *that's*] *that is,* Pope.
119 *hard in*] *hard, in* Capell.
120 *the*] Ff. *her* Rowe.

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

122 *forehead*] *sore head* Jackson conj. *reverted*] *revolted* Grant White. *inverted* Hudson conj.
123 *heir*] *heire* F_1. *haire* F_2F_3. *hair* F_4.
125 *chalky*] *chalkle* F_1.
132 *o'er*] Rowe. *ore* $F_1F_2F_3$. *o're* F_4.
134, 135 *armadoes*] *armadas* Singer (ed. 1).
135 *cæracks*] Hanmer. *Carrects* F_1. *cærracts* $F_2F_3F_4$. *ballast*] *ballasted* Capell.
138 *drudge, or*] *drudge of the Devil, this* Warburton. *or diviner*] *this divine one* Capell conj.
139 *assured*] *affied* Gould conj.
140 *mark*] *marke* F_1. *markes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
143, 144 Printed as prose in Ff. As verse first by Knight. S. Walker would begin the verse with *if my* &c.
143 *faith*] *flint* Hanmer.
144 *curtal*] F_4. *Curtull* F_1. *curtall* F_2F_3. *cur-tail* Hanmer.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.
Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO *with the chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus,—
Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

145 *Go hie*] *Go, hie* Theobald.
presently, post] *presently post* Malone.
146 *An*] Capell. *And* Ff.
150 *knows us*] *know us* Johnson.
154 SCENE IV. Pope.
155 *high*] F_4. *hie* $F_1F_2F_3$.
161 *to*] *of* Pope.
162 *mine*] *my* Singer (ed. 1).
Enter...] Enter the Goldsmith Capell.
163 *Antipholus,—*] *Antipholis,* Theobald. *Antipholus.* Ff. *Antipholus?* Capell.
164 *here is*] Pope. *here's* Ff.
165 *Porpentine*] *Porcupine* Rowe.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:

177 Ant. S.] Ant. F_1F_4. Dro. F_2F_3. Goldsmith, and an Officer. Ff.
181 *streets*] *street* Capell conj. 4 *guilders*] Singer (ed. 2). *Gilders* Ff.
Enter...] Dyce. Enter a Merchant,

Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus *from the courtezan's.*

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.
[*Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

8 *growing*] *owing* Pope.
12 *Pleaseth you*] Ff. *Please you* Rowe (ed. 2). *Please you but* Pope. *Please it you* Anon. conj.
14 *may you*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *you may* F_4.
17 *her*] Rowe. *their* Ff. *these* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
21 *rope.*] *rope!* Rowe.
23 *I*] *You* Dyce (ed. 2).
promised] *promised me* Collier MS.
26 *it*] *we* Keightley.
and] om. Pope.
28 *carat*] Pope. *charect* F_1. *Raccat* $F_2F_3F_4$. *caract* Collier (ed. 1).

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

29 *chargeful*] *charge for* Anon. conj.
33 *but*] om. Rowe.
41 *No; bear it*] *No; Bear 't* S. Walker conj., reading *Bear 't...enough* as one line.
time enough] *in time* Hanmer.
43 *An*] Theobald. *And* Ff.
46 *stays*] *stay* Rowe (ed. 2). *this*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
47 *to blame*] F_3. *too blame* $F_1F_2F_4$.
49 *Porpentine*] *Porcupine* Rowe.
53 *the chain!*] Dyce. *the chain.* Ff. *the chain—* Johnson.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.

56 *Either*] *Or* Pope.
me by] *by me* Singer (Heath conj.).
58 *chain?*] F_4. *Chaine*, $F_1F_2F_3$.
60 *whether*] *whe'r* Ff. *where* Rowe. *if* Pope.
62 *what*] F_1. *Why* $F_2F_3F_4$.
65 *gave it*] *gave 't* S. Walker conj.
67 *more*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
70 Printed as verse by Hanmer, ending the first line at *do*.
74 *this*] F_1. *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.
75 *thee*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *for* Rowe.

But, sirrah, you shall buy this
As all the metal in your shop
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have
To your notorious shame; I d

Enter DROMIO of Syrac

Dro. S. Master, there is a
That stays but till her owner
And then, sir, she bears away.
I have convey'd aboard; and l
The oil, the balsamum, and aq
The ship is in her trim; the r
Blows fair from land: they sta
But for their owner, master, a
Ant. E. How now! a madr
sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stay
Dro. S. A ship you sent m
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave,
And told thee to what purpose
Dro. S. You sent me for a
You sent me to the bay, sir, f
Ant. E. I will debate this n
And teach your ears to list me
To Adriana, villain, hie thee st
Give her this key, and tell her,
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish

86 SCENE II. Pope. 95
there is] Pope. *there's* Ff. 96
88 *And then, sir,*] F_1. *Then, sir,* $F_2F_3F_4$. 99
And then Capell.
she] om. Steevens.
fraughtage] *faughtage* F_2.
89 *bought*] F_1. *brought* $F_2F_3F_4$.

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

109 Exeunt...] Dyce. Exeunt Mer. Gol. Officer, and Antiphilus. Capell. Exeunt. Ff.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE III. Pope.

The house...] E. Antipholis's House. Pope.

2 *austerely*] *assuredly* Hudson (Heath conj.). *sincerely* Gould conj.

4 *or sad or*] *sad* Capell.
merrily] *merry* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

5, 6 *case, Of...face?*] F_4. *case? Of... face.* F_2F_3. *case? Oh,...face.* F_1.

5 *case*] *race* Staunton conj.

7 *you*] *you; you* Capell.
no] *a* Rowe.

Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;

18 *his*] *it's* Rowe.
22 *in mind*] F_1. *the mind* $F_2F_3F_4$.
26 *herein*] *he in* Hanmer.
29 SCENE IV. Pope.
sweet] *swift* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *sweet mistress* Keightley. *speed* Id. conj.
33 *A devil...him*] *A devil in an everlasting fell* Anon. conj. (Fras. Mag. 1853). *an everlasting garment hath him*] *everlasting torment laid him by the heels* Bailey conj.
everlasting] *e'erlasting* S. Walker conj.
hath him] *hath him fell* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *hath him by the heel*

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the Judgement, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Spedding conj. *hath him still* or *hath him at his will* Keightley conj.

34 *One*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *On* F_1.
button'd up with steel] *batten'd upon seals* Bailey conj.
After this line Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.) inserts: *Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel.*

35 *fury*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *Fairie* Ff.

37 *a*] om. Collier MS.
countermands] *commands* Theobald. *countermines* Warburton conj. ?withdrawn. See Nichols' *Illustr.* ii. 295. *counterwaits* Bailey conj.

37, 38 *countermands The...lands*] *his court maintains I' the...lanes* Becket conj.

38 *of*] *and* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
alleys] *allies* Ff.
lands] *lanes* Grey conj. *gates* Bailey conj. See note (VI).

42, 45 *'rested*] Theobald. *rested* Ff.

43 *Tell*] *Well, tell* Clark and Glover conj.
Tell...suit] Pope (ed. 2). *tell...suite?* Ff. *tell me, at whose suit?* Johnson.

44—46 As in Capell. Prose in Ff.

44 *arrested well;*] F_1. *arrested, well;* F_2F_3. *arrested: well:* F_4. *arrested;* Pope.

45 *But he's*] F_3F_4. *but is* F_1F_2. *But 'a's* Clark and Glover conj.
can I] F_1F_2. *I can* F_3F_4.

46 *mistress, redemption*] Hanmer. *Mistris redemption* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Mistris Redemption* F_4. See note (VII).

48 *That*] *Thus* F_1.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA *with a purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

49, 50 *band*] *bond* Rowe.
50 *but on*] *but* Rowe (ed. 2).
51 *chain!*] *chain:*— S. Walker conj. *ring!*] *ring.* F_1.
54—62 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
55 *hear*] *here* F_1.
56 *'a turns*] *it turns* Pope. *he turns* Capell.
58 *bankrupt*] *bankrout* Ff. *to season*] om. Pope.
60 *day*] *by day* Keightley.
61 *Time*] Rowe. *I* Ff. *he* Malone. *'a* Staunton.
62 *an hour*] *any hour* Collier MS.
Re-enter...a purse] Re-enter...the purse. Dyce. Re-enter Luciana. Capell. Enter Luciana. Ff.
66 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and 'rests them; he, sir,

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. Enter...] Enter Antipholis Siracusian in the chaine. Collier MS.
12, 13 *What, have*] Rowe (ed. 2). *what haue* Ff.
13 *got*] *got rid of* Theobald. *not* Anon. conj. *lost* Kinnear conj. *picture*] *victory* Perring conj.
16 *calf's skin*] *calues-skin* Ff.
22 *sob*] *fob* Rowe. *bob* Hanmer. *sop* Staunton and Dyce conj. *stop* Grant White (ed. 1). *'rests*] Warburton. *rests* Ff.

that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me;' that's

25 *morris-pike*] *Moris Pike* Ff. *Maurice-Pike* Hanmer (Warburton).
28 *band*] *bond* Rowe.
29 *says*] Capell. *saies* F_1. *saieth* F_2. *saith* F_3F_4.
32 *ship*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *ships* F_1.
34 *put*] *puts* Rowe (ed. 2).
40 SCENE VI. Pope.
44—62 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
47—49 *and...wench.*'] Marked as spurious by Capell, MS. and in Notes.
48 *damn*] Capell. *dam* Ff.

as much to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

49 *as much*] *as much as* Rowe (ed. 2).
54 *me?...here?*] *me,...here?* Ff. *me?... here.* Steevens (1778). *me?...there.* Gould conj.
55 *if you do, expect*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *if do expect* F_1. *if you do expect* Rowe. *if...bespeak*] *if you do, or expect spoon-meat, bespeak* Collier (ed. 2). *or*] om. Rowe. *so* Capell. *either stay away, or* Malone conj. *and* Grant White, ed. 1 (Ritson conj.). *Oh!* Anon. conj.
60 *then*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *thou* F_4. *thee* Dyce.
61 *are all*] *all are* Boswell.
66—71 Printed as prose by Ff, as verse by Capell, ending the third line at *covetous.*
70 *an*] Theobald. *and* Ff.
73 *so.*] Hanmer. *so?* Ff.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,

75 Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt Dromio, and Antiphilus. Capell. Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. Exit. F_1.
76 SCENE VII. Pope.
84 *doors*] *door* Johnson.
91 [Exit.] om. F_1.
SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope.
Enter...and the Officer.] Capell. Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor. Ff.
3 *'rested*] Hanmer. *rested* Ff.

And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service

5, 6 *messenger. That...Ephesus,*] Rowe. *Messenger, That...Ephesus,* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Messenger; That...Ephesus,* F_4. *messenger, That...Ephesus:* Capell.
14 Dro. E.] Off. Hudson (Clark and Glover conj.).
15 *hie*] *high* F_2.
17 *returned*] *come* Anon. conj.
18 [Beating him.] Capell. [Beats Dro. Pope. om. Ff.
21 *Good now*] *Good, now* Dyce.
29 *ears*] See note (VIII).

but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

38 SCENE IX. Pope. The stage direction 'Enter...Pinch,' precedes line 38 in Ff, and all editions till Dyce's. Pinch.] a Schoolemaster, call'd Pinch. Ff.

39—41 *or rather...talk?*] *or rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's end.* Ant. E. *Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?* Clark and Glover conj.

40 *the prophecy*] *the prophesie* Ff. *prophesie* Rowe. *to prophesy* Dyce.

41 [Beating him.] Beats Dro. Ff.

46 *please*] *pay* Gould conj. *what*] *in what* Hanmer.

50 [Striking him.] Dyce. om. Ff.

51 *Satan*] F_4. *Sathan* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.
Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?
Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!
Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?
Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

58 *the*] *a* Singer (ed. 1).
61 *house'*] Rowe. *house.* Ff.
63 *sayest*] *say'st* Rowe.
65 *Dined*] *Din'd I* Theobald. *I din'd* Capell.
72 *Certes*] Pope. *certis* Ff.
74 *bear*] *beares* F_1.
75 *vigour*] *rigour* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
his] *your* Rowe (ed. 2).
76 *soothe*] *sooth* F_1. *smooth* $F_2F_3F_4$.
contraries] *crontraries* F_1.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth today?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

83 *master*] *mistress* Dyce (ed. 2).
rag] *bag* Becket conj.
84 *not thou*] *thou not* Capell.
ducats?] *Duckets.* F_1.
87 *bear*] *do bear* Pope. *now bear* Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
89 *is*] *are* Rowe.
99 *art*] *are* F_2.
101 *these false*] Ff. *those false* Rowe.
102 [flying at his Wife; Assistants, and Doctor, interpose; and with much strugling, bind him, and Dromio. Capell.
Enter...] The stage direction is transferred by Dyce to follow 105.
105 *Ay*] *Ah* Steevens (1793).

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry, The devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*

106 *me? Thou...thou,*] Rowe. *me, thou ...thou?* Ff.
107—109 *I am...him.*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.
110 [They...Dro. E.] Clark and Glover. om. Ff.
117 [They bind Ant. and Dro. Rowe.
123—126 *Out...talk!*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.
123 *thee, villain*] *the Villain*, F_4.
124 *nothing?*] *nothing thus?* Hanmer, reading as verse.
125 *cry, The devil!*] *cry, the devil.* Theobald. *cry the divell.* Ff.
126 *help, poor*] Theobald. *help poor* Ff.
idly] Pope. *idlely* Ff.
127 *go*] *stay* Pope.
[Exeunt all but...] Exeunt. Manet... Ff (after line 128).

Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do

129 SCENE X. Pope.
131 *duef*] F_4. *due.* $F_1F_2F_3$.
133 *for me*] om. Hanmer.
had it] *had't* S. Walker conj.
134 *When as*] *Whenas* Staunton.
141 SCENE XI. Pope.
Enter...] Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse with their rapiers drawn. Dyce.
142—144 Two lines, the first ending *help*, in Steevens (1778).
143 [Runne all out. Ff.
144 [Exeunt...] Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted. Ff.

us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.* 155

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A street before a Priory.*

Enter Second Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir, 5
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck, 10
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

150 *saw...speak us...give*] F_1. *saw... spake us...give* $F_2F_3F_4$. *saw...spake to us...give* Rowe. *saw...spake us... gave* Rowe (ed. 2). *see...speak us ...give* Capell.
SCENE I. A street...Priory.] Pope. See note (IX).
Enter Second Merchant...] Dyce. Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith. Ff.
3 *doth*] F_1. *did* $F_2F_3F_4$.
9 Enter...] Enter Antipholis (Antipholus F_1) and Dromio againe. Ff.
12 *to me*] *with me* Hudson (Collier MS.).

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

18 *Beside*] Ff. *Besides* Rowe (ed. 2).
26 *know'st...thee.*] Ff. *knowest...thee.* Pope. *knowest well...thee.* Hanmer. *know'st...thee, sir.* Capell. *know'st... thee swear* Grant White conj.
30 *mine honesty*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *my honesty* F_4.
33 SCENE II. Pope.
33 *God's*] *Gods* F_3F_4. *God* F_1F_2.
36 *God's*] *Gods* Ff.
37 [Exeunt...] Exeunt to the Priorie. Ff.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.

38 *quiet, people.*] Theobald. *quiet people.* Ff.
44 *man!*] *man.* F_1.
45 *sour, sad*] Rowe. *sower, sad* $F_2F_3F_4$. *sower sad* F_1.
46 *much*] F_1F_4. *much much* F_2F_3. *too much* Hudson (Jervis conj.). *was*] *was before* Keightley.
49 *of sea*] F_1. *at sea* $F_2F_3F_4$.
50 *Hath not else his eye*] *Hath nought else his eye?* Anon. conj.
51 *his...in*] *in...and* Anon. conj.
61 *Ay*] *Ay, ay* Hanmer.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop

62 *copy*] *topic* Gould conj.
66 *it*] *at it* Pope.
67 *vile*] Rowe. *vilde* $F_1F_2F_3$. *vild* F_4.
68 *thereof*] *therefore* Singer.
69 *venom*] *venome* F_1F_2. *venomous* F_3F_4. *venom'd* Pope.
woman] Pope. *woman*, Ff.
69, 70 *clamours...Poisons*] *clamours... Poison* Pope. *clamour...Poisons* Capell.
71 *hinder'd*] *hindered* Singer (ed. 1).
72, 75 *thereof*] *therefore* Johnson.
73 *Thou say'st*] *Thy sayest* F_2.
74 *make*] F_1. *makes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
77 *by*] *with* Pope.
brawls] *bralles* F_1.
79 *moody*] *moodie* F_1. *muddy* $F_2F_3F_4$. *moody, moping* Hanmer. *moodie moping* Heath conj. *moody madness* Singer conj. (ed. 1.). *moody sadness* Id. conj. (ed. 2). *moody musing* S. Walker conj. *only moody* Keightley conj.
melancholy] *melancholia* Anon. conj. *melancholy only* Keightley.
80 *Kinsman*] *kins-woman* Capell, ending line 79 at *kins-*. *A'kin* Hanmer. *Kinsmen* Singer conj.
Warburton marks this line as spurious. Steevens puts it in a parenthesis.
81 *her*] *their* Malone (Heath conj.). *his* Collier, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

86 *Have*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Hath* F_1.
of] *of's* Collier MS. *of his* Keightley.
88 *rough, rude*] *rough-rude* S. Walker conj.
wildly] *wild* Capell.
89 *these*] F_1F_2. *those* F_3F_4.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, *attended; ÆGEON bareheaded; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:

112 [Exit.] Theobald.
113 *indignity*] *iniquity* Collier conj.
117 [Exeunt. Enter Merchant and Goldsmith. F_2.
121 *death*] F_3F_4. *depth* F_1F_2.
sorry] *solemn* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *sore* or *sour* Keightley conj.
124 *reverend*] F_3F_4. *reuerent* F_1F_2
128 Enter Adriana and Lucio. F_3.
Enter...bareheaded,...] Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bareheaded (bare head F_1),... Ff.
130 SCENE III. Pope.
attended] Theobald.
132 Enter Adriana. F_2.
134 *reverend*] Ff.

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

137, 138 *Whom...letters,—this*] (*Whom ...letters*) *this* Theobald. *Who... Letters this* F_1. *Whom...had*, (*At... Letters*) *this* $F_2F_3F_4$.
138 *important*] F_1. *impoteant* F_2 (Capell's copy). *impotent* F_2 (other copies) F_3F_4. *all-potent* Rowe. *letters*] *letter* F_4.
148 *strong*] *strange* Dyce, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).
150 *with*] *here* Capell. *then* Hudson (Ritson conj.). *and himself*] *mad himself* Warburton.
155 *whither*] *whether* F_1.
158 *hence*] F_1F_2. *thence* F_3F_4.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

168 SCENE IV. Pope.
Enter a Servant.] Capell. Enter a Messenger. Ff.
Serv.] Capell. Mess. $F_2F_3F_4$. om. F_1.
174 *to him*] om. Capell.
and the] *the* Hanmer. om. Steevens.
175 *scissors*] *Cizers* F_1.
176 *some*] F_1. *some other* $F_2F_3F_4$.
179 *to*] $F_1F_2F_4$. *of* F_3.
183 *scorch*] *scotch* Warburton.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul

186 *Ay*] *Ah* Capell.
189 Enter...] Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus. F_1. Enter Antipholis, and E. Dromio of Ephesus. F_2. Enter E. Antipholis, and E. Dromio of Ephesus. F_3F_4.
195, 196 *Unless...Dromio.*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Ff.
199 *dishonour'd*] Rowe. *dishonored* F_1. *dishonoured* $F_2F_3F_4$.
205 *While*] F_1. *Whilst* $F_2F_3F_4$.
208 *To-day*] om. Hanmer.
So befal] *So fall* Capell.

As this is false he burthens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them

209 *burthens*] *burdens* Johnson.
212, 213 [To Mer. Capell.
222 *Porpentine*] *Porcupine* Rowe.
228 *of*] F_1. *from* $F_2F_3F_4$.
235 *By the way*] *To which he yielded: by the way* Capell, making two verses of 235. See note (x).
more] om. Long MS.
235, 236 Pope ends these lines *and... confederates.*
236 *vile*] Rowe (ed. 2). *vilde* $F_1F_2F_3$. *vild* F_4.
Along with them] om. Pope.

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:

245 *all together*] Rowe. *altogether* Ff.
247 *And in*] *Into* Lettsom conj.
248 *There*] *They* Dyce, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
249 *in sunder*] F_1. *asunder* $F_2F_3F_4$.
251 *hither*] *hether* F_1.
264 *come*] *come out* Long MS.

I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit one to the Abbess.*
Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

267, 268 *chain, so...Heaven! And*] *chain. So...heaven As* Dyce.
269 *burthen*] *burden* Johnson.
281 *mad*] *made* F_2.
[Exit...] F_1F_2. Enter...F_3F_4.
287 *that*] om. Singer (ed. 1).
291 *you both*] F_1. *both* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,

298 *deformed*] *deforming* Capell.
302, 303 *No...dost.*] One line in Steevens (1793).
304 *Ay, sir,*] Capell. *I sir,* Ff. *I, sir,* Rowe. *I, sir?* Pope. om. Hanmer, reading as verse. *Ay, sir?* Malone.
304, 305 Printed as verse by Capell: *But...whatsoever A...him.*
307 *crack'd and splitted*] *crack'd my voice split* Collier MS.
309 *of untuned cares*] *untuned of cares* Anon. conj.
cares] *care* S. Walker conj. *ears* Anon. conj.
314 *lamps*] *lamp* Rowe (ed. 2)
316 *All*] *And all* Rowe.
old] *hold* Warburton.
witnesses—I cannot err—] *witnesses, I cannot err,* Rowe. *witnesses, I cannot erre.* Ff. *witnesses that* (or *which*) *cannot err* so quoted by Dodd.
319 *Syracusa, boy*] Capell. *Siracusa boy* Ff. *Syracusa bay* Rowe. *Syracusa's bay* Hanmer.

Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, *with* Antipholus of Syracuse *and* Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

327 *Syracusa*] *Syracuse* Collier MS.
328 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa (Siracusan F_2F_4. Syracusan F_3), and Dromio Sir. (Sirac. $F_2F_3F_4$). Ff.
329 SCENE VII. Pope.
[All...them.] All...him. Warburton.
332 *these. Which*] *these, which* Ff.
338 *loose*] *lose* F_1.
342 *burthen*] *burden* Warburton.

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.

346, 347 *tell me, where...raft?*] Capell. *tell me, where...rafte.* $F_1F_2F_3$. *tell me where...raft.* F_4.

355—360 *Why...together*] Ff insert this speech after 344. The alteration is due to Capell.

355 *his*] F_1F_2. *this* F_3F_4. *the* Rowe (ed. 2).
story right] *story's light* Capell.

356 *Antipholuses, these*] *Antipholus, these* F_1. *Antipholis, these* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Antipholis's, these* Rowe (ed. 2). *Antipholus', these* S. Walker conj. See note (1).

357 *these*] F_1F_4. *those* F_2F_3.
semblance] *semblance prove* Capell.

358 *Besides her urging of her*] *Both sides emerging from their* Hanmer. *Besides his urging of her* Mason conj. *Besides his urging of his* Collier MS. *Besides his urging of their* Cartwright conj. *Besides her urging of the* Hudson (S. Walker conj.). Malone supposes a line, beginning with *These*, lost after 358.
wreck at sea,—] *wreck,—all say,* Jackson conj.

359 *These are*] *These plainly are* Pope.

361 Ff prefix 'Duke.'
first?] Capell. *first.* Ff.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

366 *by*] *with* Singer (ed. 1).
372 *her sister*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
373 [To Luciana] Clark and Glover. [Aside to Luciana Staunton conj.
383 *from*] *for* Capell conj.
387 *are arose*] Ff. *all arose* Rowe. *rare arose* Staunton. *here arose* Anon. conj.

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

397 *wrong, go*] Rowe. *wrong. Goe,* F_1F_2. *wrong. Go,* F_3. *wrong. Go* F_4.

398 *we shall make*] *ye shall have* Pope.

399 *Thirty-three*] Ff. *Twenty-five* Theobald. *Twenty-three* Capell. See note (x).
but] F_1. *been* $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Hanmer.

400 *and till*] *nor till* Theobald. *until* Malone (Boaden conj.). *and at* Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

401 *burthen ne'er*] Dyce. *burthen are* F_1. *burthens are* $F_2F_3F_4$. *burdens are* Warburton. *burden not* Capell. *burden here* Singer (ed. 1). *burden has* Anon. conj. (ap. Halliwell).
ne'er delivered] *undelivered* Collier (ed. 1).

404 *Go...and go*] *Hence...along* Lettsom conj. *So...all go* Clark and Glover conj. *Come...and go* Keightley conj.
gossips'] Dyce. *gossips* Ff. *gossip's* Rowe.
and go] $F_1F_3F_4$. *and goe* F_2. *and gaude* Warburton. *and joy* Dyce, ed. 2 (Heath conj.). *and gout* Jackson conj. *and see* Anon conj. *and come* Keightley.

405 *such nativity!*] *suits festivity.* Anon. conj.
nativity] Ff. *felicity* Hanmer. *festivity* Staunton and Dyce, ed. 1 (Johnson conj.), withdrawn.

406 [Exeunt...] Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers Ff.

407 SCENE VIII. Pope.
fetch] *go fetch* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
ship-board] *shipboard for you* Capell conj. *ship-board now* Keightley.

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

412 [Exeunt...] Exit. Ff.
420 *we try it?*] *we trie it.* F_1. *I try it.* $F_2F_3F_4$. *we try it, brother?* Capell.
421 *We'll*] *We will* Capell, ending lines 419—421 at *question...draw...first. senior*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Signior* F_1F_2. *signiority* F_3F_4.
422 [embracing. Rowe.

NOTES.

Note I.

In the spelling of the name of 'Solinus' we have followed the first Folio. In the subsequent Folios it was altered, most probably by an accident in F_2 to 'Salinus.' The name occurs only once in the copies, and that in the first line of the text. The name which we have given as 'Antipholus' is spelt indifferently thus, and 'Antipholis' in the Folios. It will hardly be doubted that the lines in the rhyming passage, III. 2. 2, 4, where the Folios read 'Antipholus,' are correctly amended by Capell, and prove that 'Antipholus' is the spelling of Shakespeare. Either word is evidently corrupted from 'Antiphilus.' These names are merely arbitrary, but the surnames, 'Erotes' and 'Sereptus,' are most probably errors for 'Errans,' or 'Erraticus' and 'Surreptus,' of which the latter is plainly derived from Plautus' *Menæchmus Surreptus*, a well-known character in Shakespeare's day: see Brian Melbancke's *Philotimus* (1582), p. 160: 'Thou art like Menechmus Subreptus his wife...whose "husband shall not neede to be justice of peace" for she "will have a charter to make her justice of coram."' See *Merry Wives*, I. 1. 4, 5. In spelling 'Syracusian' instead of 'Syracusan' we follow the practice of the Folios in an indifferent matter. 'Epidamnum' not 'Epidamium' is found in the English translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, so the latter form in F_1 is probably a printer's error.

Note II.

I. 2. 1. That the scene is laid at the Mart appears from Antipholus's allusion to this place in II. 2. 5, 6:

> 'I could not speak with Dromio since at first
> I sent him from the mart.'

As the play is derived from a classical prototype, Capell has supposed no

change of scene, but lays the whole action in 'a Publick Place;' evidently with much inconvenience to the Persons.

NOTE III.

II. 1. 30. Johnson's ingenious conjecture may have been suggested to him by a passage in *As you like it*, IV. 3. 18:

'Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.'

But the received reading of the Folios is perhaps confirmed by a line in the present play, III. 2. 7:

'Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth.'

NOTE IV.

II. 1. 110 sqq. The only correction of this passage which we believe to be quite free from doubt is that in line 112, 'Wear' for 'Where.' Accordingly, with this exception, we have retained the precise words of the first Folio.

NOTE V.

II. 2. 99. Capell gives 'here' as the reading of the first Folio, but in his own copy and others which I have consulted there are traces of an imperfect 't' at the beginning of the word. [W. A. W.]

NOTE VI.

IV. 2. 38. Grey's conjecture of 'lanes' for 'lands' is made somewhat more probable by the existence of copies of F_1 in which the word appears 'lans.' A corrector would naturally change this rather to 'lands' than to 'lanes,' because of the rhyme.

NOTE VII.

IV. 2. 46. The first three Folios have 'send him Mistris redemption,' the fourth has 'send him Mistris Redemption,' and Rowe, by his punctuation and capital R, made Dromio call Luciana 'Redemption.' Pope and Theobald seem to have followed him, though they give the small r. The Folios cannot be made chargeable with this error, for the comma does not regularly follow vocatives in these editions where we expect it. There is no comma, for instance, following the word 'Mistress' in IV. 3. 75 or in IV. 4. 39.

Note VIII.

IV. 4. 29. The word 'ears' might probably be better printed "ears' for 'years;' for a pun—hitherto, however, unnoticed—seems to be indicated by the following words. A very farfetched explanation has been offered by Steevens, and accepted by Delius and, we believe, by all the modern editors, namely, that Antipholus has wrung Dromio's ears so often that they have attained a length like an ass's.

Note IX.

V. 1. Shakespeare uses the words 'Priory' and 'Abbey' as synonymous. Compare v. 1. 37 and v. 1. 122.

Note X.

V. 1. 235. It might possibly be better to print this line as two lines, the first being broken, as Steevens (1793) does:

'By the way we met
My wife...'

But the place is probably corrupt.

Keightley proposes

'By the way we met as we were going along
My wife...'

Note XI.

V. 1. 399. The number Thirty-three has been altered by editors to bring the figures into harmony with other periods named in the play. From I. 1. 126, 133 the age of Antipholus has been computed at twenty-three; from I. 1. 126 and V. 1. 308 we derive twenty-five. The Duke says he has been patron to Antipholus for twenty years, V. 1. 325; but three or five seems too small an age to assign for the commencement of this patronage. Antipholus saved the Duke's life in the wars 'long since,' V. 1. 161, 191. His 'long experience' of his wife's 'wisdom' and her 'years' are mentioned, III. 1. 89, 90. But Shakespeare probably did not compute the result of his own figures with any great care or accuracy.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A. AND SONS, AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

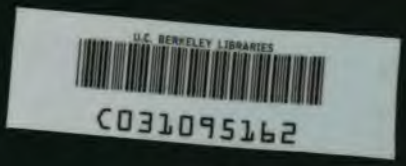
RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(510) 642-6753
1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

NOV 1 1996

20,000 (4/94)


U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C031095162

M65062
Shakespeare, W. 931
1891
M65062

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY